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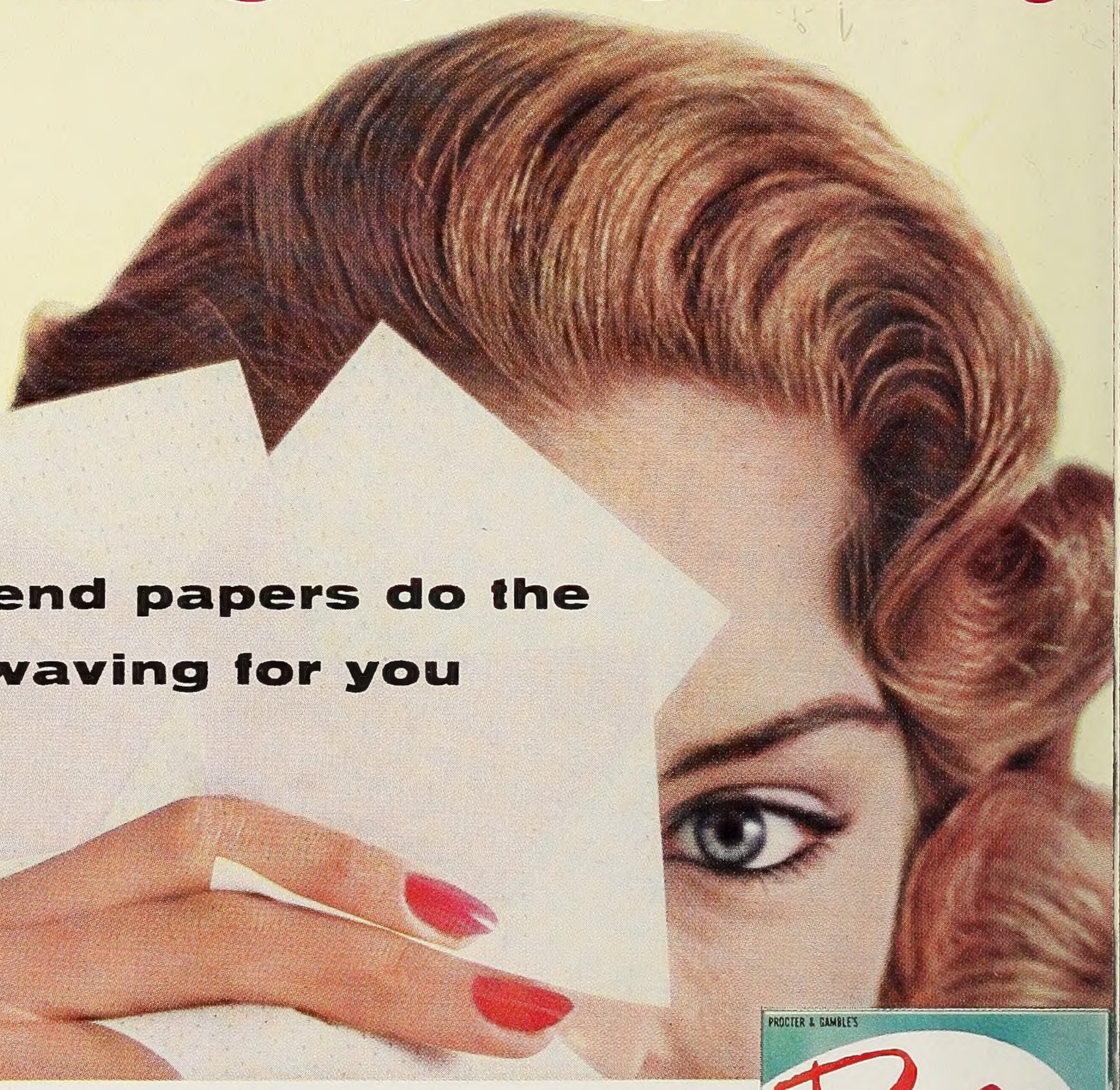


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the Truth behind the Debbie and Eddie rumors

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The end papers do the waving for you

Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

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Easiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

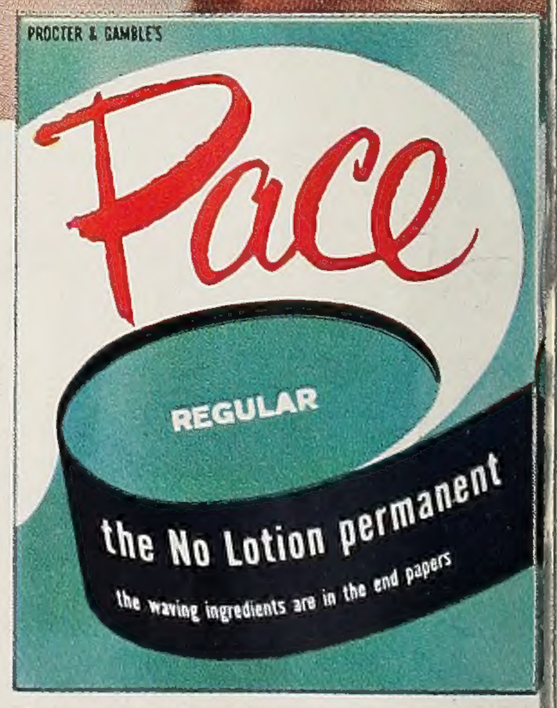
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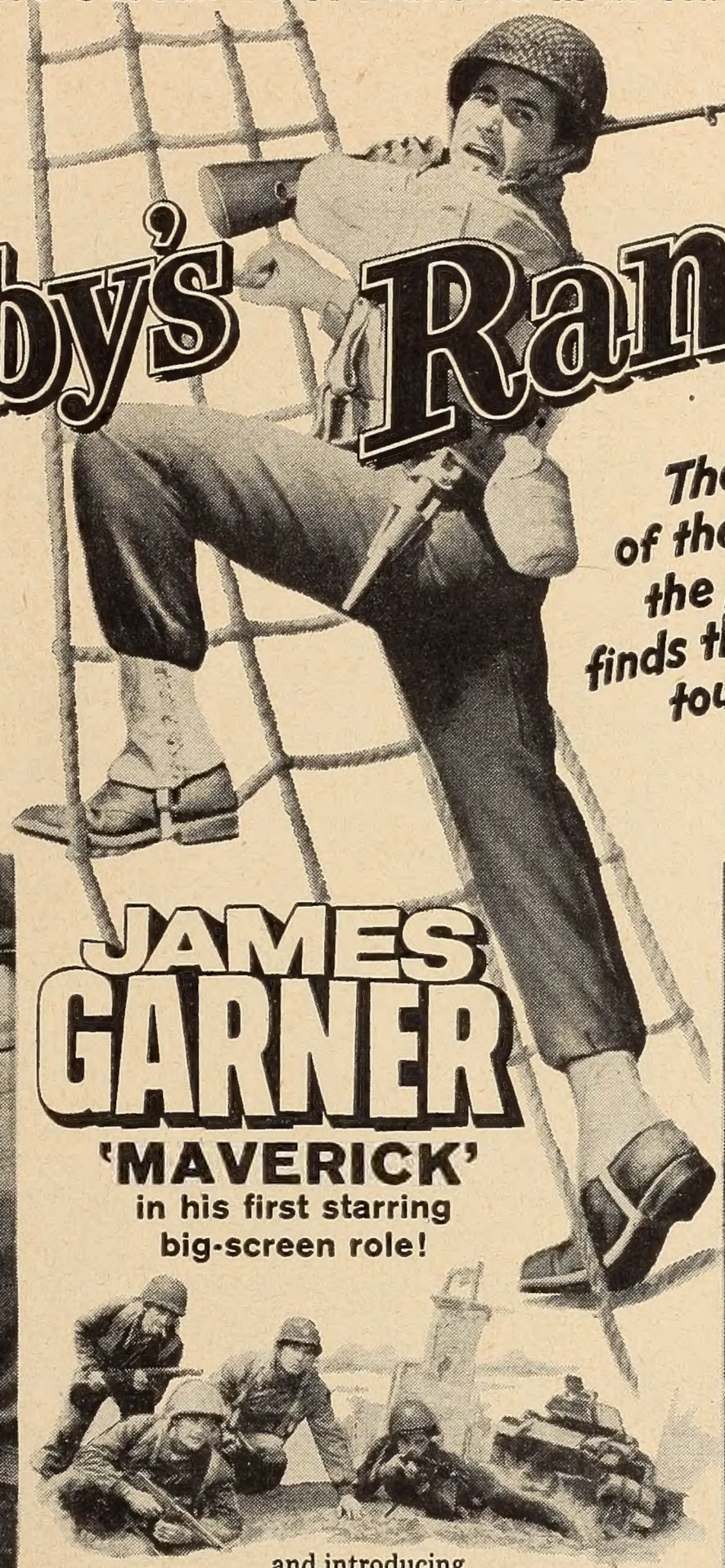
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1st RANGER Bn

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WARNER BROS.



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JAMES GARNER
'MAVERICK'
in his first starring big-screen role!

and introducing
ETCHIKA CHOUREAU
She's Fresh! She's Frenchy! She's Fabulous!



THE SHOCK OF **ARNIE** AND **TINA**
"If you weren't a baby you'd know a working girl from a girl of the streets!"



THE TEMPTATION OF **TONY** AND **SHEILAH**
"Your husband won't shoot us-he's too nice a man..."



THE SHAME OF **ROLLO** AND **PEGGY**
"Soldier, I'll bet it's your first time away from home!"



THE GAMBLE OF **HANK** AND **WENDY**
"Even if there's another girl, she can't love you the way I do!"

ALSO STARRING JACK WARDEN AND AN EXCITING CAST OF NEW YOUNG PLAYERS— EDWARD BYRNES · VENETIA STEVENSON · PETER BROWN JOAN ELAN · TORIN THATCHER · WRITTEN BY GUY TROSPER MUSIC BY MAX STEINER PRODUCED BY MARTIN RACKIN Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Millions who douche with "Lysol"



wouldn't dream of going back to vinegar!

Women can actually *tell* the difference between "Lysol" and vinegar in the douche.

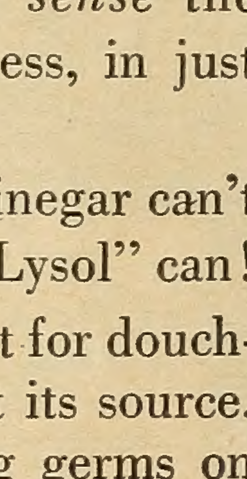
They can actually *sense* the difference in freshness, in just plain cleanliness!

They *know* that vinegar can't do the job the way "Lysol" can!

"Lysol" is just right for douching. It stops odor at its source. It kills odor-causing germs on contact.

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MARCH, 1958 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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APR 15 1958

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the sins and sinners
from the intensely
dramatic pages of
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starring

YUL BRYNNER

MARIA SCHELL · CLAIRE BLOOM

LEE J. COBB
ALBERT SALMI
and
co-starring RICHARD BASEHART
with **WILLIAM SHATNER**

From the Novel by FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY • AN AVON PRODUCTION • In METROCOLOR

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Peggy's DISMAL



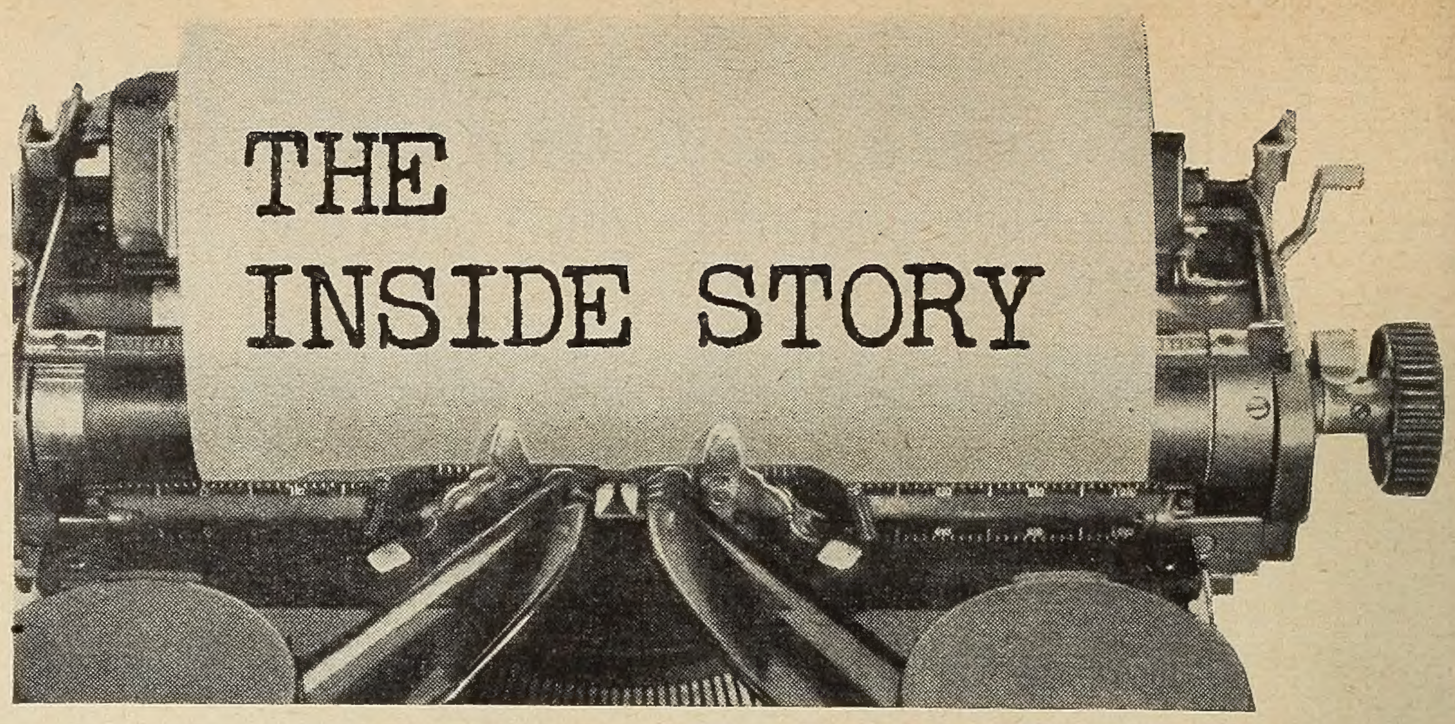
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Peggy's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL





Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Will **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler** get married?
— E.L., N.Y.C.

A *It is not beyond the realm of probability.*

Q Is it true that a few years ago Columbia Pictures wanted to fire **Kim Novak** because she couldn't act?
—J.T., Chicago, Ill.

A *Yes.*

Q Did **Cary Grant** once paint men's ties by hand?
—T.R., Miami, Fla.

A *Yes, in the old days with Orry Kelly.*

Q Is **Burt Lancaster** a millionaire?
—R.E., San Francisco

A *Several times.*

Q Do people in Hollywood think the **Liz Taylor-Mike Todd** marriage will last "until death do us part?"
—R.R., New Canaan, Conn.

A *No.*

Q Who are the two most promising young actresses in motion pictures?
—L.R., Memphis, Tenn.

A ***Joanne Woodward, Diane Varsi.***

Q How much money does Natalie Wood earn per week?
—T.R., Moline, Ill.

A *$750 per week at this writing.*

Q Does **Marlon Brando** insist upon having his own dialogue director in movies? Does he also re-write scripts?
—H.F., Louisville, Ky.

A *True.*

Q Have **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** cut down on the young lovers publicity? If so, why?
—D.F., Denver, Col.

A *They've cut way down; felt they were overdoing it.*

Q How come **Eddie Fisher** and **George Gobel** have been so sad on television this season?
—K.T., Columbus, Ohio

A *Poor material.*

Q Is it true that **Elvis Presley** plans to buy the Beverly Wilshire Hotel because it costs him so much to stay there? How much does Elvis pay, anyway?
—V.T., Little Rock, Ark.

A *Reputedly $135 a day, but he's not buying!*

Q How did **Red Buttons** get such a great part in the motion picture *Sayonara?*
—T.H., Ellenville, N.Y.

A **Jose Ferrer** *suggested to director Josh Logan that he test Buttons for the part of a GI.*

Q Who is considered the most difficult actress to work with in Hollywood, especially by directors?
—D.G., Los Angeles, Cal.

A **Ava Gardner** *would rank somewhere near the top of the list.*

Q Is **Frank Sinatra** money-mad? Is that why he's making so many movies, so many TV films, so many guest appearances?
—S.L., Newark, N.J.

A *Sinatra believes in making it while he can. Despite his gigantic income, he only recently finished paying the Government his back taxes.*

Q Is there a feud between **Bing** and **Bob Crosby?**
—A.C., Spokane, Wash.

A *No feud; just an understanding that each is to go his own way.*

Q **Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Barbara Nichols,** and **Mamie Van Doren** along with **Marie Wilson** have been typed as 'dumb blondes.' Which of these girls is the smartest and which has the most talent?
—N.E., Dallas, Texas

A *Probably Nichols.*

Q What's the real story on the Rock Hudson marriage breakup? Will Rock's wife ever tell the truth?
—C.H., Seattle, Wash.

A *Phyllis isn't talking—and neither is Rock.*

Q Why does **Ginger Rogers** like young men?
—F.T., Reno, Nev.

A *They make her feel younger.*

Q Any chance of **Jerry Lewis** and **Dean Martin** getting together again?
—G.D., Baltimore, Md.

A *Probably later in the year on TV.*

Q How much does **Frank Sinatra** pay his press agent?
—A.N., Los Angeles, Cal.

A *$250 a week plus $25,000 for handling one film.*

Q Can you tell me how old **Errol Flynn's** son, Sean, is?
—B.T., Bridgeport, Conn.

A *Sixteen.*

ARTHUR





and THE BUTCHER SHOP GIRL

■ One evening several years ago, actor Arthur O'Connell walked into his neighborhood butcher shop on Manhattan's East Side. Anthony, the shopkeeper, was in the middle of a lively conversation with a very beautiful, tall and slender girl. In true Italian fashion, the two were waving arms, shrugging shoulders and talking a mile a minute.

Arthur caught the end of her lengthy explanation, half in English, half in Italian: "*. . . veal . . . veal parmegiana, per favore.*"

"Si, Signorina!" Anthony answered cheerfully, weighing some veal for her.

As they noticed Arthur approaching, Anthony exclaimed, "Ah, Signore! Just in time!"

Arthur smiled at the girl, who was a little unkempt but one of the most gorgeous he'd seen in ages. She wore a bandana of every color in the rainbow, a bright peasant skirt and blouse, and was barefoot. Wisps of dark brown hair fell just short of the greenest green eyes Arthur had ever seen, and she was sexy all right.

Anthony, warm and sincere, explained to the girl, "Meester O'Connell big actore," he told her. "He make movies in Hollywood." The girl's eyes opened wide.

Anthony, as interpreter, told Arthur that his friend had just arrived from Italy and lived above his shop with her mother. More than anything else, she wanted to be an actress. Anthony continued, "Maybe you tella her how to be actress, eh, Meester O'Connell?" Arthur explained that one just wasn't *told* how to act. It required years of study and long hours of lessons and practice. It took a very determined person to stick to all this, he said. The girl kept nodding fast and furiously as Anthony translated Arthur's words. She was still nodding and shouting happily "*Gracie*, Signore! *Gracie!*" as she waved good-bye over her shoulder and ran up the stairs, thinking Arthur was giving her the key to success—rather than trying to discourage her.

Arthur turned back to Anthony, placed his own order and left. "*You two see each other again!*" Arthur heard Anthony chuckle as the shop door closed behind him.

And little did Arthur know at the time that the butcher was *so right!*

Three years later, in Hollywood, Arthur was lunching with his agent and a director. The three were discussing business when suddenly Arthur heard, a few tables away, a feminine voice with the trace of an Italian accent order "Veal parmegiana, please." The voice had a vaguely familiar ring and it puzzled Arthur like the devil.

Turning around, he spotted an exquisite looking brunette. *What a knockout*, he thought. Then his mind started racing—*where have I seen her before?* Arthur stole more than a few peeks, hardly listening to a word his friends spoke. Finally, his agent snapped, "Look, if you want an introduction, all you have to do is ask! You're gaping like a school kid!" After all, Arthur was a sophisticated actor around Hollywood.

"I can't get over it," Arthur explained, "I know I've seen her or met her and I'm racking my brains trying to figure out where." She looked Italian. Perhaps they'd met in Rome or Capri. And then it came to him. *The butcher shop girl!* But now, instead of the fly-away Italian-boy haircut, she wore a chic coiffure. In place of her peasant outfit was a Dior sheath. She spoke English easily and confidently.

His agent interrupted Arthur's thoughts. "Yup, she's the biggest thing in Hollywood now. Lucky the studio that gets *her* to make a film!"

"*Who is she?*" begged Arthur.

"*Why that's Gia Scala, who else?*"

And when they were introduced, Gia smiled at Arthur and said, "I thank *you* for telling me to study. I found the years went fast, once you warned me it would take years!"

Arthur O'Connell can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's APRIL LOVE *and Columbia's* OPERATION MAD BALL, *and U-I's* THE VIOLATORS. *Gia will soon be seen in U-I's* A CROOKED TRAIL.

For the mother-to-be

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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

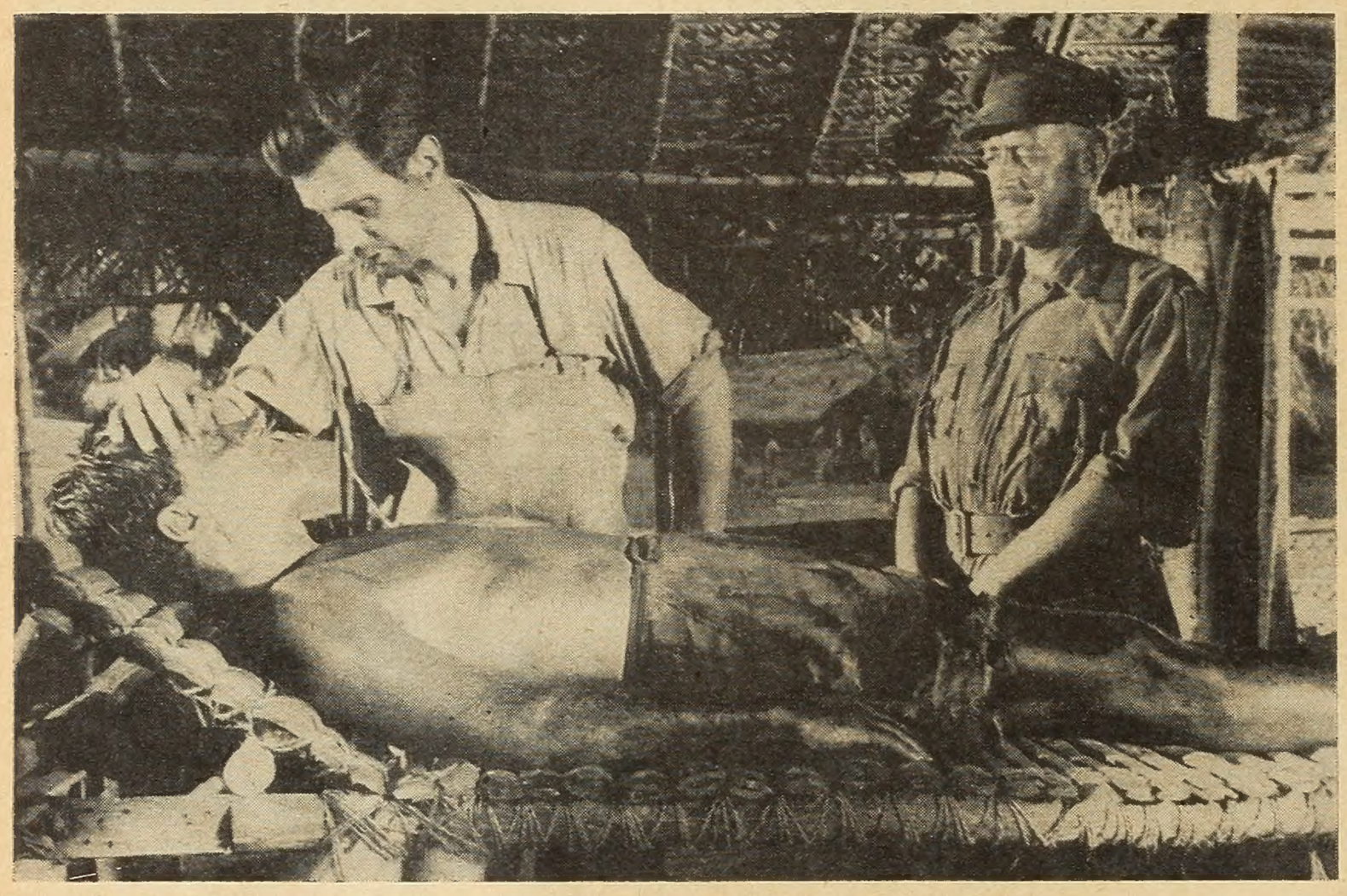
FOR DRAMA
The Bridge On The River Kwai
The Missouri Traveler
Wild Is The Wind

FOR COMEDY
No Time For Sergeants

FOR TEARS
The Gift Of Love

FOR LOVE
A Farewell To Arms
Bonjour Tristesse

FOR SPECTACLE
Raintree County



THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI

Alec Guinness
William Holden
Jack Hawkins
Geoffrey Horne
Sessue Hayakawa

prison camp drama

▪ This is probably the best movie of the year. The plot is gripping and strong; the stars give magnificent performances. The scene is a Japanese prison camp run by Sessue Hayakawa, who is steeped in the rigid tradition of saving face and not sparing the enemy. The enemy is Alec Guinness, a British officer who comes marching into prison camp at the head of his bruised but whistling battalion. An American prisoner, sailor William Holden, watches them from his bed in sick bay—he'd bribed the officer in charge of grave-digging for a day off. Holden is a man who is bent on survival at any cost, and he is appalled when Guinness courts danger by insisting on his rights as an officer: by the terms of the Geneva Convention, officers don't do manual labor. Hayakawa is using the prisoners to build a bridge across the river Kwai, and to him prisoners—including officers—are slaves. Hayakawa orders Guinness shoved into a tin coffin which is lying in the sun. There he remains while his men work all day on the bridge and sabotage it at the day's end. Hayakawa is becoming frantic. If he doesn't finish the bridge on time, he'll be shamed as an officer. And Guinness, released from the tin coffin, is disturbed by the decreased morale and slovenly appearance of his men. As a form of group therapy, Guinness offers to supervise building the bridge. In fact, he plans to make it faster and better than any Japanese workers could have. Shortly before the bridge is completed, Holden makes an incredible escape to the mainland. There he finds commando Jack Hawkins with orders to blow up the bridge, and Holden—practically blackmailed—finds himself returning to the island prison. By this time, of course, the bridge is finished. Hayakawa is so humiliated by Guinness' success that he's planning to commit hara-kiri. And Guinness is so obsessed by this monument to British fortitude that he almost forgets which side of the war he's on. Go see *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. It's an adventure story in the grand manner.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS

Myron McCormick
Andy Griffith
Nick Adams
Murray Hamilton
Robert Sherwood

hilarious G.I. comedy

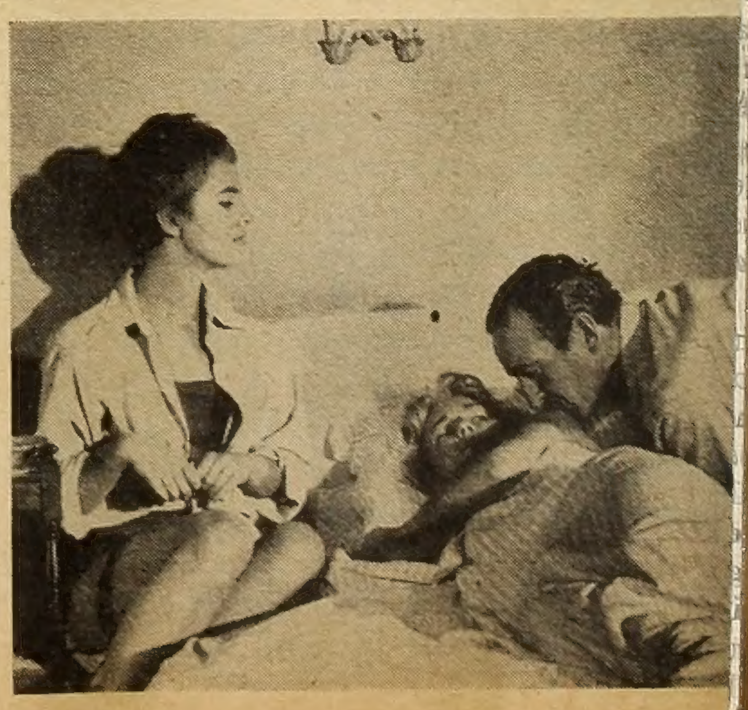
▪ When he appeared in it on Broadway, this play made Andy Griffith a star. And no wonder. He is hilarious as a naïve hillbilly who is finally drafted into service over the protests of his Pappy, who's been burning all communications from the government. Andy has the strength of an elephant, the unconscious humor that goes with purity of heart and the instincts of a boy scout pushing for Eagle rating. He finds himself in the air force with a buddy named Nick Adams. Nick is a little bespectacled, earnest Southerner who's dying to be transferred into the infantry and who has a conviction that the firing squad is around every corner. Their sergeant just wants peace at any price. As a disciplinary measure, he orders Andy to clean up the latrine. Andy thinks it's an honor, loves the work, and does a magnificent job! The Sergeant is perfectly willing to make him permanent latrine orderly, and keep him around forever. But a Major finds out about it and orders the Sergeant to get Andy classificd like he was supposed to—which involves Andy's taking a series of tests for which he's hilariously unprepared. Andy shortly finds himself on the crew of a broken-down airplane that is being shipped to Denver—to make radio contact Andy kicks the battery into action and spits into the mike. Due to everyone's incompetence, the plane blows up over an atomic testing area. Andy grabs Nick and parachutes to safety. This is very embarrassing to their Commander, since they turn up at the base on the very day he is giving them a hero's funeral! Andy's maddening charm is that he's crazy like a fox. Seemingly a good-natured buffoon, he manages to show everyone up and to manipulate them into doing exactly what he pleases. As I said, it's hilarious.—WARNERS.

BONJOUR TRISTESSE

Deborah Kerr
David Niven
Jean Seberg
Mylene Demongeot
Geoffrey Horne

the loved and the lost

▪ This best seller by Françoise Sagan—France's young wonder writer—is the story of a teen-age Parisienne (Jean Seberg) and her playboy father (David Niven) who have drunk deep from the cup of life (champagne) and found it jaded. They are lost, charming souls devoted to each other. Now they wander together, lost—in the best nightclubs, the raciest company, the most fashionable resorts. One summer it was different. Jean and David were on the Riviera then, with another one of Pop's fun-loving girl friends (Mylene Demongeot). But this time, light romance gave way to Deborah Kerr, a chic, successful fashion designer in love with David for years. Deborah had always disapproved of his life, and its influence on Jean. And by summer's end David disapproves of it himself and persuades Deborah to become his wife. Jealous and fearful of change, Jean destroys the romance—and Deborah. And only then, when it is too late, does she realize she has gotten rid of happiness—and made way for sorrow. Told in the first person by Jean, scenes in the present are in somber black and white—while the happy memories of that summer are in vibrant color. It is melodramatic . . . a sensitive, skillful and touching story of love.—COLUMBIA.





WILD IS THE WIND

Anna Magnani
Anthony Quinn
Anthony Franciosa
Dolores Hart
Lili Valenty

passion on a sheep farm

▪ And wild is Anna Magnani when she realizes that her groom (Anthony Quinn) is obsessed with the memory of his first wife, Rossana. Quinn owns a big sheep farm in Nevada on which live his brother (Joseph Calleia), brother's sharp-tongued wife (Lili Valenty) and Anthony Franciosa, Quinn's grateful assistant who was reared as his own son. Quinn hopes that Franciosa will marry his daughter (Dolores Hart) as soon as she gets her college degree. Magnani, fresh from Italy and anxious to run her own home and life, meets continual frustration at the hands of her sister-in-law and Quinn. He either calls her Rosanna or ignores her. Turns out he's suffering from guilt. The doctor had warned him that his first wife was too frail to have children, but Quinn stubbornly insisted on having a son. The attempt killed her. Lonely Anna finally turns to Anthony Franciosa, whose ready response nearly scares him out of his wits (that Anna is a passionate girl!). Quinn has a lot to learn before he can make his marriage work.—PARAMOUNT.

THE GIFT OF LOVE

Lauren Bacall
Robert Stack
Evelyn Rudie
Lorne Greene
Edward Platt

one woman's immortality

▪ This one is guaranteed to keep you misty-eyed from start to finish. There is a beautiful woman (Lauren Bacall) who knows her heart is going to stop pumping any day. She is married to a brilliant, handsome, emotionally-dependent scientist (Robert Stack) who lives in innocence of the threat hanging over his happiness. Lauren and Robert are deeply in love, even after five years of marriage. She doesn't want to worry him; she wants him to go on making brilliant discoveries that may lead to the conquest of outer space. If she can give him a child, she decides, he will always have love in his life. Unable to have a child of her own, she plans to adopt an adorable little girl (Evelyn Rudie). But the child has had bitter experiences in foster homes. It seems she never "works out," mainly because she is too imaginative. Evelyn and Lauren get along fine, but Evelyn and Bob do not. One of the reasons is that in her attempt to please him, Evelyn erases all the formulas it took months of research to chalk up on his study blackboards. Besides, he thinks, he isn't really interested in children—particularly not in girl children, who would rather be pretty than scientifically precocious. But little Evelyn has a great need for the gift of love, and a great ability to give it. Although your heart is wrung in the process, the gift works beautifully.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Rock Hudson
Jennifer Jones
Vittorio de Sica
Elaine Stritch
Oscar Homolka

love and war

▪ Here is Ernest Hemingway's magnificent novel of the first World War. It is a love story, a tragic love story. The lovers are Rock Hudson, an American whose thirst for adventure prompts him to become an ambulance driver for the Italian army, and Jennifer Jones, a British nurse stationed in Milan. She is there out of a feeling of passion and regret for a fiance who's been killed. When she meets Rock she lets herself go; she lives for love and, except for occasional tremors of doubt—brought on by a bizarre fear of rain—she finds fulfillment in it. Hudson wants to marry her, but she refuses, knowing that wives are not allowed at the front. They are together when a leg wound hospitalizes him, apart when he returns to the battle, together again after a retreat before the Germans when Rock is forced to desert or face a firing squad on the same hysterical charges brought against de Sica—a sick and exhausted army surgeon who is, ironically, shot as a traitor. Jennifer and Rock escape to Switzerland, by rowing twenty miles in a boat, at night. And they are happy—until the birth of her child ends their truly idyllic romance.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

RAINTREE COUNTY

Montgomery Clift
Elizabeth Taylor
Eva Marie Saint
Nigel Patrick
Lee Marvin

Civil War saga

▪ This is the story of a war, a young man's search for the unattainable and of two lovely women (Liz Taylor, Eva Marie Saint) in love with the same man—Montgomery Clift. Clift grows up in Indiana where a spellbinder of a teacher (Nigel Patrick) influences him to search for the raintree—a legendary growth in the swamps, the finding of which will insure peace, happiness and the secret of life itself. Clift, whose ambition is to be a writer, never finds the tree. But his journey of discovery leads him into marriage with Liz, a volatile Southern belle with a collection of dolls, slaves, mansions and nightmarish memories of the deaths by fire of her mother, father and a mysterious woman named Henrietta. The marriage is a blow to Clift's childhood sweetheart, Eva. This triangular affair is set against an historical background covering the abolition movement, Lincoln's election and the entire Civil War. Finally, when life gets too much for Liz, she grabs her little son and runs to Georgia. To find her, Clift joins the Union army. He stops fighting only long enough to trace them to a desolate mansion. There he finds his son; Liz he finds in an insane asylum. Tender, hysterical, sad scenes of love; gory scenes of war, and pastoral scenes of life in Indiana are crammed onto this canvas in the bright image of MGM's new technique—Camera 65.





THE MISSOURI TRAVELER

Brandon de Wilde
Lee Marvin
Gary Merrill
Mary Hosford
Paul Ford

a boy and a town

▪ Brandon de Wilde is planning to go to Florida. That's a long walk from an orphanage in Missouri. Lee Marvin finds him on the road, lonely but determined, and gives him a buggy ride into town. It's a quiet town, but a man can make a life in it. Farmer Lee Marvin made himself the richest, if loneliest, man in it; Gary Merrill turns out a newspaper; Paul Ford runs the one saloon; Mary Hosford is the pretty, but spinsterish, conscience of it. Brandon's just fifteen, but he wants to be a farmer. Gary takes him under his wing, helps set him up in a previously abandoned house. Marvin teaches him how to plow, hinting he'll lend him the equipment later to plow his own patch. But after Brandon works like a horse on Marvin's land, Marvin welches on the deal. The town gets behind Brandon. They bet all their money that he'll win against Marvin in the Fourth of July sulky race—it's Gary's horse; Mary made the gift of cart and harness. If Brandon wins, Marvin will give him the deed to the house the boy has been living in illegally. Brandon loses the race, but he gains a whole townful of friends. It's a warm and unusual movie.—TECHNICOLOR, BUENA VISTA.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

PEYTON PLACE (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): An excellent film made from the best-selling novel about life, love and lust in a small New England town. The big cast includes Lana Turner, widow and successful business woman who kept herself aloof until Lee Philips came into her life; her teenage daughter, Diane Varsi; Diane's insecure boy friend, Russ Tamblyn; her mistreated girl friend, Hope Lange—and many others in this frank exposé.

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION (United Artists): We won't reveal the outcome of this suspenseful story of a murder trial, but the victim was a rich widow Tyrone Power used to visit now and then, and this gets him accused of the crime. Charles Laughton is England's foremost criminal lawyer, but he didn't reckon with Marlene Dietrich, Ty's wife, who seems bent on complicating the case.

THE LADY TAKES A FLYER (CinemaScope, U-I): Lana Turner again, this time married to ferry pilot Jeff Chandler. She's a pilot too. Then comes baby daughter, and Lana wants to stay home and be a wife and mother, and wants Jeff to stay home and be a good father. But this does not seem so exciting to Jeff as flying around the world—cocktails in Shanghai, coffee in Paris. Lana almost dies before the ending, but all ends well.

APRIL LOVE (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Pat Boone is sent to live out his parole on his uncle's farm. He isn't really bad, just got mixed up with the wrong crowd in Chicago. The farm next door is the home of sisters Shirley Jones and Dolores Michaels. Pat's uncle wasn't too cordial when he arrived, but Pat learns to tame a fierce stallion, and he wins a sulky race—and a lot of admiration too, eventually.



You're always the fair lady

It isn't just the way you dress, the way you wear your hair, the way you talk . . . and listen. There's a special *look* about you, a look of confidence, a kind of serenity that people sense . . . and like. It's always yours, wherever you go, whatever you do. Even on those few days each month, it never leaves you—because you rely on Tampax.

With Tampax® internal sanitary protection, you hardly know there's a difference in days of the month. You move about more easily, with no binding belts and bulging pads to spoil your freedom. You feel marvelously comfortable, dainty. Why, once Tampax is in place, you don't even feel its presence. You're easier in your mind, too . . . without any odor worries or disposal difficulties. You particularly like Tampax because it's so unobtrusive to carry. A whole month's supply tucks daintily into your purse!

No wonder you've won so many friends over to Tampax! It's the nicer way, the better way, the modern way. Within its three absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) there's a just-right protection to suit individual needs. Convenient to buy wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



LOUIS JOURDAN —HERO

■ Somewhere in England there is a woman who owes her life to a film star, yet probably knows nothing about the identity of her rescuer.

It happened this summer to a young girl on holiday in Cornwall, England. While she was down there a British film unit was shooting location scenes for their big-budget film *Dangerous Exile*, starring handsome French star Louis Jourdan.

On this particular day Louis had been making violent love to Belinda all morning, but Louis' mind was not at all on the job at hand.

It was a beautiful day.

The sun was shining overhead.

The sea along the rugged Cornish coastline was most inviting.

And all Louis could think of was how nice it would be to go for a swim.

When the last shot for the morning was in the can, Louis was half way to his dressing room to collect a pair of trunks and a towel. Without wasting another minute he was heading as fast as he could go toward the water. Finding a group of rocks he hid behind them and changed.

He had hardly finished before he heard screams a little way out in the water, and he was on the run again. But now it was toward a boat he saw moored on the beach. He ran toward it and pushed it out into the water, and started rowing furiously toward the cries for help.

He had not rowed very far before he sighted a head bobbing up and down in the water. With great regularity it seemed to go under for seconds before it appeared again. Louis began praying that he would not be too late to prevent the woman from drowning.

When he got near the drowning woman he saw what was happening.

Two monster jellyfish were unmercifully attacking their victim!

With an upward lift of his oar, and without overbalancing the boat, Louis hit out at the jellyfish.

Then he pulled the woman's by-now unconscious body into the boat.

A crowd had gathered on the seashore when he started to row back. From their buzz of conversation it was obvious that some had guessed already that there had been an accident of some kind. And they could tell that it was a real-life accident and not one that had been staged for a film. One of them had run back toward the town and telephoned for an ambulance and the police. So, by the time Louis reached them, there was help waiting for him.

As he stepped ashore, the bystanders applauded him—in their way giving him a welcome they would give to any hero.

In Saint Mawes, the little fishing village where all this happened, the local people still mention the incident with great pride.

And a little pity for Louis.

Because after all this—the French star had to report back to his director . . . without getting the swim he had gone down for!

Louis will soon be on screen in MGM's GIGI.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

★ Parties, Parties, Parties

★ And Romances with Happy Endings

IN THIS ISSUE:

★ But—Here and There—
Tragedy Burdens a Saddened Heart

Diane Varsi, David Nelson and Terry Moore go to see themselves in *Peyton Place*.



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Parties, Parties, PARTIES!



That's Rupert Allen listening to Mitzi Gaynor's newest joke, while husband Jack Bean just waits for the punch-line; he's heard this one. But he does love the way his Mitzi tells it!

Frankie took Lauren Bacall to the Sayonara *opening, and no one was even a mite surprised. Marriage may be in the books for these two—but I don't think so. In my opinion, it is a friendship—a very warm, wonderful friendship. . . .*



Gary Cooper came out with just the right answer to a very foolish question. That's Mrs. Cooper with him, and their lovely daughter Maria . . . looking a little lonesome for Tony Perkins, 'way out in NYC.





Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis stop to chat a minute on their way in to see Sayonara. *What did they talk about? Why, that adorable little Kelly Lee, of course!*



Audrey Hepburn looks as regal off-screen as she does on—with her statuesque beauty topped off by that diamond tiara. And husband Mel Ferrer obviously think so, too.



Barry Coe is the latest to fall under Venetia Stevenson's spell. Here they are sharing a roll at ROMANOFF'S *after the* Peyton Place *première.*

Joan Collins isn't sportin' an engagement ring from Arthur Loew, Jr. yet—but those in the know figure it shouldn't be long now! They've been a steady two-some.



A GAY ROUND OF PARTIES, in homes and cafés and most of us Californians not even minding the rainy spell too much because it made things seem more like holidays, with the open fireplaces crackling cheerily.

Marion and Joe Fields—he's the author of such Broadway hits as *Anniversary Waltz* and *Tunnel of Love*—moved back into the home they had rented to the Josh Logans, and before that to **Debbie** and **Eddie Fisher,** in time to host a holiday housewarming.

Newly decorated in white and green with ebony wood tables, the decor was a perfect background for the red, green, white, and gold cocktail dresses the girls wore.

Got a kick out of Evie Johnson looking around saying she must have misplaced **Van!** "He was here a minute ago," she laughed. "Now where could that redhead have got to?" He turned up not missing but looking at the Sunday TV shows in the upstairs sitting room. Ever since Van clicked in *Pied Piper of Hamlin* he's an ardent TV viewer.

I hadn't seen **Don Ameche** in a long, long time. He's been busy in musicals on Broadway and it was his first visit back to Hollywood and his old friends in years. Don hasn't changed an iota—looks even younger than when he was a movie star.

Doris Day made one of her rare social appearances minus Marty Melcher, who was away on a business trip. "I had a new dress, and I love the Fields—so I came anyway," she told me. Doris sat on the piano bench coaching the piano player to play her favorite tunes, but she wouldn't sing.

Gracie Allen looked like a big doll in a golden-brown cocktail dress, and **George Burns** was making **Richard Basehart** hold his sides with his many jokes.

Producer Charles Brackett and his wife were there looking as fresh and rested as though they themselves had not hosted a party for two hundred and fifty at the BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL just the evening before.

WHAT A CHARMING AFFAIR the Bracketts' party was, too, with the large dancing room of the hotel done entirely in pink—even to the table linen, the flowers and the spotlights that played on the dancing couples.

THE MOST UNUSUAL PREMIÈRE ever held in our town was dreamed up by Jack Warner for *Sayonara*. It marked the first time a swanky first night had been staged at a studio with the picture being shown in eleven different projection rooms right on the WARNER BROTHERS lot in Burbank.

Although the night turned out to be colder than billy-be-darned, the lot was ablaze with beautiful Japanese lanterns, almond and peach blossoms—artificial, of course—and eleven charming Japanese girls dressed in native costume to welcome the guests.

Miiko Taka—who has the lead in this delightful picture which I really love, opposite **Marlon Brando** (he wasn't present, naturally)—wore the most gorgeous Japanese robes and looked like a Japanese print come to life. Her mother and father were with her, and maybe you think they weren't proud.

Eddie Fisher, who was catching a bad cold, came with Mrs. Dean Martin—but don't get excited. **Debbie** was in Palm Springs and



A



B

Dean Martin was appearing in Las Vegas.

Natalie Wood's tiara created a lot of comment and **Bob Wagner** said over TV, "Makes her look like a brunette Princess **Grace Kelly,** doesn't it?"

Gary Cooper got a TV laugh after a master of ceremonies stopped him, as he and Rocky and Maria *entered,* to ask him inanely how he liked the picture. "Well," drawled Coop, "I don't know yet. I'm just goin' in—not coming out."

I noticed that many of the girls wore their hair piled high on their heads with bangs over the forehead, among them **Audrey Hepburn** and **Janet Leigh. Lauren Bacall**—with **Frankie,** of course—had hers scooped back but worn shoulder length.

Later, most of us were guests at Jack Warner's party at the MOCAMBO and he and director Josh Logan were delighted over the praise they heard.

GAY AND STAR-STUDDED was the *Peyton Place* première, with everyone done to the teeth for the showing and for the big party hosted by Buddy Adler later at ROMANOFF'S.

I got such a kick talking with Cheryl Crane —**Lana Turner's** tall, pretty daughter— after the movie. Lana was in London making a picture and couldn't be present.

"Isn't Mother wonderful?" Cheryl enthused, pressing my arm in her pride and excitement. "I'm so proud of her—she's so beautiful, and a wonderful actress."

Cheryl, who was with her father, Steve Crane, looked sort of beautiful herself in a red lace dress so becoming to her dark beauty.

As usual, **Jerry Lewis** stole all the thunder with the sidewalk crowd and those seated in temporary bleachers. Jerry always puts on a private show for the folks outside no matter how dressed up he is. He cracked jokes and went into a comic dance routine "just like it was a première of one of my own pictures," he cracked. Wife Patti just smiles indulgently at his nonsense.

Hope Lange—so good in the picture, as is **Diane Varsi**—looked lovely in her pastel gown and soft blond coloring on the arm of her tall, dark and handsome husband **Don Murray.**

Terry Moore's husband, Eugene McGrath, couldn't come up from Panama and her father was ill, so her *date* for the evening was columnist **Walter Winchell.**

It was a big night in a series of big nights as Hollywood proudly kicks off its biggest season of really fine pictures.



C

A *Time to light up, with Yul Brynner supplying the match for Anthony Quinn's cigarette. Yul's smoking cheroots these days . . . to go with his new mustache?*

B *You don't have to guess about whether Charlton Heston and his missus enjoyed the picture . . . they sure did, even though Charlton wasn't in it!*

C *Hope Lange just loves being whirled around the dance floor—especially when it's handsome husband Don Murray who's doing the whirling with her.*

D *Guess Tommy Sands wasn't kidding when he said he "Ain't Goin' Steady No More"—because that's Barbara Wilson, not Molly Bee, at première with him!*

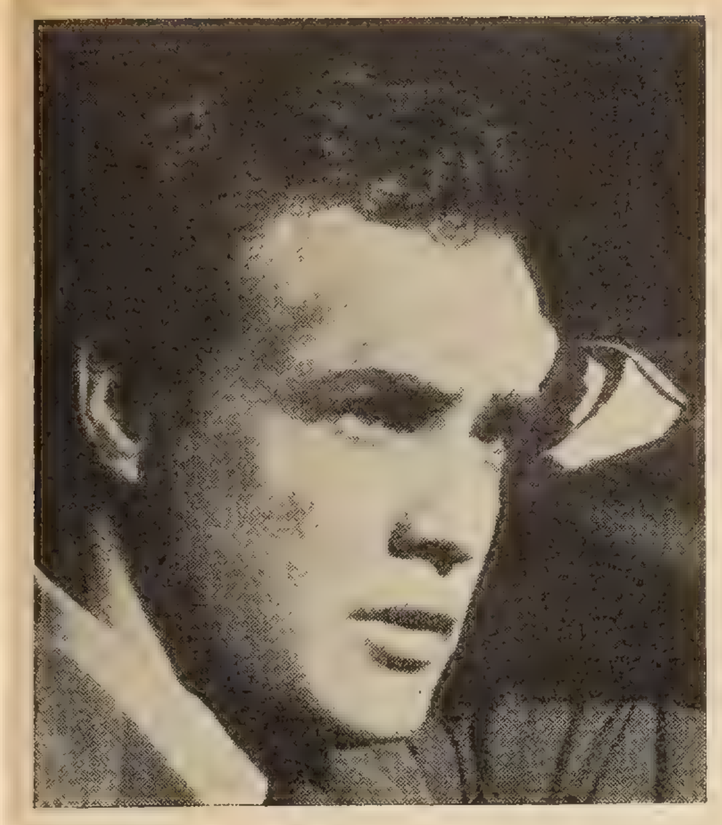
E *Patti is trying, but she hasn't yet spotted the old friend Jerry Lewis is pointing to. Two seconds later it didn't matter: Jerry's yell brought him over!*



D



E



NATALIE GAVE ME THE SCOOP!

My young friends—I mean **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**—kept their promise and called me first about their engagement and marriage plans. They will be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this.

Natalie was as excited as I've ever heard her. "You should see my ring! It's so different, and it's B.J.'s own original design. It's a large, fresh-water pearl surrounded by diamonds and with a row of diamonds arched over the pearl."

The wedding band has been designed to fit the engagement ring so they can be worn together—the band being gold set with a row of pearls.

She also told me, "I'm tired after making two strenuous movies in a row, *Marjorie Morningstar* and *Kings Go Forth*. I want enough time off for a real, honest-to-goodness honeymoon. Part of it we'll spend on Bob's new boat, which he's completely redecorated in my favorite colors. And maybe we'll go to Mexico . . . a cruise to Acapulco."

Both Natalie and Bob are young to marry—but they're starting off under the most favorable circumstances. Both sets of parents heartily approve of their chicks' choices; the families reall, enjoy being together. There will be no financial problems and their careers are about on a par in success.

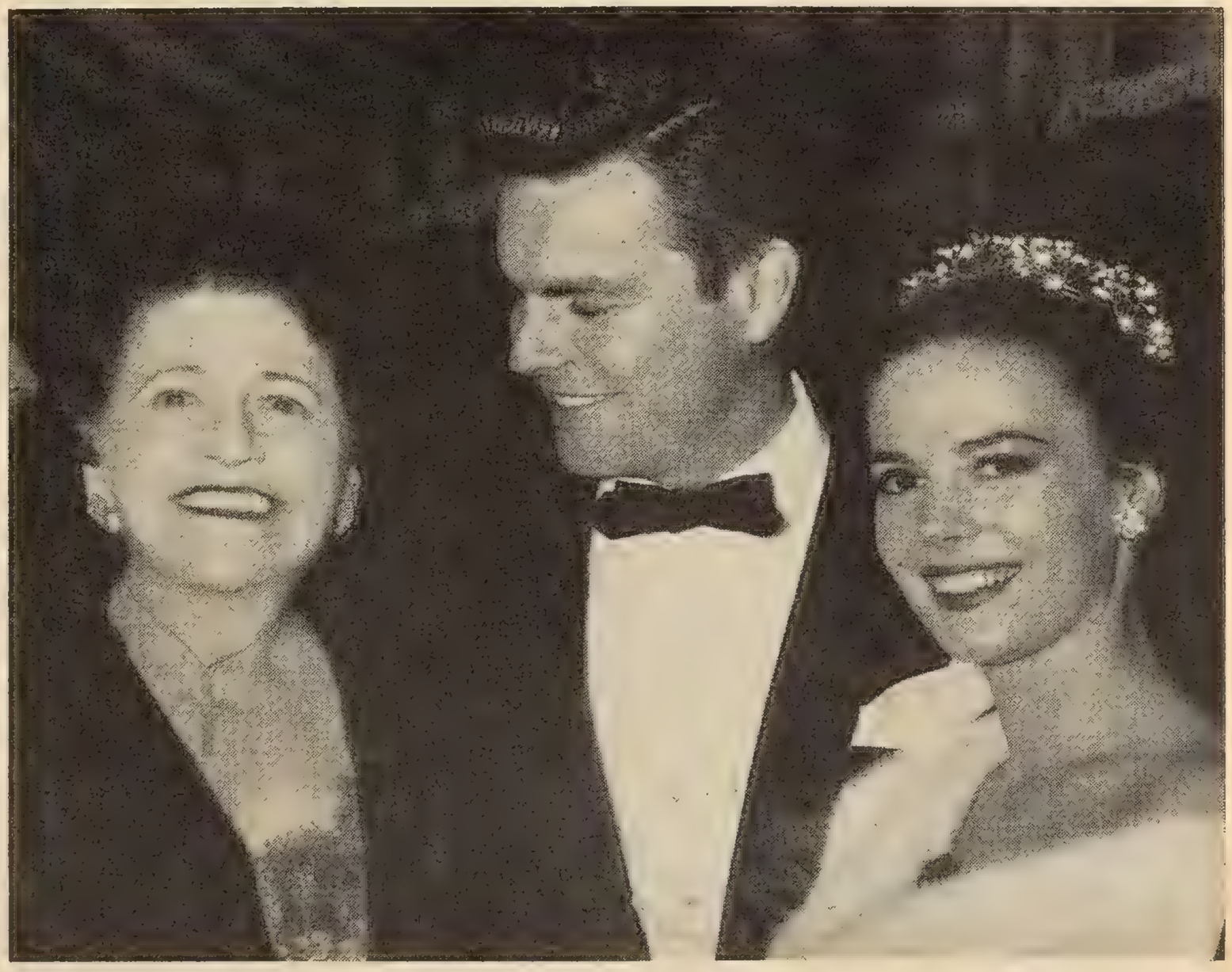
Oh, yes—I almost forgot that all-important thing—they're really in love, Natalie and Bob. Certainly the fates should smile on this union.

A VERY CUTE SHOWER, by the way, was given by Mary Anita (Mrs. Richard) Sale honoring bride-to-be Natalie. Because Natalie doesn't like to be separated from Bob for even one evening—and a shower at that—the men were invited to *oh* and *ah* over the pretty gifts as well as the gals.

It was a miscellaneous shower, with Natalie getting everything from pressure cookers to frilly nightgowns.

Their diary of love starts on Page 19.

Even if Nat hadn't already told me—I just know I would have guessed about their engagement as soon as I saw their sparkling faces!



DON'T BE A DOPE, MARLON!

I can't believe that **Marlon Brando** is fool enough—and I repeat the word fool—to endanger his marriage to **Anna Kashfi,** a gentle and lovely girl, because of his unconcealed hatred for the press.

The talk comes so straight that I can't ignore it: he flew into a perfect rage at Anna, who is expecting a baby in July, because she "dared" to talk to me on the telephone to deny that she and Marlon were having trouble in their marriage and that he had walked out.

Well, whether he intended it to be permanent or not, he *did* walk out for at least a few days and nights—which he spent between a bachelor friend's apartment and his studio dressing room at PARAMOUNT!

What I can't understand is why Brando, admittedly a great actor, persists in being his own worst enemy.

He knows, as does everyone who knows the Brandos, that Anna is deeply in love with him.

He insists, and his few intimates back him up in this, that he is just as much in love with her. So what gives?

There is much talk that Marlon has great problems on his mind. I'm no psychiatrist, but maybe he could help solve some of them by concentrating on his many blessings. I mean his fine and distinctive talent. His good health. His freedom from financial worries. His brilliant success in his chosen field. His good marriage—if he will permit it to be—and a baby coming in July.

If you ask me, these *great problems* usually add up to being just plain spoiled. Spoiled like a naughty child when it doesn't get its way in all things.

Every last one of us have problems of a sort to face. It would be a pretty dull life if we didn't. We can't appreciate the sunshine unless we have some shadows.

Marlon—and a few others like him; not too many, thank heavens—want to take all the good things and give nothing in return. Well, the rules aren't written that way.

I happen to know that Marlon can be very sweet when the mood's on him. He once wrote me a charming letter of appreciation for something nice I had said about him.

But he can also be unbearably rude. And frankly, I don't see why any of us should be expected to bear with him unless he sets out to correct this condition immediately.

He can start at home!

TRAGIC ACCIDENT MARS AVA'S BEAUTY

Ava Gardner has long had the reputation of appearing in public only when she is looking her most glamorous best. So it came as a surprise to New Yorkers when she came to see **Milton Berle's** show with her face badly scarred and bruised black and blue from being kicked by a horse.

Frank Sinatra held up production on *Kings Go Forth* to fly East and give Ava moral courage to face an operation—but she was so frightened she backed out.

Someone who was present when Ava, her sister Bea and an escort—not **Walter Chiari**—came in to see Berle, wrote me: *Ava's face was so swollen and misshappen few people recognized her. She seemed very subdued. Do you recall an interview in which she was quoted: "If I lose my looks I have nothing?"*

I don't mean to imply that she has lost her looks. But it must have been an awful ordeal for her to be in this condition.

Ava was kicked in the face by a horse while she was in Madrid. She became alarmed when she lost all sense of feeling in her lower lip and cheek, and hurried back to the good old USA for medical attention. The whole, tragic story is told on Page 40.

(continued on page 81)



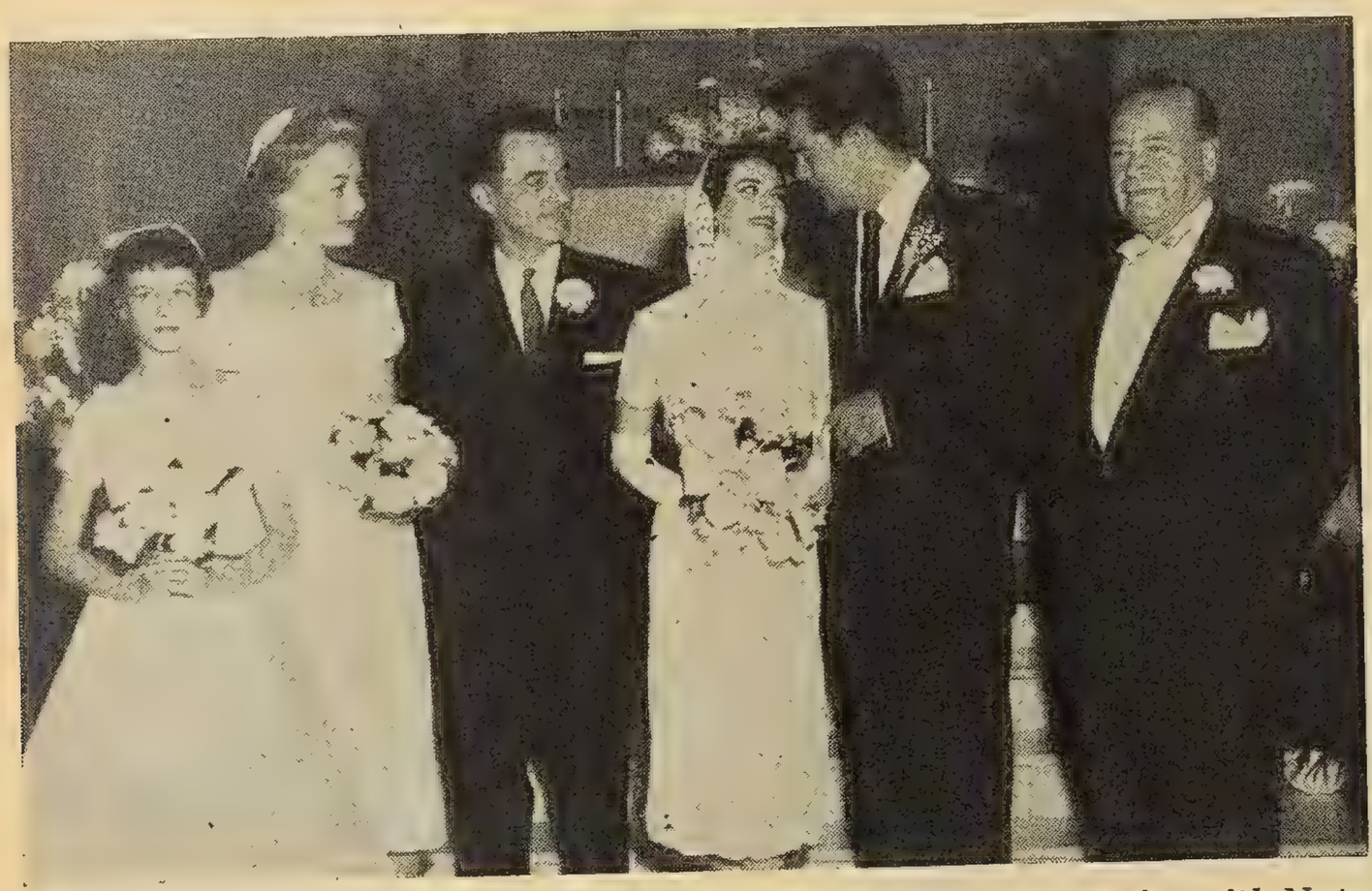
Lovely as a bride—with knees buckling!—Natalie arrives at church, escorted by her father.



Here comes the groom!—with his best man, Robert Wagner, Sr. They got to church early.



"I now pronounce you man and wife . . ." the Reverend Frank Knaus said, and Bob took his bride in his arms—to have and to hold, to love and to cherish till death do them part. . . .



The new Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner—moments after their I Do's—with Natalie's sister, Lana Lisa; her best friend and maid of honor, actress Barbara Gould; Natalie's Dad, Nicolas Gurdin; and Bob's Dad, Robert Wagner, Sr.



Here they come! Nat and R.J. are going to try to make a dash for it—through the small crowd of waiting fans and into the white limousine.



Natalie's Mother and sister, and Nat's close friend and once-upon-a-time beau Nicky Adams, watch Nat and Bob drive off—back to the Valley Ho *for the reception. The faces of their fans crowding round them are reflected in the car's windows . . . and like any two people in love, Bob and Natalie Wagner see only each other. . . .*



THANKS, NAT, FOR THE FIRST PICTURES OF YOUR WEDDING



■ Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue; laughter and tears, and buckling knees, champagne toasts and last minute blessings—and Natalie and Bob became husband and wife. . . .

This is how it happened. . . .

It is Thursday afternoon, December 26, two days before the wedding. About five o'clock, a black Cadillac convertible pulls up in front of Natalie Wood's valley home, and Bob Wagner, trying to appear very casual, rings the doorbell. Natalie is dressed and waiting, the suitcases are packed, her parents on hand to help Bob load the luggage into his car trunk.

Thursday 6 PM—Bob and Natalie join the rest of the wedding party for dinner at the *Brown Derby*.

Thursday, 8:30 PM—They all catch the train to Phoenix. Bob, who shared a compartment with Nick Adams—got at least two hours sleep that night. Natalie, who roomed with Barbara Gould, her maid of honor, was so nervous that she didn't close her eyes for a moment. When the train arrived at the Arizona desert resort, she felt sick. "It's the jitters. You'll get over it," Barbara assured her.

Friday, 6 AM—They are whisked to the fabulous VALLEY-HO HOTEL, their headquarters for the next thirty-six hours.

After a big ranch breakfast, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone except the prospective bride and groom—now *both* were getting too jittery to think of food, although the wedding was still a day away!—they headed to their respective rooms to make up for the sleep they didn't get the night before.

Friday, 1 PM—Bob and Natalie head for the City Hall in downtown Phoenix to pick up their marriage license.

Friday, 2:15 PM—On to Scottsdale—about fifteen miles away—for the wedding rehearsal at the METHODIST CHURCH.

Friday, 3:30 PM—Back at the VALLEY-HO and around the pool till it was time to dress for the big dinner party at the LULU BELLE RESTAURANT.

Friday, 8 PM—The wedding party—Natalie, Bob, Nicky, Barbara Gould, Richard and Mary Sale, Andy and Prudence Maree settle down at the T-shaped table in the dining room—joined by Nat's family and the Wagner Seniors, who had arrived during the afternoon.

Bob stood up, raised his champagne glass toward their parents, and toasted, "To the producers."

Nicky Adams had followed with a second toast as he waved his glass at Bob and Natalie. "To the future producers!"

Natalie nibbled on the hors d'oeuvres, poked around the shrimp cocktail, and barely twenty minutes after she had sat down—and before the main course was served—announced that she had to get back to the hotel, "To fix my hair."

Actually she was so sick from nervousness she knew she'd be better off at her suite with only Barbara Gould and her hairdresser, Connie Nichols.

But if she felt bad when she left the LULU BELLE, she felt worse when she got back to the hotel. The beautiful wedding gown which Howard Shoup had designed especially for the occasion had not arrived!

(*continued on next page*)



LEFT *Groom-to-be R.J. watched Natalie sign her maiden name for the last time—on their wedding license. The next day, she'd be Mrs. R.J.!*

BELOW *Even in the little town of Scottsdale, word got around . . . and a group of fans and cowboys waited outside church to wish them well.*

RIGHT *And so they were married! It seemed as if all their lives they had waited for this moment, when they were joined before God. . . .*





"It'll be here before you go to sleep," Barbara assured her.

"Well, I can tell you one thing: I won't go to sleep if it doesn't get here!"

Friday, Midnight—Natalie was bawling her eyes out! No gown yet!

In desperation, Barbara woke up Mrs. Gurdin who woke up her husband who went to Mr. Wagner who finally knocked at the door of Steve Brooks, amiable head of the WARNER BROTHERS' magazine department.

The first postal delivery, Steve found out a few minutes later from the assistant manager, was at eleven o'clock in the morning. That wouldn't save Natalie from a sleepless, worrisome night. There was just one other way. . . .

The head of the Phoenix post office was more than a little surprised when he was awakened in the middle of the night with Steve's request to meet him at the main branch, and go through all the packages till they found the right one. Love triumphed over sleep—and they brought the wedding dress to Natalie.

Saturday, 7 AM—The hotel telephone operator awakened Bob.

"How do you feel?" Nicky asked him when he got up.

"Fine," Bob said nonchalantly, like this was just another day.

Saturday, 7:45 AM—Bob is crawling around the room on his hands and knees searching for his shoes. "Doggone it, I know they're here. Help me find them, will you, Nicky?"

Nicky burst out laughing. "Look at your feet!" *Bob had his shoes on!*

Saturday, 12 Noon—Nicky brought Natalie the bridal and maid of honor bouquets—and Bob's wedding present for her: a platinum necklace with a pearl-shaped diamond attached to it.

She took one look at it and let out a scream. "It's the same design I made up for R.J.," she gasped, as she handed Nicky her present to take back to Bob: a tie clip—with a pearl-shaped diamond!

Unknown to each other, Bob and Natalie had both gone to the same jeweler—who worked out his own little surprise for them. . . .

With his present Bob had sent a note to Natalie: "I love you. What are you doing around 1 PM?"

To which Natalie replied in the note pinned to the tie clip, "I love you, love you, love you. P.S. How about getting married at 1 PM?"

Saturday, 12:55—In a white pearl-and-rhinestone-studded lace and chiffon gown, with something old (her grandmother's bracelet), something new (a handkerchief given to her by Barbara), something blue (her garters), and something borrowed (Lana's lipstick)—beautiful, serene, and for the first time in forty-eight hours completely calm and composed—Natalie walked down the aisle toward the man she loved. . . . They exchanged vows, and wedding rings, and became husband and wife.

Saturday, 1:50 PM—Back at the VALLEY-HO, there was champagne and hors d'oeuvres and the usual jokes about "*May all your blessings be little ones,*" and relaxed laughter and giggling and toasts and the bride threw her bouquet and it was caught by Barbara and the bride changed into her going-away outfit.

Saturday, 5:05 PM—Somebody at the Beverly Hills travel agency goofed, and their "5:30" train was pulling out!

Again it was Mr. Wagner, Senior who came up with an idea. "Maybe you can get to the next stop by car before the train leaves. . . ."

"With my driving, there's no doubt," Nicky yelled, sprinting to the car. They pulled into the next station—just as the train pulled out.

"Bob," Natalie wailed, "the reservations . . . we'll miss the connecting train in Chicago, and the yacht standing by in Florida for our honeymoon cruise!" Nicky raced on in pursuit of the train.

Nicky caught up with it, and they barrelled alongside it at eighty miles an hour, until the conductor noticed them, waved back, and stopped the train for them to get on at the next intersection!

And that's how it happened when Bob and Natalie became husband and wife. . . .

Thanks, Nat, for these wedding pictures. . . .

And along with our prayers for your happiness—you'll find on turning the page, our wedding present—Your Diary of Love. . . . Remember? . . .



ROBERT SHERWOOD's Trade To Fall Back On—

■ Insecurity can be a terrible problem.

And Robert Sherwood knows all about insecurity—but it is making him a terrific actor.

It all started back when he was fourteen and ran away from the Bronx to become an actor. And he succeeded, too. He succeeded in *Three Guys Named Mike*, *The Great Caruso* and *It's A Big Country*, for instance.

His success rated him the title of the Eighth Most Popular Leading Man.

Then, suddenly, by one of those unexplained whims of fate there was no more demand for his type.

The shy boyish personality was no longer in style.

But this shy boyish personality was now a grown man, with a wife and a child to support. The only work he knew how to do was closed to him. Then a good friend came through with a set of carpenter's tools and a chance to learn the trade. But the success he'd known as an actor didn't come so readily as a carpenter. It took him twelve jobs—and being fired from them all—to get the hang of wielding a hammer and saw.

But the day finally came when at last he was a first-class journeyman carpenter, and putting up a home, a store, or even a factory presented no problem.

And there was security in the Robert Sherwood household . . .

Then he met Mervyn LeRoy—and got the part of the lieutenant communications officer in *No Time For Sergeants*. And the predictions are that he's really going places in this second attempt at his first-choice career. Now—with this new break—does this mean real security for Robert Sherwood?

He isn't taking chances this time around. The day after *Sergeants* was completed, when the rest of the cast and crew were sleeping late or out celebrating, where was Robert Sherwood?

—Up bright and early, carpentering for the COAST CONSTRUCTION COMPANY—a job he never left! This boy's taking no chances with insecurity!

See him in Warners' NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.



Creamiest...Clingiest...Always Clear and True
Turn to Cutex for the Red That's Perfect for You!

New miracle blending of Sheer Lanolin with precious beauty creams combines greatest smoothness with lasting color!

Ordinary "dye" type lipsticks dry moisture from your lips, dry the color out too. Lips look faded, feel dry.

Now . . . with Cutex . . . you have the lasting color you want, the creaminess lips need. Cutex Lipstick HOLDS the true color, HOLDS the creaminess. The best at any price!

Red's the Rage! Cutex has them all! 35¢ to 79¢ . . . matching Cutex Nail Polish, 35¢.



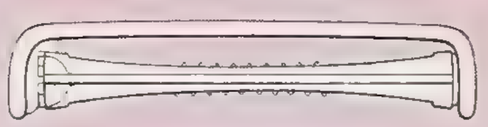
CUTEX

DISCOVERED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength



PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN. "Top hair" needs this softer wave...and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.



ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas...now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.



new twice-a-year

Wonderful new soft waves that last and last! A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix

It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

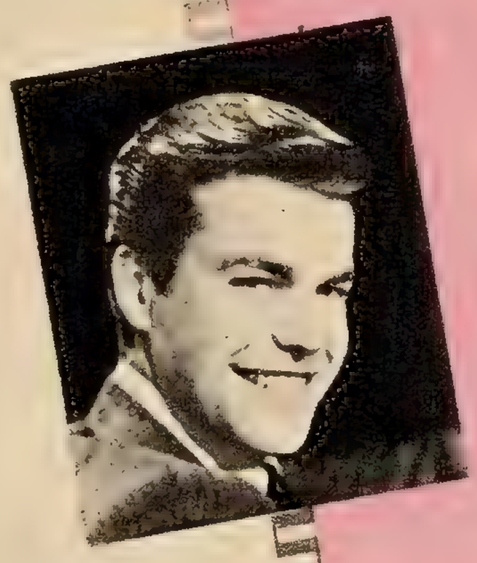


Pin-it

© P&G

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle

A Diary of Love





Dear Natalie and Bob—

From all of us at Modern Screen—to you. To gaze fondly at in years to come. To show your children. To help you re-live the most important days of your romance.

THE EDITORS



July 20, 1956: You met R.J. at a fashion show—and he invited you to the première of *The Mountain.* You accepted because tonight was your birthday and you had no place to go. Only you spent the entire evening flirting with Tony Perkins—and when R.J. said *good night* he didn't ask for another date—and you really couldn't blame him very much!

Dec. 6, 1956: It wasn't until today that R.J. called to ask you out again. You went dancing and to dinner—and had a wonderful time. When the evening ended, he murmured to you, softly, "Shall we make it soon again?"



Dates and dancing,
premieres and parades,
these were the hours for...

"Getting to know



March 14, 1957: Tonight, at the *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* première, you and R.J. shared a special secret: the bracelet he presented to you with the little gold heart—inscribed "Wow, Charlie"—the meaning of which only the two of you know....



March 27: R.J. was furious after you told him you had accepted Lance Reventlow's invitation to the Academy Awards. Later you were stunned, but certainly *not* furious, when R.J. breezed into ROMANOFF'S hoping he would find you. And he sure did!



April 1: Will you ever be able to forget this heavenly week end? You and R.J. were Queen and King of the Palm Springs Annual Circus Day Celebration and it was mad fun. You judged the Kangeroo Court and went horse-back riding through the streets of the city. You lived it up—and laughed it up—for after all, that was what you adored so much about R.J.: his sense of humor, which matched yours—laugh for laugh, gag for gag. Then suddenly you realized you felt more, much more—especially when you noticed R.J. gazing at you in a different way, touching your cheek with a tenderness such as you had never known. And when he did, you felt so strange—and asked yourself what it all meant....



"you"



May 2: The last month was—tennis with R.J., swimming with R.J., sailing with R.J. on his cruiser. The first time he took you out you nearly rammed the boat. And today—just when you thought you had learned all the ropes, it was "*Natalie overboard*" as you tried to fasten a line to the mooring. R.J. tried to pull you into the boat—so you pulled him out, instead!

May 13: This was the saddest—and happiest week. Happiest because you got *Marjorie Morningstar*. Sad because R.J. left for Tokyo. You promised to write each other every day. But no letters were exchanged. Only phone calls—which will break you both! You refused to remove your bracelet—now that a new charm had been added to it . . . a charm which says, simply, "Love you, Little Bug. Be Good."



continued



July 4: R.J. returned home two days ago—but this was your first chance to be alone. You told R.J. "Right now I have everything I want. When you were away I discovered I hated big parties with people talking about nothing. How rare and precious privacy is! But we're going to have so little of it. . . ." He kissed you gently and told you, "We'll find a way." Because you want to....



Sept. 5: R.J. flew up to the *Morningstar* location at Schroon Manor—and was happy just hanging around and watching you work. What a ribbing he took from the cast and crew! They decorated the dining room with signs—WAGNER GO HOME! and the one that said STOP WOOING WOOD. But you were together every free minute; that was the only thing that counted.

Hours alone, and
meeting the folks...
now was the time for...

"Getting to love you"



Sept. 19: And you trained back to Hollywood, just you two—so you would have a quiet time to talk about the future . . . and win $500 at gin rummy from Bob! The black mist mink stole, however, was a prize for—just being you.



Nov. 27: This dinner with R.J.'s folks was a very special one. It was the night R.J. told them, "I never found a girl like Nat before. I don't intend to lose her." It was the night Mr. and Mrs. Wagner accepted you as their daughter in the same way that your family have accepted R.J. as their brand-new son....



December 7, 1957: You and R.J. became officially engaged today—what a beautiful, beautiful day in your life!

And this happiness gave you just a glimmer of the joys to come.

As Mrs. Robert J. Wagner, your diary of love is to be continued. . . .

by Barbara Ribakove

■ "In the nineteenth century, however," the Professor said, "we find that—"

He broke off in mid-sentence. In the back of the classroom a door creaked open. Every head turned. Some two hundred, interested eyes focused on a young man attempting to sneak into class fifteen minutes late without being noticed—and failing miserably. The young man in question turned slightly purple with embarrassment. His scuffed white buckskins tiptoed across the floor and stopped in front of the last seat in the room. His brown attaché case clattered to the floor beside it. And finally, Pat Boone sank into a seat, got out his notebook, and sighed gratefully as the heads turned away and the lecture began again.

He was busily taking notes when he felt someone nudging him. His head jerked up. The fellow next to him leaned over. "Uh—you got bread crumbs all over your face."

"Bread crumbs?" Pat reached for his handkerchief supplied daily by Shirley and wiped his mouth. "Thanks. That better?"

The boy peered at him. "Well—there's a couple on your nose—" His eyes were slightly puzzled. "If I'm not being too curious—how did you get bread crumbs on your nose?"

"Oh," Pat said, "nothing to it. Comes from eating lunch in a taxi cab." (*Continued on page 71*)





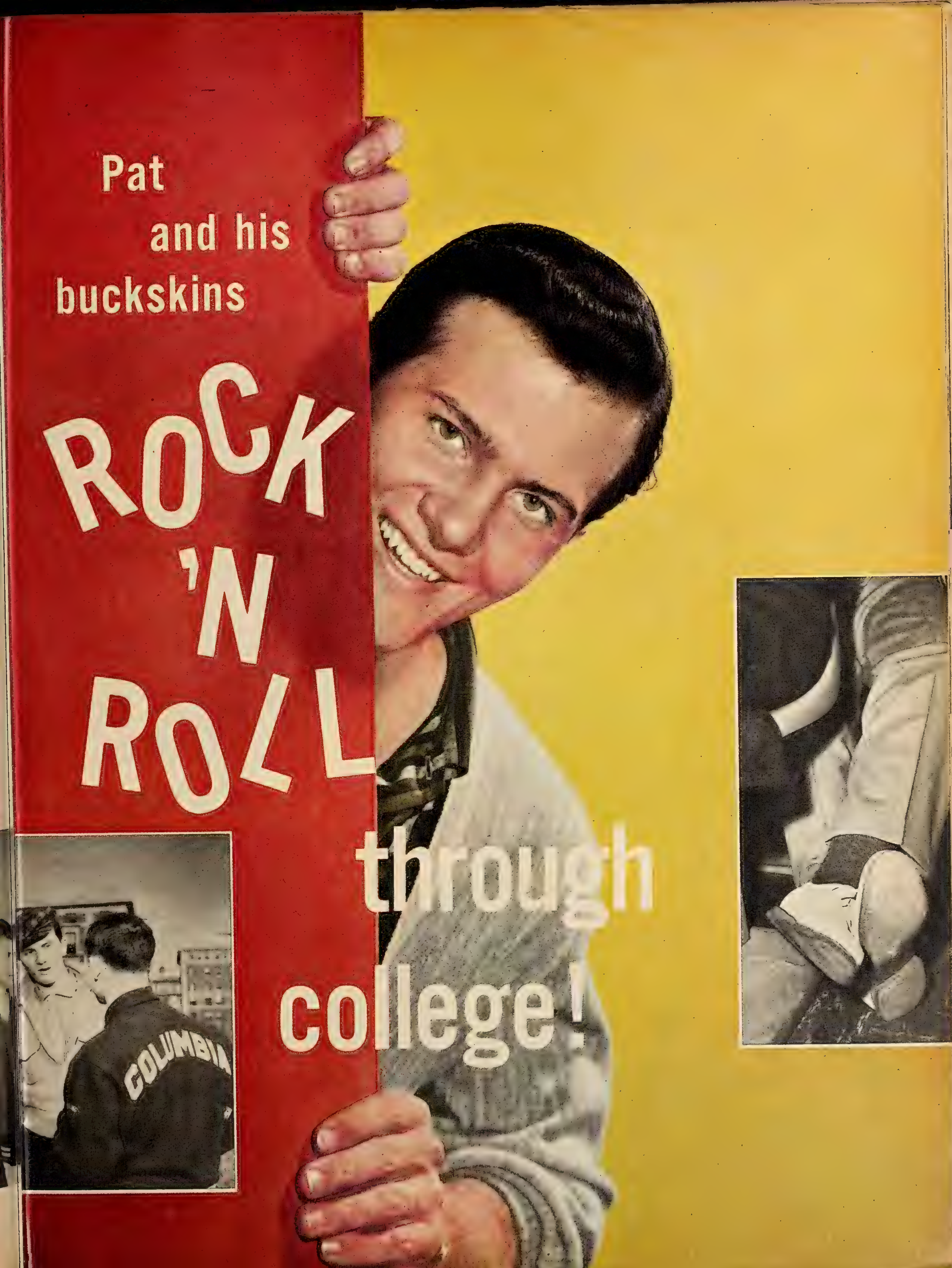
ABOVE Every once in a while, Pat takes time out from rushing—rushing through rehearsals, rushing to class, and through every hour of his busy day —to get some relaxation.

LEFT His literature professor told Pat once not to worry—loads of fellows are working their way through school. But Pat's white buckskins stop moving only during note-taking time.

RIGHT On Columbia's campus Pat gets a chance to feel like just about any other young guy going to school—with just now and then an autograph to sign for somebody's kid sister.



Pat and his buckskins ROCK 'N ROLL through college!



by Andre Brievold

There comes a time in the life of every young couple when the chips are down, when all the twisting trails of their life together merge into two main roads, a crossroads . . . and they must choose a path leading to happiness and love, or eternal heartbreak. Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher stand at that dangerous crossroads right at this moment, and what brought them to it is the most shameful burden ever borne by two young lovers, barely out of their teens.

The finger of blame cannot be pointed at any one individual in this matter. It must be pointed at everyone involved—at the spreaders of false rumors in newspapers and magazines; at the business people who have been manipulating Debbie's and Eddie's careers; and at Debbie and Eddie themselves. The only innocent in this story is a little girl too young to know anything but love, hunger and fatigue; her name is Carrie Frances Fisher.

It is in her name, and the name of her unborn brother or sister, that we tell our story—with regret . . . but with hope that it is not too late.

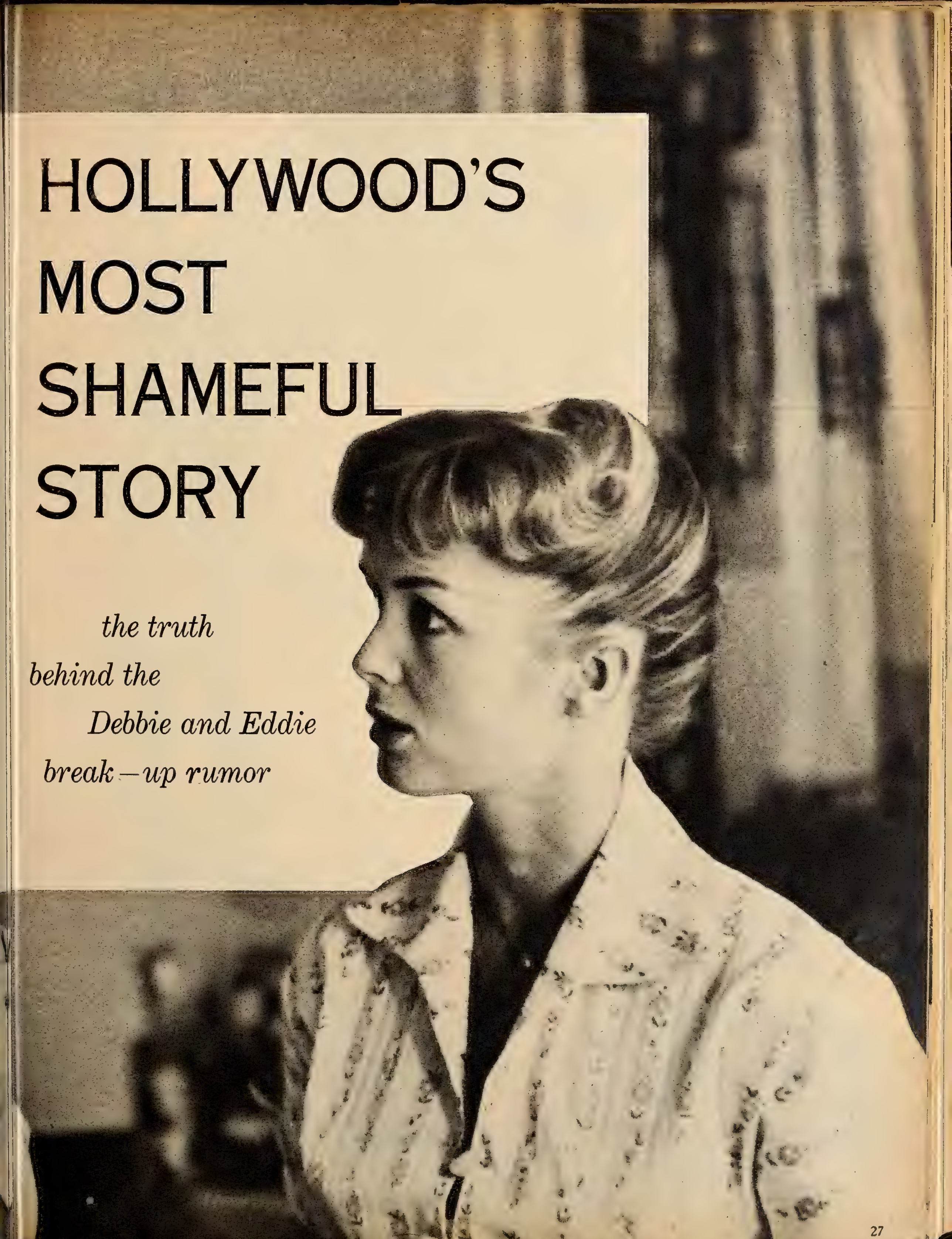
What makes people unhappy is often the same thing that makes them happy. And that is the case with Eddie and Debbie. Sound funny? Well, take a guy who loves to play baseball. It makes him happy. Then he strikes out. It's his love for the game that makes him unhappy at the failure, however brief. Eddie loves to sing, and he's intense about his career. That should be all to the good. After all he has a wife and child to (*Continued on page 76*)

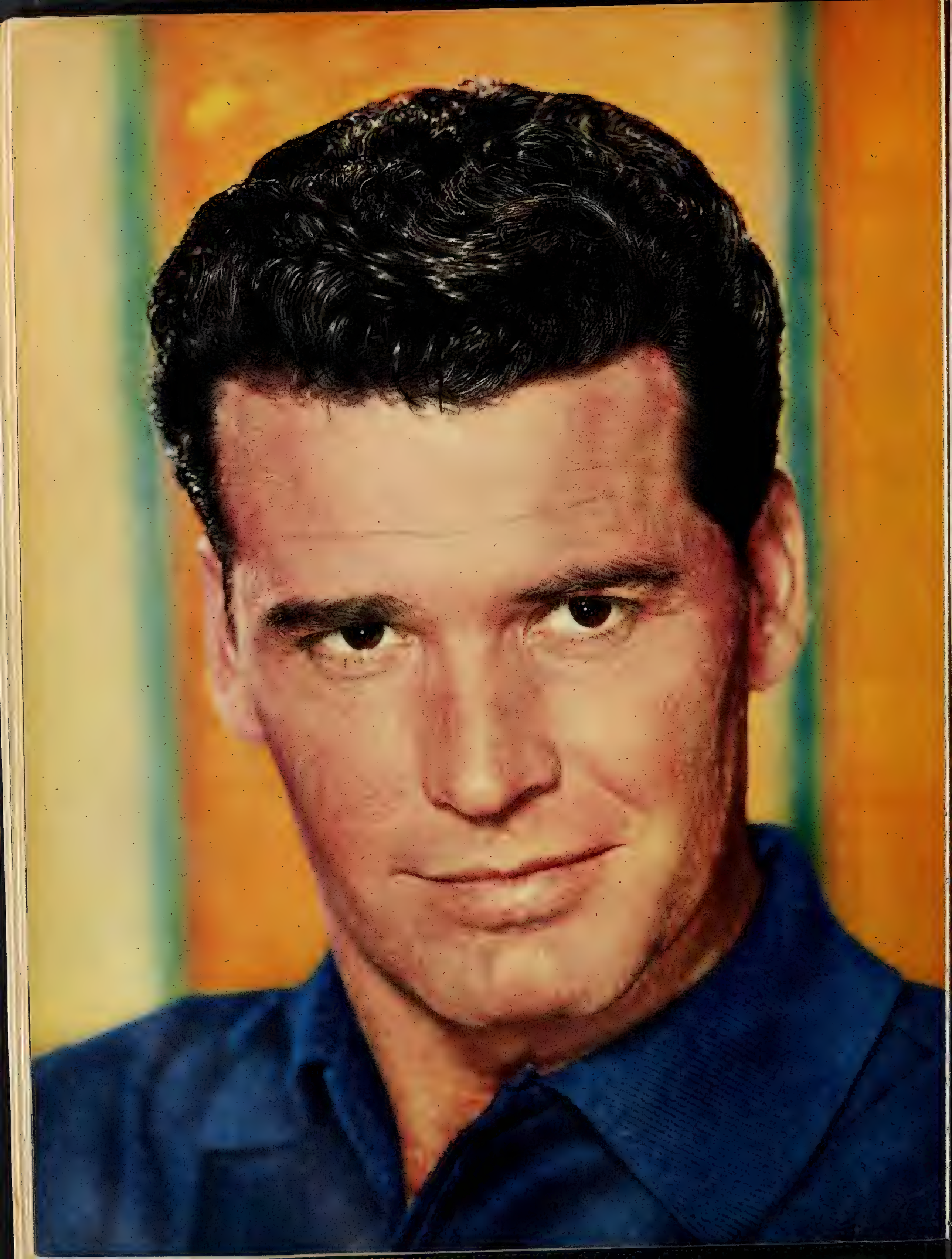


"There was always a bunch of men around... business advisers, song pluggers, TV people ...and when she objected, well, Eddie wasn't as understanding as he used to be...."

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST SHAMEFUL STORY

the truth
behind the
Debbie and Eddie
break—up rumor





Nothing lasts, he thought—

Nothing in life is permanent—

Then he met Lois

and knew he was wrong . . .

JIM GARNER EX-DRIFTER

by Beverly Linet and Barbara Mayer

■ The party was over and the guests had gone home. Jim Garner and his wife Lois sat on the sofa and looked at their livingroom—potato chips on the rug . . . ashtrays spilling over . . . glasses on the floor . . . a vase of flowers standing neatly in the middle of the carpet. It was a perfect mess.

And yet, Jim and Lois sat beaming at the chaos as if they'd just had the house redecorated and were admiring it for the first time.

Through the picture window they could see the sun just coming up over the horizon.

"Time to go to sleep," Jim said.

Neither of them moved.

Jim reached out a long arm. Lois snuggled down into it. "Nice party," she murmured.

"The greatest." The arm tightened. "And not as much as a squawl from the rear bedroom."

"Well, I told you Kimberly would be fine if she came out for a few minutes to say *hello* to everyone. She was so excited it knocked her right out."

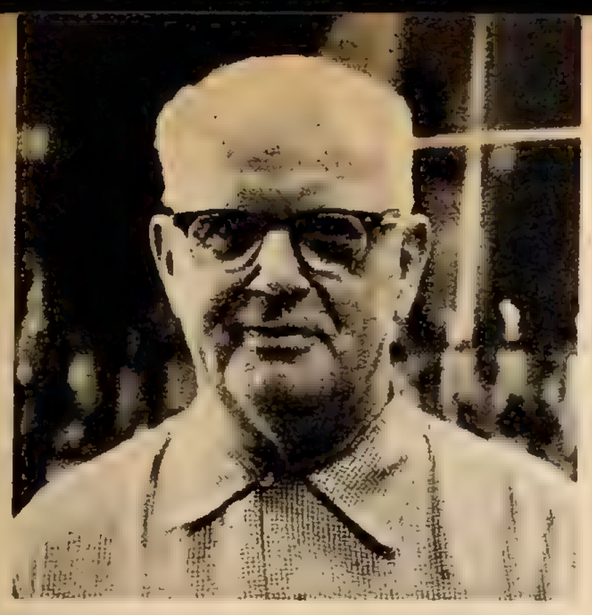
"She's her mother's daughter, all right," Jim grinned.

"Hey!" Lois struggled upright. "I think I did marvelously for a woman (*Continued on page 67*)



Jim Garner had never known the wonder of a lasting love. Then Lois came into his life . . .





Bill Kappelhoff, Doris Day's Dad: *"You should see my girl tend bar. She can draw a beer with the best of them—even if she does get too much foam sometimes!"*



Doris' Mom: *"I remember when Deedee was five, I found her lying out on the sidewalk, on her tummy, watching the ladies in their high heels."*



Jerry Doherty, Doris' first dancing partner: *"When Doris broke her legs, she told me she'd never get up and amount to anything."*

Tattling on Doris!

(here's what the folks back home in Cincinnati are saying)

by Ed DeBlasio

■ The other day, in Cincinnati, we talked to Doris' folks, and to some of her old friends. We asked them about Doris, about her as a young girl and a teenager and a young woman—about the hundred and one little things they love and know about her and remember about her best. Doris' Mother—who was divorced from Doris' Dad years ago, and has adopted the name Day—was in Cincinnati to visit a relative. Doris' Dad, Bill Kappelhoff—Kappelhoff is Doris' real name—was busy in his tavern. We talked to them both, Mrs. Day in the morning, Mr. Kappelhoff in the afternoon, and this is what they told us . . .

"Doris always wanted to be a grown-up lady," her Mom recalled. "She was always getting her little feet lost in my high-heeled shoes, all the time, right after she learned how to walk. And I remember the time, she was about five then, when I found her out on the sidewalk, lying flat on her tummy. I asked her, 'Deedee'—that's what we always called her—'Deedee, what are you doing out here like that?' And she said to me, 'I'm just waiting for the ladies to walk by, Mama, so I can see their high heels.' Her Mama's clothes, too. She was always ransacking my closet to try on my *(Continued on page 63)*

Larry Wise, Doris' childhood grocer: *"I used to give her apples, and I think she's eaten one for every freckle on her face."*





Barey Rapp, Doris' first booking agent: *"When I changed her name to* Day, *it broke her heart."*



Suzy Parker last seen in 20th's
KISS THEM FOR ME

Cue from Hollywood

■ Whether you are tall and willowy like new sensation Suzy Parker or as petite and provocative as Debbie Reynolds Fisher—and, no matter if size eight or sixteen—the low-down on footwear fashion news is the record-breaking trend for flats to glamorize you and your casual wardrobe. Buy them—wear them and get a unanimous "yea" from all the boys! Suzy Parker sits right in on the makings of some of the season's top styles—likes the leathers, the workmanship, the important back buckles—then poses in them exclusively for you and only for you. On the color page: A short tongue handsewn "moc" in the new accessory color, antique red. See the close-up insert for construction detail. About $7. Also in town brown or black. Left below, top: Black and white saddle with Ivy League back strap and buckle. About $7. Also white with grey. Left below, bottom: The Continental, long tongue "moc." About $8. Available in neutral or white sand, twilight grey, soft black or dark neutral called desert tan. All of the shoes shown are Jills made by Bristol of Monett, Mo. They all come in sizes up to 10 in very narrow to wide widths. Get your feet into these new style shoes—your clothes will look smarter, you will feel great and—you will surely make tracks!

More fashions on page 52







Coat—Brittany
Gloves—Launderleather, Lamm
Handbag—Rolfs
Hosiery—Kayser
On the table, right: Smoke 'n Tote—leather cigarette pouch with lighter—Rolfs
Photos—Roger Prigent

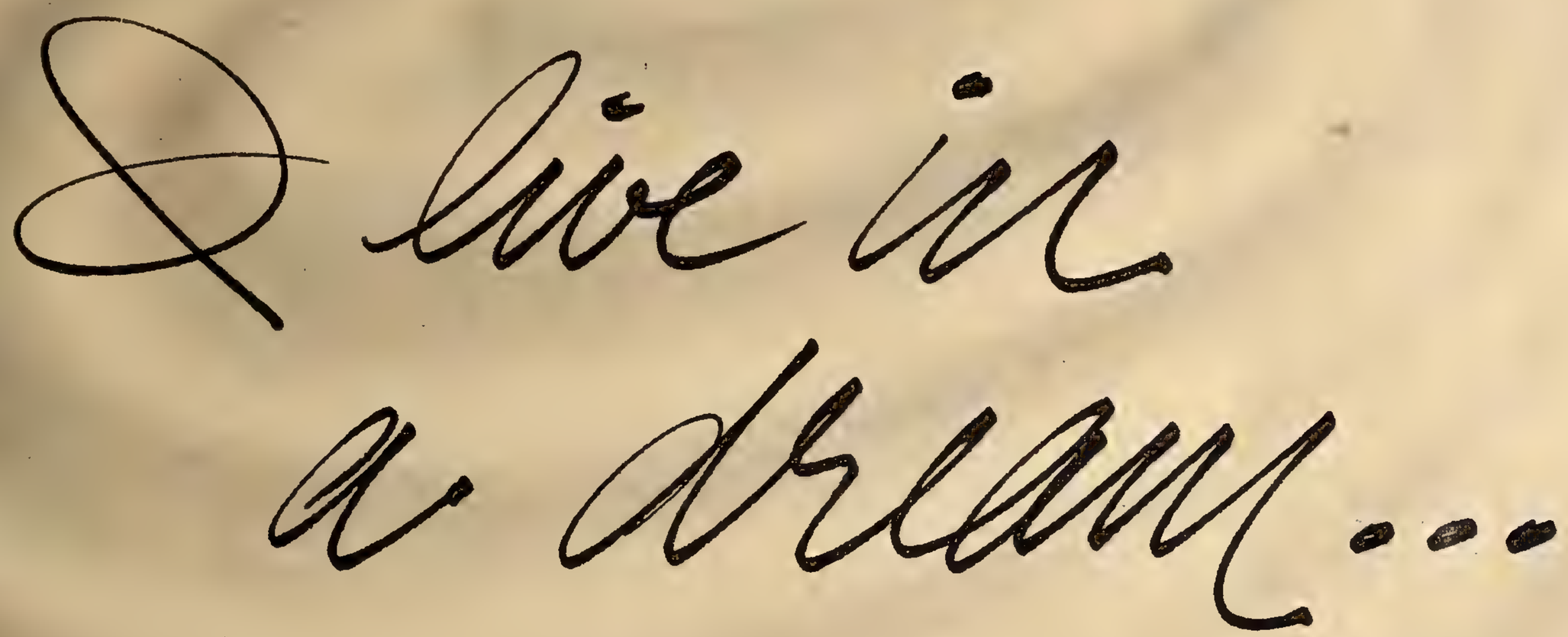


JEAN SEBERG,

a shy child

in wonderland,

says wistfully:



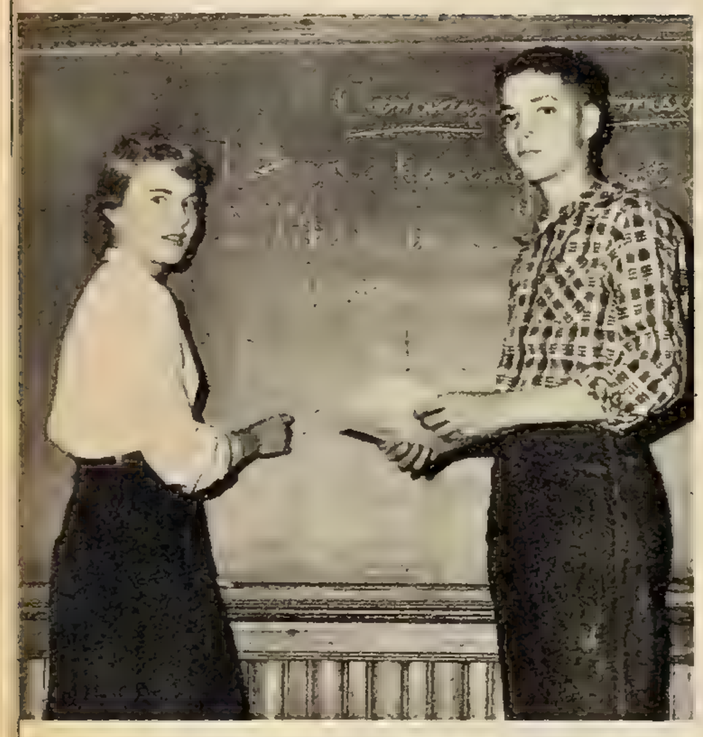
■ It was early evening, in a little French town named Le Lavandeau, and at a small table in a cafe sat the tall, thin, very intense young man and the young American actress.

His name was François Moreuil. Hers—Jean Seberg.

François—an up-and-coming attorney and member of one of France's oldest and most aristocratic families—leaned across the table and said to Jean, "Look—if this picture should fail, what will you do, then? Who will you be? Jean Seberg, of Marshalltown, Iowa or—nobody? Nothing? Jean Seberg, the actress, will be gone, *and the girl you once were will be gone, too.* Don't you see?"

It was quiet in the little cafe, still early. Earnestly, François continued. "Each night you go up to your room. You order dinner. You eat it alone. You study your *Bonjour Tristesse* script. You bathe. You turn out the light and go to bed. Is this a normal way of life for an

continued

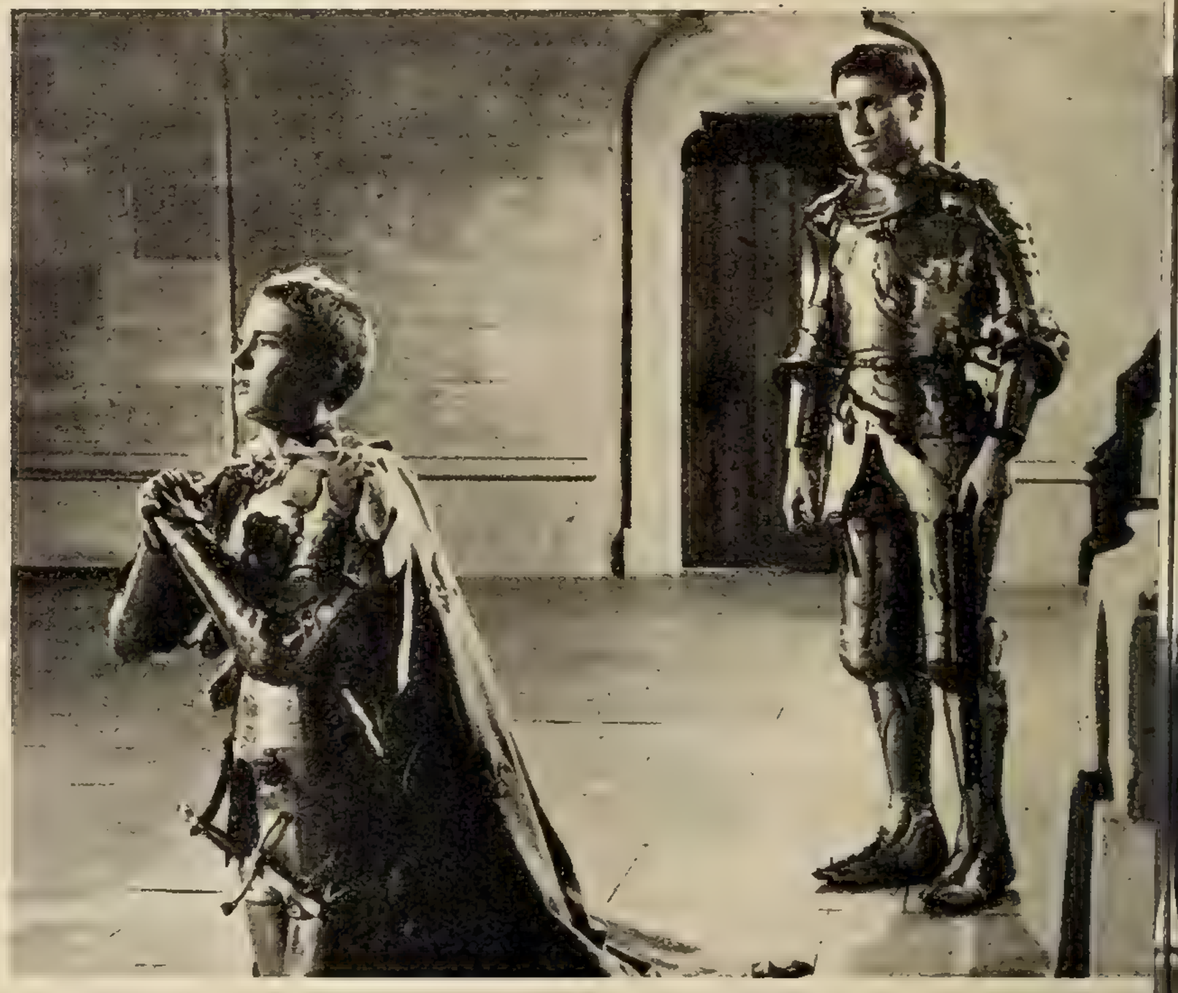




What greater dream of glory can come true in high school than to run for Class President . . . and win? Unless it's hearing applause thundering over the footlights.



More applause was to come from acting in school plays and summer stock, and already Jean was learning to forego the things other kids took for granted —drinking cokes with the gang, juke box dancing, bull sessions. And then, before she was ready for dreams-come-true, St. Joan *made her a star.*



My wishes came true overnight, now—

eighteen-year-old girl? Is it life? Of course not! It's—it's like being in a nunnery. And for *what*?"

Across the room, someone said in one of those sibilant, carrying whispers, "Hasn't she got the most beautiful eyes you've ever seen?"

Those beautiful eyes—that seem so startlingly blue—were dreaming off into the distance. *What did she see there?* François wondered. *What voices did she hear? Those inner voices, which seemed to be driving her on and on, alone, always alone?*

François broke the silence abruptly, "It's as if you were lost in a dream, Jean.

"You're lost in a dream which may or may not come true. And if it doesn't," he said quietly, "then, my dear, you are really lost."

Her eyes came back to his earnest, intense young face. It was so full of caring. *How nice it would be to have someone like that in love with me, really in love, and to be in love with him. Life would be so simple. Life* COULD *be so simple, if only—* she must stop that train of thought.

"You mustn't feel sorry for me, François," she said. "It's not so bad, being (*Continued on page 55*)

thoughts of love disturb my dreams...

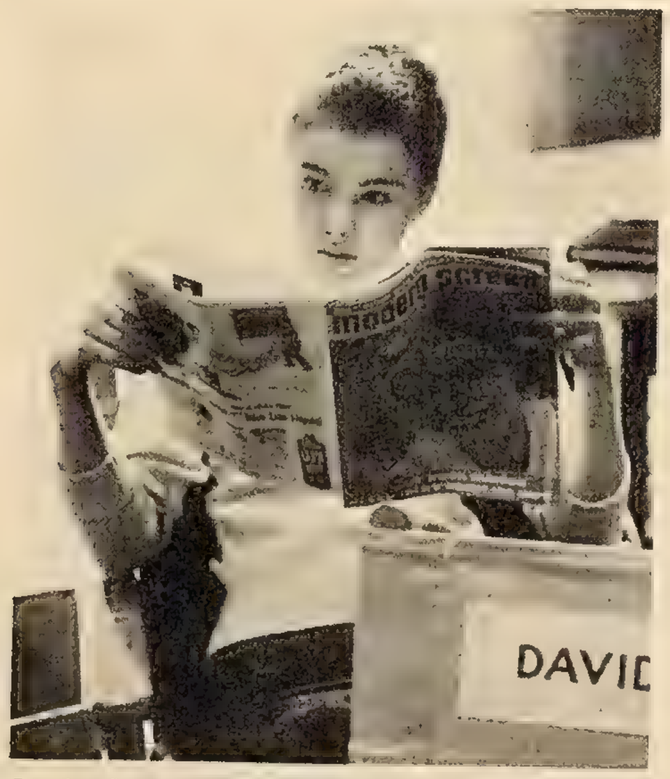
The creator and his creation. Producer Otto Preminger found her, and molded her into a new Jean Seberg she scarcely knows. A fearsome responsibility, this role. . . .



Maybe it would be fun, Jean thinks, to fall in love with someone like François Moreuil, her young French lawyer friend; but love will have to wait . . . for success and for growing up.



Jean's admiration for Françoise Sagan verges on envy of the young writer's sophistication and indifference. "Be yourself" everyone says, but that's easier said than done.



It feels a little frightening to pick up a magazine and find that someone has gotten inside your soul, and it's going to be read by strangers and, even worse, by people you love.

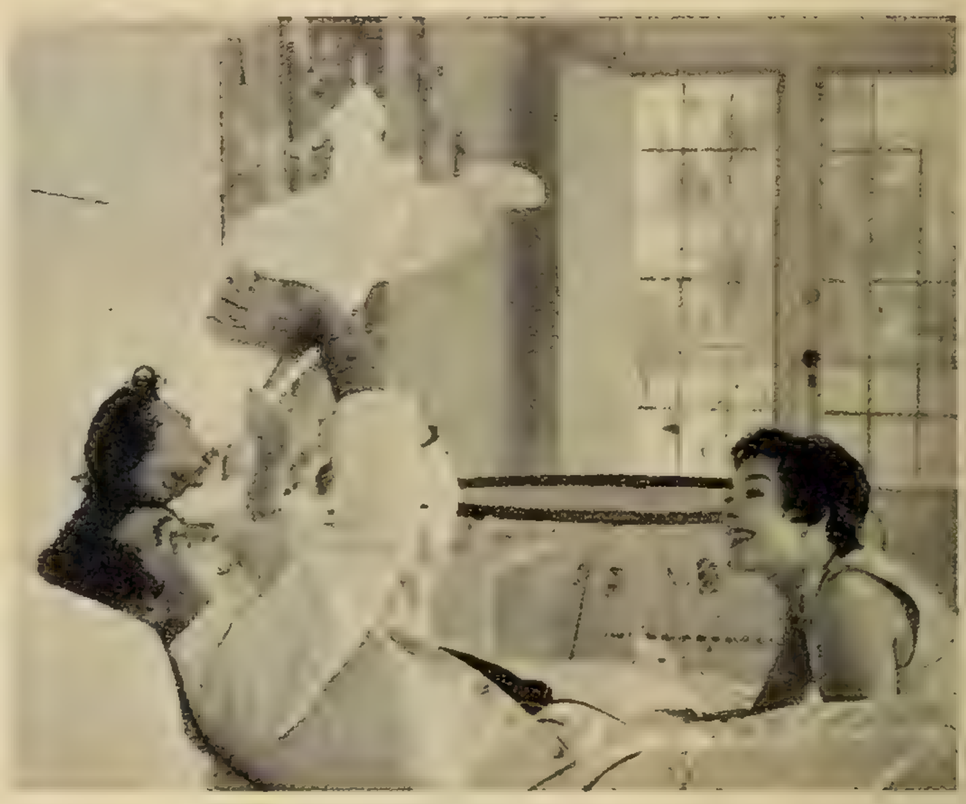


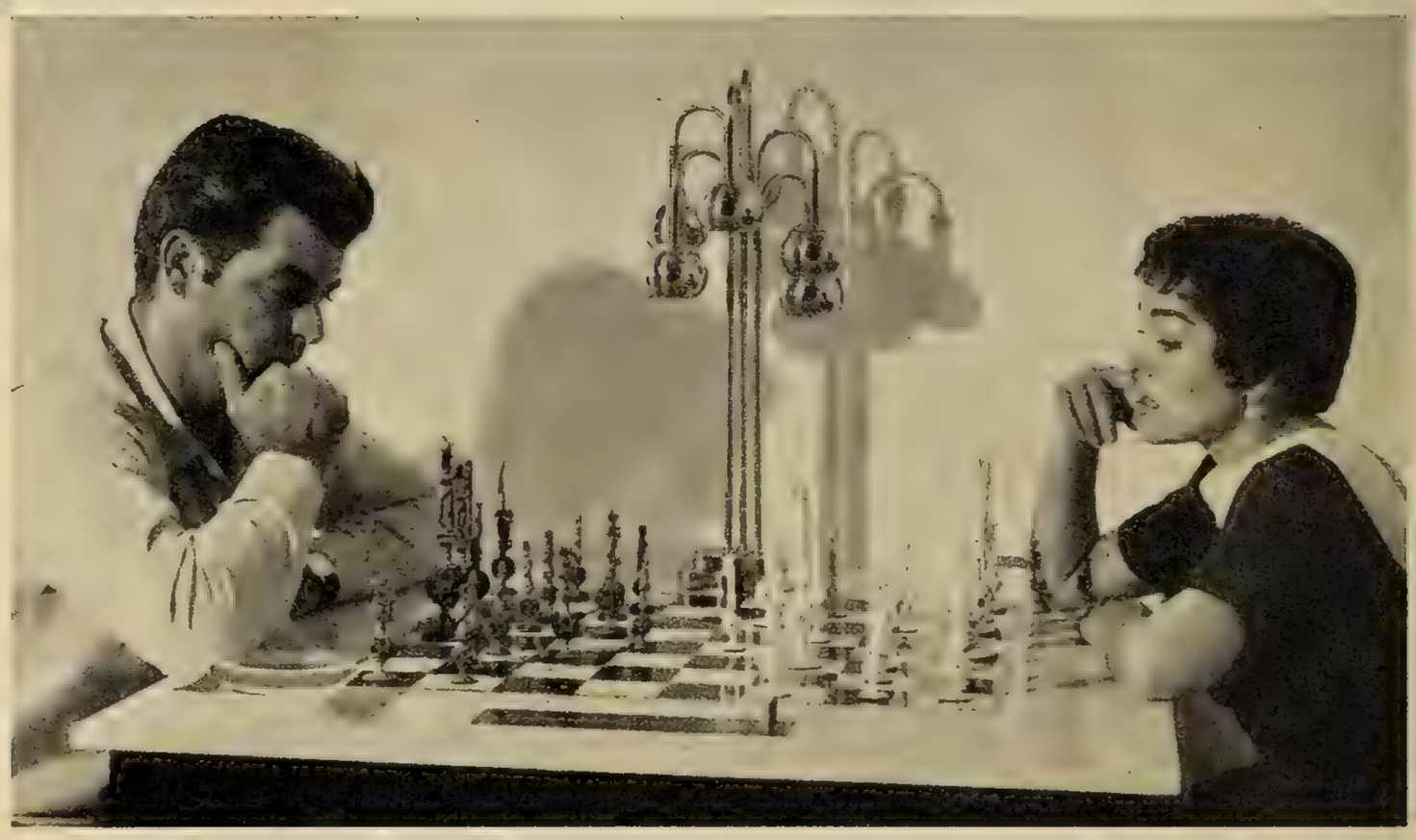
The trouble with Rory is—my handsome hunk of man doesn't know his own strength! But then, he says it shows how much he loves me.

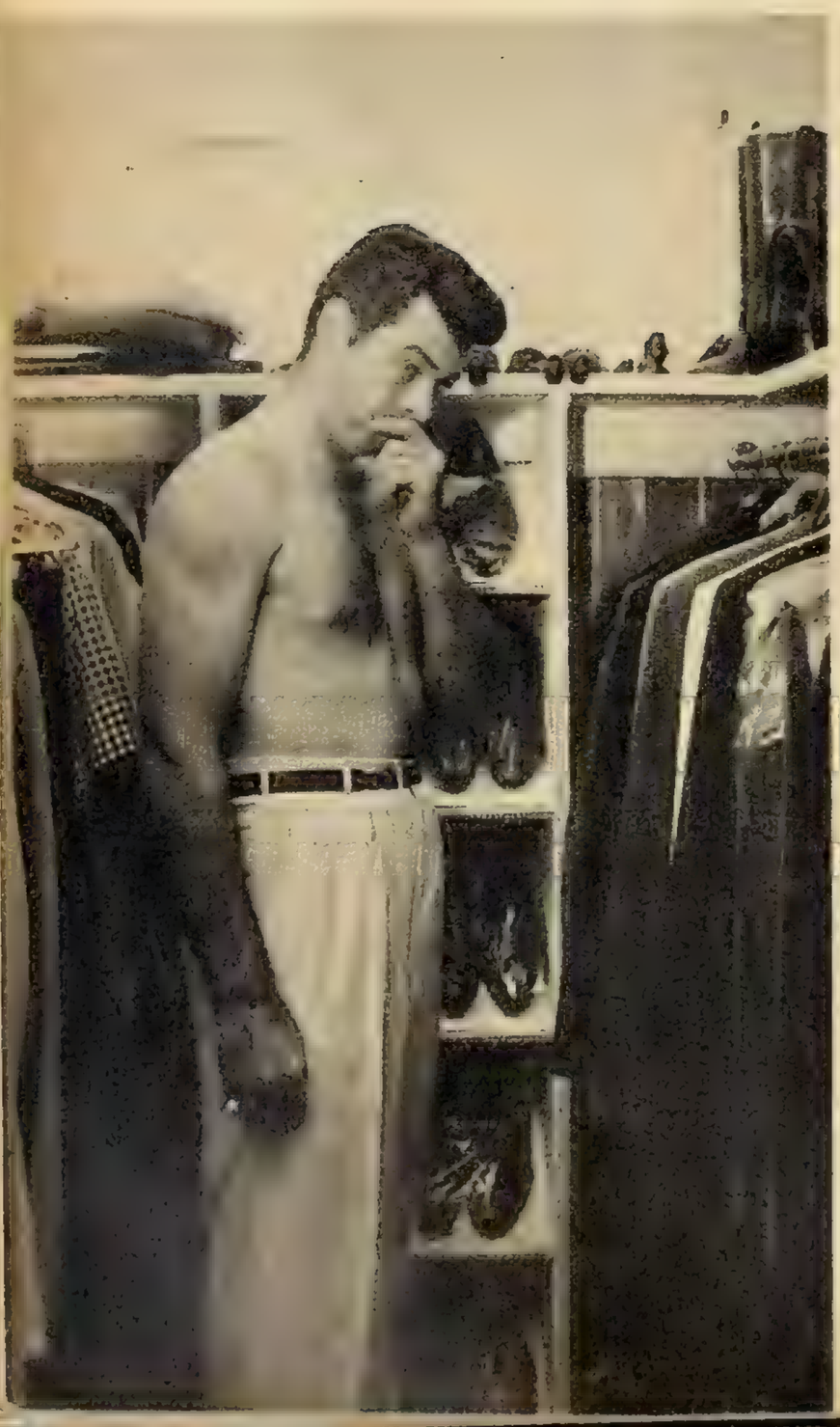


About the only time my darling gets irritable and demanding is when he's convalescing from a bad cold and then only one thing will satisfy him—and that's chicken soup with rice. And Rory won't accept any substitutes—no matter how good I think they are.

I love to see how happy Rory is with Cindy. She's our little miracle—the baby we wanted and waited for—through nine years of disappointment. Rory is such a good father. And even before our daughter was born, he put up with all my problems—real or imaginary.







Above *Rory thinks he can beat me playing chess. The thing is, he can concentrate and my mind wanders . . . so guess which one of us will win!*

Left *Rory tries hard to set a good example of a place for everything and everything in its place. He wants to teach me some neatness and order.*

Right *Friend husband thinks he knows his way around the kitchen better than I do. But sometimes I really think the smarty may be right!*



I love my husband, but...



an intimate revelation by Mrs. Rory Calhoun

■ Well let's face it. No husband is perfect, but . . .

Now that I think about it, there are quite a few habits that could stand improvement. Nothing serious, mind you. Well, at least he doesn't think it is. Like a little argument we had just a couple of weeks ago. Not so little, really . . .

It all started because Rory hates to be wrong. I guess most men are like that. Only my husband is even more so when someone else is around!

It happened shortly after we moved into our new home, just off Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills. It's a huge Spanish house which we completely redecorated. In fact, it's so big that I had a buzzer system installed so that if Rory wanted to call me, all he had to do was lift up one of the many phone receivers, and press a signal button.

He'd forgotten all about the system, though, that hot afternoon he came home from work, so the moment he walked into the house, he called me.

Only I didn't hear him. I was upstairs with our baby, Cindy. As far as sound-carrying was concerned, I might as well have been in Alaska or Hawaii.

Rory tried again. "Lita!"

No answer.

"LITA!"

It was merely by chance that I happened to come downstairs a few minutes later, or Rory would have had laryngitis.

He was slightly purple. (*Continued on page 50*)



AVA'S



There was no stopping her—the lovely Senorita had to fight the bull. Nothing else would satisfy her. She practiced hard to learn the art, and then one day announced that she was ready. . . .

Modern Screen's world scoop brings you the truth that Ava tried so courageously to hide!

by Ed Graham

■ At first the men laughed when Ava screamed. After all, she'd been screaming her head off ever since early that morning when she'd decided she could handle the bulls by herself. Before that, for the last couple of weeks, she'd been coming to RANCHO EL ROCIO, the great Spanish bull farm just outside Seville, to play with *los toros*—but always with the famous teacher Angel Peralta at her side. Now, early on this day, October 31, 1957, she'd driven up to the ranch with current boyfriend Walter Chiari and announced to Peralta and the dozen or so hands assigned to the training arena that she was ready to go it alone.

"Pero . . ." Peralta and the others started to say. "But"

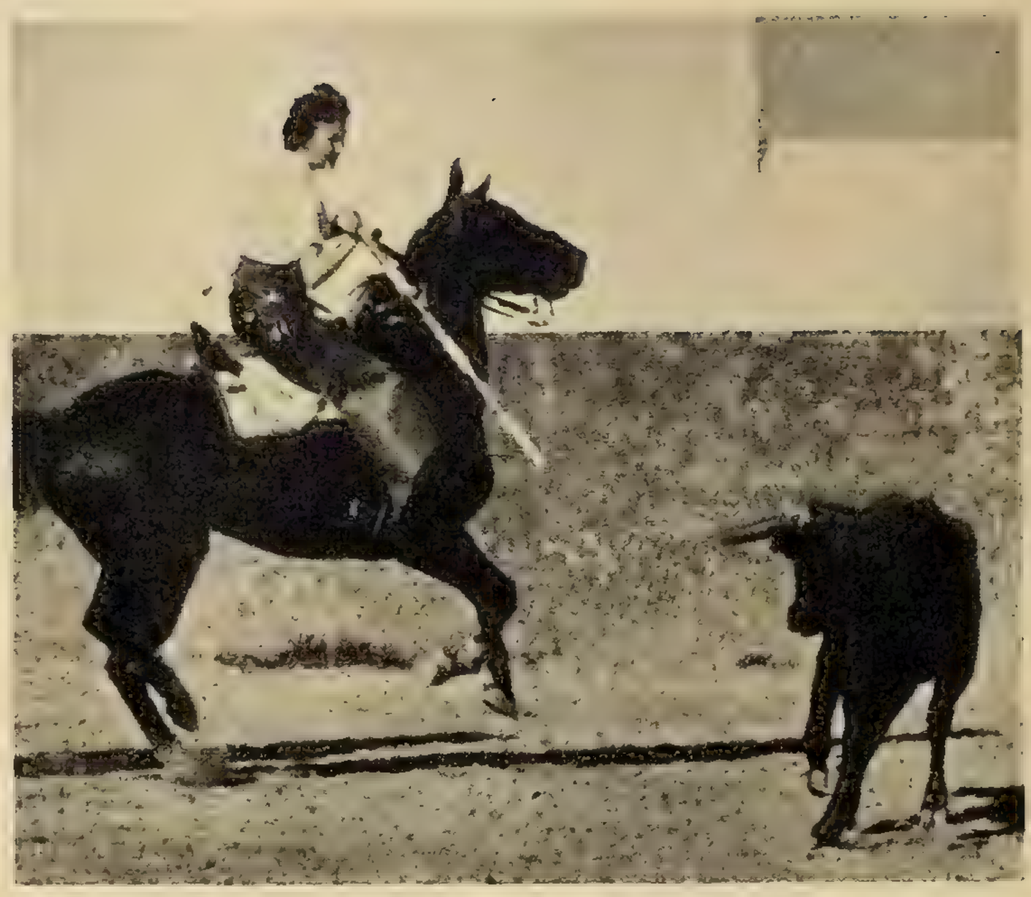
Ava smiled a no-buts-about-it smile and went to change into her riding clothes.

The others, meanwhile, were worried. "I talked to Señor Chiari and told him it would be dangerous for La Bella," one of the men has said, referring to Ava by the nickname the admiring Spaniards have given her, The Beauty. "But he told me there was no holding this lovely woman back when she wanted to do something. I tried to explain that she was not yet ready to be a *rejoneadora,* to ride the horse and try to lance the bull, that this is the art of a man and that even a man must practice from when he is a boy to master this art. But Señor Chiari indicated he was helpless to change La Bella's mind. Then, a few minutes later, she came out—wearing her leather pants and white shirt and *novillera's* hat, and wearing the expression I have seen here on the ranch many times before on the faces of the young boys who are about to take their first (*Continued on page 42*)

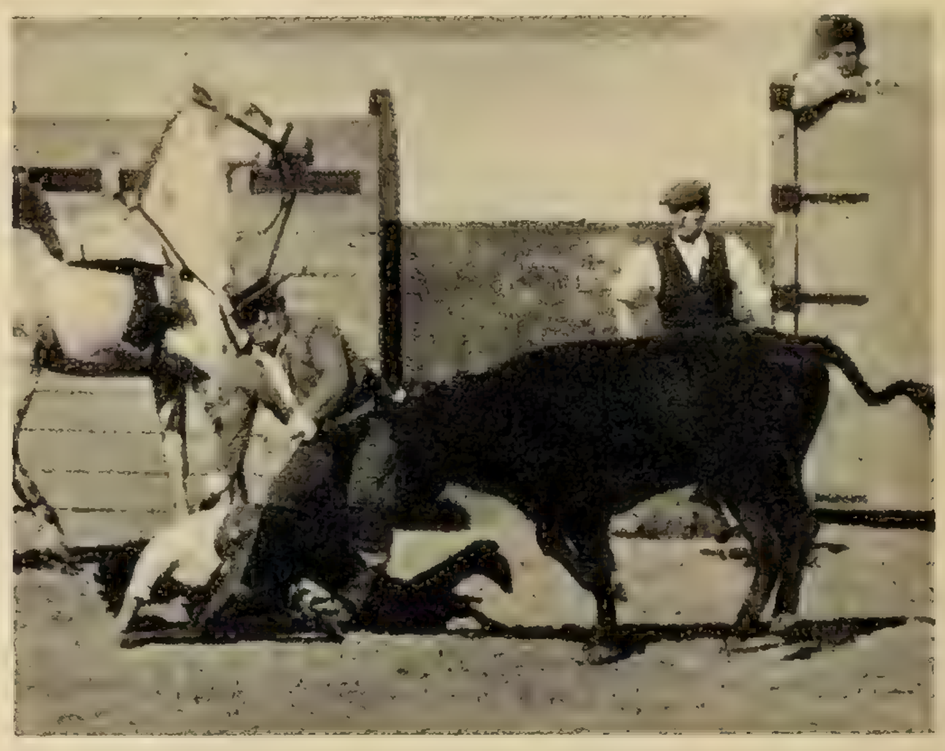
FACE SCARRED!

try on the horse alone, brave and flushed with excitement, the skin almost burning for adventure. I knew Señor Chiari was right, that there would be no changing her mind."

"I am not superstitious, like are many Spaniards," another of the men present, a young *torero* from Granada, told us. "But I must admit that when Señorita Ava entered the arena a chill wind, as if it came out of nowhere, came suddenly and brought with it much dust and cast a strange gloom over the ranch and where we were standing. One of the old *peones*, the ranch hands, who was standing near Señorita Ava tapped her on the shoulder and pointed around him. 'That is not a good sign,' he told her, apologetically for interfering in the plans of so great a lady, but firmly just the same. But Señorita Ava, who is always so nice to everybody, I have noticed during the time I have known her, especially to the poor people and the old people, like this man was, put her hand on his arm and began to smile and talk to him like a mother who is about to go away on a long trip and who is telling her little son that there is nothing to worry about. She did not tell him what I think was in her mind—that she is a woman who is very bored with life as she has lived it, bored with all the men she has known and who have fallen at her feet, with all the fine champagne she has been bathed in ever since she became a famous actress, with all the false people around her all the time telling her how *meravillosa* she is just so they may bask in her glory. She did not tell him that to make up for these cold riches in her life she had come to live in a warm and poor and stark country such as is Spain, that she had tried to forget her past and her identity here by trying to make herself Spanish, by buying a very Spanish house called *La Bruja*—The Witch—and learning to sing all our Spanish songs and to dance our wild Spanish dance, the *flamenco*—and that now she would try to forget her past and her identity with something even more wild, more exciting. So instead she told the old man who had pointed out the chill wind and the dust to her that she had seen many omens in her lifetime and that they had ceased to worry her any more. And that, besides, this was not all as reckless and as silly as it might (*Continued on page 58*)







Suddenly a horse kicked out... and her beauty was the price Ava Gardner paid for the excitement of the bull ring...









my first kiss

That was no girl . . . that was my goat



SAL MINEO owes his first kiss to show business.

"I played one of the village boys in the stage production of *The Rose Tattoo.* All I had to do was lead a goat onstage to establish atmosphere.

"I was in the seventh grade at the time, and they loaded us with homework. One night I was so tired that I found an unused spot backstage and fell asleep, knowing the stage manager would wake me up in plenty of time for my cue.

"But I woke up even sooner and realized I was being kissed. It felt wonderful for a moment, but then the illusion shattered when I realized my ardent girl friend was that darned goat!"



On a dream boat, with a phantom lover

JANET LEIGH says that the only *first kiss* which counts with her was her first kiss from Tony Curtis. Anything that went before has been forgotten!

They met at a cocktail party one of the movie studios gave at a big Hollywood restaurant. And there was a big Hollywood crowd present.

Then a certain person—Tony, of course—joined Janet's group, and suddenly the party was fun.

Tony made a tentative date to "call her sometime" when he said *good-bye.*

But it was only five or six hours later that Janet was being kissed by him!

. . . It was on board a ship. The night was cool, but the moon above seemed very warm.

Not nearly as warm as Tony's arms, though, when he embraced her—

Yes, there was the touch of a dream the first time Janet's lips met Tony's, for it was a kiss she *dreamed!* That night, just five or six hours after she had been at the cocktail party.

A few nights later, though, that lovely dream changed to even lovelier reality!

Two thousand witnesses

TONY FRANCIOSA thinks James Naismith was the greatest inventor in the world: he was the man who invented basketball as a game, away back in 1891.

What's that got to do with his first kiss?

Well, in his junior year, BEN FRANKLIN HIGH played EVANDER CHILDS for the city championship. It was the most exciting game ever as far as the crowd was concerned.

Down to the last minute, it was nip and tuck. And as far as one of the beautiful blonde cheerleaders was concerned—Tony was the most exciting basketball player ever!

A quick look at the sweephand clock showed two seconds left as Tony took aim from twenty feet out—and hit the rim of the basket. The game-ending whistle blew just as the ball stopped its crazy saucering and dropped *in* for the winning two points!

Even before the roar of the crowd filled the auditorium, the pretty cheerleader rushed to the court, threw her arms around the astonished Tony, and gave him a victory kiss.

No lover's lane for Tony—he got his first kiss as 2,000 spectators cheered!



I reminded him of someone else

SOPHIA LOREN remembers that sunny afternoon in October, 1943—it was Liberation Day for Naples. As the Allied trucks rolled over the cobblestone streets a young girl joined the crowds scrambling for the chocolate bars the soldiers tossed to them. She was tall and skinny, and her playmates called her *The Stick.* One of the GI's noticed *Little Stick* . . .

In his Bronx-accented Italian he asked her what her name was . . . how old she was . . . if she went to school at all—a score of questions that showed the special interest he had taken. Soon she was telling him how hard she had prayed that the Allies would reach Naples by her ninth birthday, which had been on September 20th. But no matter if they were two weeks late. It was still a wonderful birthday present!

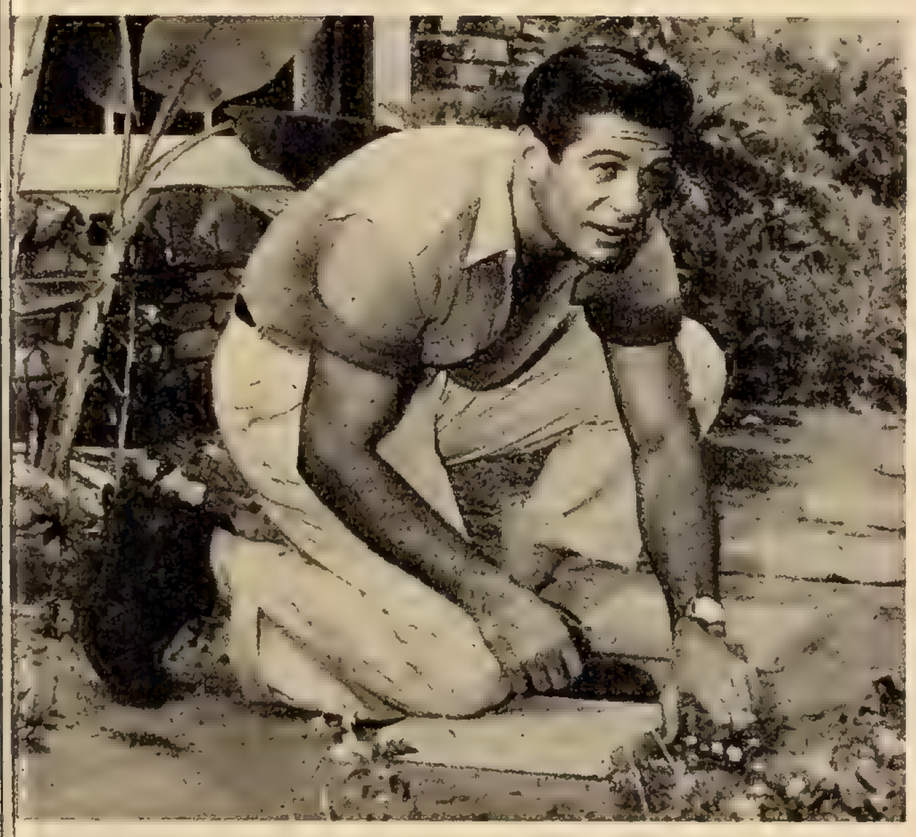
"Well, here's a birthday present from me," the GI said, giving her his last few bars of chocolate. She whispered her thanks.

"Nothing compared with what you've given me, *Little Stick,*" the GI answered. "You see, I have a little girl who's also nine years old. She's a lot like you—tall, a little thin. Talking to you brought her very close."

And the lonely GI kissed her quickly and tenderly on the cheek.

It was her first kiss—one that will always be remembered by Sophia Loren.





She kissed me black and blue

GEORGE NADER had a king-size run of childhood illnesses—he claims he had every one in the medical books!—and the result was that he was the skinniest boy in the seventh grade when Cupid's first arrow scored a direct hit.

It was a case of opposites attracting each other, because the object of George's affection was red-haired Geraldine, the best darned athlete in Pasadena!

"She out-weighed me by fifteen or twenty pounds," George remembers, "and it was all muscle. The first time she kissed me—that's what I said: *she* kissed *me*—brother, I *stayed* kissed for a month!

"It took just about a month for the black and blue marks around my ribs to disappear!"

Now six-foot-one, hundred-and-eighty-five-pound George would like to meet her again—and get even.

JOAN COLLINS' Mom and Dad believed in educating her at private schools . . . and none of that coeducational nonsense, if you please.

But private schools can be very boring . . . and fourteen-year-old boys very enchanting to a fourteen-year-old girl who hardly ever had the chance to meet and talk with boys.

And so one evening, at the brink of dusk, she stood at the third floor window of her dormitory room and beckoned to a young boy as he came along the half-deserted street.

He vaulted the low school wall and stood beneath her window. They talked briefly about each other, and then the boy showed he had the true touch of Romeo within him. He began climbing the thick British ivy, to the room above!

A minute later he was leaning across the window ledge. "Say, you're beautiful," he exclaimed. "I'll get the very devil if they catch me doing this, so how about a reward? Will you give me a quick kiss?" And she did!

He was a Romeo, in a girls' dorm





LEFT Trying their skill at pitching pennies is a favorite sport with David and Ricky—especially when Diane Jurgens and Mary Ann Gaba are around to applaud.

BELOW LEFT "It's strictly career stuff," Ricky and David say: Rosemarie Ace and Barbara Wilson appear frequently on their Ozzie and Harriet TV series. Sure . . .

BELOW Barbara looks like she's getting the short end of the Coke on this deal with the boys. But her eyes show she thinks it'd be worth it—for this ideal date for '58!





MEET DAVE NELSON

Ricky's big brother

is strictly Class A

date material and...

He's available



by Marcia Borie

■ David Nelson is the kind of boy every mother would like to see calling on her daughter, and he's certainly a girl's dream of a steady beau—and he's available!

No wife, no fiancée, no steady girl.

From Momma's point of view, he has a lot of talent, drive, ambition—and all the qualities to make him successful on screen.

In real life, he has a tremendous amount of warmth and charm.

In fact, a poll among teenagers rates David as *strictly* Class A date material. A fraction under six feet, with sandy brown hair, blue eyes, an almost perpetual smile and the rugged build of a top-notch athlete certainly leave nothing much to be desired. In sport clothes or a tux, Dave is definitely the dreamy type, although you'd never get him to admit that he has the ability to make females flutter.

What *does* David have to say about all that?

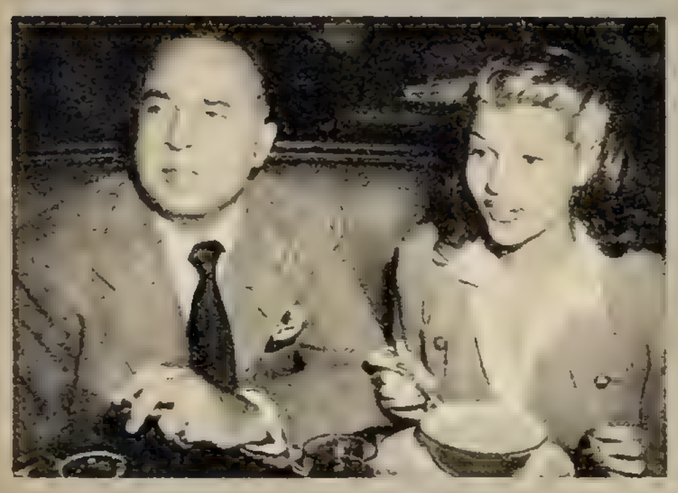
"Since we're on the subject of girls," says David, "I can tell you that when I knew I was going to be making *Peyton Place,* the first thing I thought of, aside from acting, was *oh, boy, what an opportunity to meet some girls! A whole studio full of glamorous women!* Or so I thought. Sure, I've met quite a few beautiful girls here . . . but they're all married!

"Right now, my typical dates are pretty unexciting. The evening usually starts with me being worn out. Mostly we go to shows, then have a bite to eat at a drive-in and then I wind up taking my date home fairly early. I say good (*Continued on page 74*)

for Saturday night

the STRAIGHT DOPE on Rita's marriage facts

1 **Ed Judson treated her like a child**



2 **Orson Welles sneereed at her "intellectual limitations"**



3 **Prince Aly Khan wouldn't keep his eye from roving**



4 **Dick Haymes used her as a punching bag**



5 **James Hill vows "They'll never push Rita around again"**





FIFTH

from Modern Screen's private files



H

11/16/57—Hayworth, Hill friends say real reason he held off asking Rita to marry him was that he knew she had not recovered from Aly Khan. (Repeat: Not Dick Haymes, but Aly Khan!)

H

11/18/57 — During Hill-Hayworth 'friendship' period, Jim would often remark in Rita's presence (but he'd be looking at her with a little smile), "Rita and I are going to have something special, but it can't start until the redhead here forgets once and for all that she's a princess.' He meant, of course, until she forgot Aly.
(See back file . . .)

H

5/16/56—Aly Khan, wearing his most contrite face, came on his knees to Rita H, begging for another chance and finally she faltered and came back to visit him in Paris with Yasmin. Aly put on a big show when Rita and Yasmin got there—and even found the European maid Rita lost when she divorced Aly. AND paid a fortune to the maid (she had married) to work for R for a couple weeks.

H

10/29/56—Aly Khan still hasn't forgotten Rita H. He chased all over Paris looking for a gift of jewelry for her birthday—but he sent it in the name of their dtr.

(Continued on page 79)

I love my husband, but

(*Continued from page 39*) "How many times must I call you till you answer?"

"But darling, I didn't hear you . . . all you had to do was use the buzzer. . . ."

"*What* buzzer?"

Now *I* got mad. Unfortunately the maid just happened to walk in when I reminded Rory that we had been through this half a dozen times.

Suddenly he turned quiet, bit his lips, clasped his fists. He was really angry! The moment the maid left, he snapped, "Don't you ever tell me off in front of anyone again, do you understand?"

He didn't talk to me for the rest of the day and left the next morning without breakfast. When he didn't get home by six, I grew worried. Usually when he worked late, he let me know. And so I called him.

"Are you working late tonight, Rory?"

"Yes!"

"Are you still mad at me. . . ."

Silence.

"I'm sorry for what happened, dear. Honestly I am. Won't you forgive me?"

"No."

But he did, when he got home. In fact, he was so sweet, I wouldn't mind his boyish temper every second day, just so we could make up!

The nice side of this boyishness more than makes up for his occasional loss of temper. It gives Rory the kind of charm handsome men have to have, or they seem conceited.

I remember the first time I paid him a compliment about his appearance. He looked as awkward as a fourteen-year-old boy asking a girl to dance. I'll have to admit I complimented him a number of times just to get this reaction—which has never changed.

One of the traits I like best about my husband is his generosity, like making loans to people he knows will never pay him back; sending members of my family through college; setting up in business an ex-character actor who might have had a hard time making a living if it hadn't been for Rory; giving our guest ranch to the Boy Scouts of America.

A soft touch

What amazes me most is his steadfast belief in people's goodness even if they disappoint him from time to time. Like our Philippine houseboy who always borrowed money from Rory ahead of his pay day.

One Christmas Rory had already given him two weeks' pay in advance and a bonus of $150. but the boy asked for another advance.

"For presents," the boy explained.

In spite of my uneasy feeling, I didn't say anything when Rory pulled out his wallet and handed him another big bill.

The boy left right after supper and never showed up again.

I was convinced my husband would be bitter after that experience. He wasn't. On New Year's Day an old friend who had borrowed money from him half a dozen times without making the slightest attempt to pay back anything, was at the door again. Rory obliged for the seventh time.

I'm not exactly unhappy about this characteristic when I'm the beneficiary, of course! Though I must admit, I wouldn't mind too much if he changed the *manner* in which he gives me presents. . . .

I'll never forget our second wedding anniversary, when we were living at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

The beast in the bathtub

Ever since we were married Rory had promised me a fur stole. For the first two years, he couldn't afford it. Nor did I think he was ready for it the day I walked into our hotel room and found him on the couch, pretending to have a terrible headache.

"I'll call the doctor," I assured him anxiously when I found him cringing in pain, or so I thought.

"No, dear," he whispered. "Just go into the bathroom and get me an aspirin. Better make it a couple. . . ."

I rushed into the bathroom, opened the medicine cabinet, and took the tiny bottle of pills. When I closed the cabinet and turned around, I noticed something furry in the bathtub, let out a scream, dropped the bottle, and ran back into the bedroom. "Rory, RORY. . . ."

There was something about the way he grinned that made me realize the joke was on me. And what a joke! When I sneaked back and peeked into the tub, I found the most beautiful mink stole.

And that's how he gave me all my furs —except the last one.

A few days before my last birthday—August 11th—he said, "You can have anything you want except a fur—you have enough of them. . . ."

I agreed, although the one I had wanted most, a white mink stole, I never got. But Rory had been so generous, I couldn't get myself to ask him for it. . . .

On the morning of the eleventh, he gave me three exquisitely beautiful presents. And in the afternoon I caught the dickens.

"You're too extravagant," he shouted when he walked into the house and flung what looked like a c.o.d. package into my arms.

I was a little hurt. After all, this was my birthday. "I haven't gone out all day," I protested.

"Well I just hope you're not exchanging things again," he said belligerently as he watched me open the package.

I tore off the paper, flipped open the cardboard box—and stopped breathing when I saw the white mink. Looking up and choking a little, I saw that familiar smile. "This is positively the last one!" he announced when I flew into his arms and hugged him.

What I didn't realize till later was that he had sketched the stole from memory according to some remarks I had made years before, then had it secretly made up according to his specifications. It was perfect.

Open house

However, there is one kind of generosity that flips me in Rory. A few weeks ago, for instance, the telephone rang just as we were getting ready for dinner. I couldn't help overhearing what he said. "Are you doing anything tonight?—No?—

Dick Wilson is director and co-author of *Raw Wind of Eden*, a movie filmed in Rome with Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler. Wilson had to reassure Miss Williams that there'd be no scene showing her swimming, because she now insists on drama roles only. "No water, please," Esther Williams warned him. "I won't be filmed even drinking a glass of the stuff."

Leonard Lyons in the N. Y. Post

THE LAUTREC IN CHARLTON HESTON'S LIFE

■ When Charlton Heston was a student at Northwestern University, back in 1941, he made two overwhelming discoveries:

1) He became interested in the work of Toulouse-Lautrec, the French artist, whose life was dramatized in the movie, *Moulin Rouge.*

2) He fell in love with dark-eyed Lydia Clarke.



For years, Charlton has yearned to own an original Lautrec, just as he yearned for the love of Lydia. And, as fate would have it, he won the girl before he got the painting.

The romance end of it got going when Lydia asked him for help in reading the breathless line, *My frog is dead,* in a school play. Charlton suggested, with heart thumping, that they discuss this problem over a cup of coffee.

Three years later, while he was a GI, they married. A couple of years after that, Chuck was out of the army and they were starving in a thirty-dollar-a-month tenement flat in a run-down section just off Broadway's theatre beat.

The very grim beginning of their fight for fame had Lydia back modeling, mostly for $3.95 dresses, and Chuck making the dreary rounds of the casting agents.

In the back of his head was still the sharp urge to own a Lautrec. But he didn't dare say a word, since many a time they had barely enough money to buy dinner.

But with the first hundred-dollar check for a TV job, Chuck told his manager, "If you come across a reasonable Lautrec, let me know."

And before long he had one. He hung it carefully near the window, which was the sitting part of their long, narrow one-room apartment. It was crazy, having a valuable original Lautrec in a tenement—where burglaries were commonplace.

In time, Chuck became a movie star and Lydia got bigger roles in stage plays. Now they maintain three apartments, each completely furnished, in three different American cities, so that they have a home and not a hotel room when they travel.

And in each apartment the walls are heavy with paintings, originals that the Hestons can now afford.

Most prominent in their modern penthouse apartment in Hollywood is that first Lautrec. "Somehow," says Chuck, "it seems to grow more beautiful each year."

Charlton is making Touch Of Evil *for U-I,* The Buccaneer *for Paramount and* The Big Country *for United Artists.*

Well come on over for dinner—That's all right, bring them, too—How many friends? —Nine?—Sure we have enough to eat!"

And that's the rule, not the exception. Some days I think I'm running a boarding house instead of a private home, but then —it's fun and I enjoy it.

On the other hand, my husband's considerateness and understanding was never more evident than in the months before Cindy was born. He catered to me in every possible way—from serving me breakfast in bed and massaging my back when I grew tired, to patiently listening to my troubles, imaginary or otherwise.

The strong silent type

At the same time, one of my strongest beefs is his own reluctance to discuss his problems when something is bothering him.

The only way I can tell is by the circles under his eyes and the sudden vagueness in his answers.

I know why Rory does it. He told me so himself one morning when I could tell he had slept little that night, if at all. "What's wrong, Rory?"

"Nothing," he insisted.

"I know there is. Why don't you tell me?"

He hesitated for a moment. "No use both of us worrying about it," he said with finality.

Elvis Presley joins the club. After listening to director Richard Thorpe explain to him how he wanted a scene for *Jailhouse Rock* played, Elvis said, "You're right. I just don't agree with you."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

Gives even string-straight hair (permanents, too) that born-curly look

Not a permanent! No nightly pin-ups! Does what no hair spray made can do!



Unretouched Photograph

NOT A PERMANENT: Nu-Curl 70 impregnates straight or permanented hair with nature's curl-activator...multiplies curl life; lusterizes dull hair; dispels dryness, frizziness.

NOT A SPRAY: Sprays can't create waves. Nu-Curl 70 feeds want-to-wave tendencies to even string-straight hair; *gives you that born-curly look.*

NO NIGHTLY PIN-UPS: You set hair just once, condition when necessary; yet get glorious curls that last beautifully till your next shampoo.

Six months' supply only **$1.50** + tax, sold everywhere. Nu-Curl Cream Shampoo, $1.00.

Non-alkaline, amazing Nu-Curl 70 is so gentle that it is completely safe for even fragile-fine infant's hair.

Replacement or a Refund of Money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if Not as Advertised Therein



NU-CURL 70 THE MODERN CURL CONDITIONING DISCOVERY by *Robert Curley*

SPECIAL! Hair Styling Kit contains Nu-Curl 70, $1.50—Nu-Curl Shampoo, $1.00—Hair Styler, $3.50—Hair Styling Guide, $1.00—a $7.00 Value for only $5.00, + 13c tax.

One of Rory's biggest *plusses* is his neatness. Some of it has even rubbed off on me!

When I lived with my parents—and later, when I was on my own and had a maid—I was always used to having someone pick up after me. I'd leave the house a mess in the morning, come back and find everything neatly put away.

The first time I left the house in a mess after I became Mrs. Calhoun—we couldn't afford servants then—I found it in exactly the same condition when I got home. I didn't mind. Rory did. But he didn't complain because we had guests for dinner, and he never reprimanded me for anything—except kiddingly—in front of others. But when we were alone, he rather pointedly remarked how much he liked "a clean house."

I knew what he meant.

For instance, his side of the medicine cabinet always looks like a showcase in a department store, with comb, brushes, etc. militarily neatly lined up. Once, just for the fun of it, I sneaked in after him and moved the comb half an inch from its original place. When I went back a few minutes later, it was right back where it had been! Well, maybe I am exaggerating, a little.

This orderliness really pays off in the kitchen. Rory loves to cook, usually bouillabaisse, which takes a dozen kinds of fish plus huge amounts of seasonings and other extras. Invariably he only uses one pot, and always cleans up afterwards so that no one could ever tell he had cooked anything.

For that matter, Rory is very easy to please as far as meals are concerned, and that I like about him too. Except for a few *insides* like brains, tripe, and heart—which I can't stand—I can fix anything as long as there's enough of it. And if I try out something new, and spoil it, he'll laugh good naturedly and take me out.

The exception

However—there is one time when he's always difficult to please: when he's sick.

About once a year he comes down with a bad cold. As long as his temperature is high, Rory is quite bearable. He sleeps most of the time.

My problem starts the moment he feels better, as indicated by his demand for the one and only dish he wants: chicken soup with rice.

Usually the cook and I are well prepared and have stocked up quite a number of cans for these emergencies. But last time his convalescence took so long, it caught us off guard.

On the fourth day, the cook came into the living room, trembling. "Mrs. Calhoun," she cried out, "we are out of chicken soup and rice. . . ."

I began to feel uneasy as well. "Do you have any suggestions?"

"We have chicken noodle soup. . . ."

I was sure the crisis was solved. "Go ahead and serve it. . . ."

A few minutes later I heard an outburst from our bedroom. *"Where's the chicken-rice soup?"*

I rushed upstairs to find Rory pointing at the bowl of soup in front of him. "Why can't I have what I want?"

"Because we are out of it," I explained.

"Then why don't you order enough?"

"But Rory, you've had it three days in a row, three times a day—for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. That's why we are out of it!"

"I want chicken and rice. . . ."

Luckily we had a chicken in the freezer. I boiled it, threw some rice into the pot, and served that. He stopped his complaining, and I guess it was worth the trouble!

While Rory can be so bossy when he's sick, he can be so gentle and understanding the rest of the time.

But that does *not* include when he was teaching me to drive!

I'll never forget the first time I stripped the gears; he cringed. "Let's try again," he suggested after I'd brought the car to a halt.

If anything, it sounded worse.

"The clutch!" he cried out.

"Well, what about the clutch?"

"Push it down before you shift!"

I had done pretty well with automatic transmission, but Rory's hand-operated gearshift gave me no end of trouble.

With Rory growing more fidgety each time I tried it, I finally threw in the towel, stopped the car, got out, and took a cab. Fortunately we soon got a car with hydromatic, or we may have had to weather a major marriage crisis.

The only other criticism I have about my husband should really belong in the category of *likes and compliments.* His enthusiastic greetings coupled with a complete disregard for his own strength.

When he's in a happy mood—which is most of the time—he'll come through the door like a tornado, lift me up till our eyes meet on the same level—and that's a long way up—and squeeze me like a ripe banana. And that can hurt! But then, how can I be annoyed at an expression of love? Come to think of it, there are a *lot* more things about my husband that I like than things I don't!

Guess that's why I love my husband—and no *buts!* END

Rory's in MGM's THE HIRED GUN *and United Artists'* RIDE OUT FOR REVENGE. *He'll be doing* PAPAGO WELLS *for Columbia and* THE SAGA OF HEMP BROWN *for U-I.*

new wonder for you



2

■ The very new, very smart clothes for Spring will be all the more flattering to you if you start your wardrobe with undergarments that will give your figure the season's new, new look! 1. News is made by the new black Mold 'n Hold Playtex girdle of Latex. This sleek zippered sheath, without a seam or bone—fits like a second skin. Also white or pink. About $11. 2. For that glamorous figure, a Glamour bra. Striped satin undercups with sheer nylon top, foam lined and under-wired for firm control. New slide hook closing in front with Lastex back for snug fit. By Lovable. White only. About $2.50. 3. To wear under your new clothes—a pantie girdle that smooths and controls in the nicest way. Light-weight power net with reinforced power net tummy control. By Nemo. White only. About $4. 4. Exciting bandeau bra of plain and embroidered cotton with two new features—self-fitting dual Magic Insets adjust to correct size. Also, new Neveride band that holds you securely and prevents slipping. By Perma.lift. White only.

1



3





4



6

About $2.50. 5. For the new look this Magic Oval pantie girdle of nylon power net with embroidered satin Lastex front panel and dainty blue stitching. A high waistband is featured for extra support. Girdle also available (*not shown*). By Perma.lift. White only. About $6.50. 6. Big news in color undies. Formfit joins hands with Kayser in a gay promotion of bras, girdles, slips, petticoats and nities in a high pink shade called "Kiss Me Pink." This group was inspired by Elizabeth Arden's "My Love" perfume sequence. 7. Susan Strasberg poses with a new tub-less portable washing machine (14" high, 9 lbs.) that tenderly washes and rinses your finest pretties. Made by AMI. Susan is washing the famous Gossard Answer girdle, Gossard bra, Formfit "Kiss Me Pink" bra, and a lacy Laros petticoat. Susan's outfit is by Jr. Sophisticates. Her nylon shortie gloves are by Kayser. See Susan in RKO's *Stage Struck* with Henry Fonda.

Photos by Roger Prigent

5



7



"LONG HAIR IS IN... and the boys like it"

says teen-age Natalie Trundy and—home perms are a must of course!



Photo by Roger Prigent

■ From Hollywood to Paris the news has spread—cropped coiffures are just not smart. But there is more to the demise of short hair than a new 1958 hair style trend. The boys don't think that short hair is feminine. According to Hollywood stars girls just adopted short hair because they thought it was easier to take care of, required less grooming and was just generally smart, young and piquant. Hollywood stars, of course, have always known that long hair was more feminine, more alluring and more beau-catching. Also, they have always known that without loads of grooming the hair is never bright and shining and a crowning glory. Natalie Trundy wears her hair (*Continued on page* 62)

Natalie does her own hair, hates the precious time that the beauty parlors take—and money! The golden and pseudo aquamarine jewelry, Capri.
See Natalie in the United Artists film, The Careless Years.

I live in a dream

(*Continued from page 35*) alone. All my life, really, I've liked to be alone. I've never had friends my own age. I've never had a real boy friend. When I was a little girl, I would come down and join my parents and their friends in the evening while my older sister went out on dates. I just never wanted to—"

"No," he corrected her, "you were afraid to."

The cafe was filling up. Françoise Sagan—who wrote *Bonjour Tristesse* when she was just the age Jean is now, eighteen—stopped to say *hello* to Jean, then wandered on to her own table followed by her admirers. Going her own way, tolerating her admirers, liking no one, really, not caring what anyone thought so long as their thoughts did not intrude on her freedom— "No wonder the French teenagers selected her to be their idol," Jean sighed. "I think she's wonderful, too. She's not at all the way people say she is—wild and unconventional and all. In fact, she's just the way I'd like to be—"

The "glamorous" life

Now it was Jean's companion who sighed. "Another dream," François said, "You live so many lives, my dear. But never your own, and that's the only one you have to live, really."

"Let's go," Jean answered, "it's late."

For Jean, it *was* late, even though the clock hadn't struck ten yet. She wouldn't have been there at all if it weren't a Saturday night, with no six-thirty call the next morning. Even so, it had been a long day. Every scene had had to be done over and over, and one had been a swimming scene from which she had finally emerged blue and shivering with cold. She'd just recovered from an attack of Asian flu that had held up production for almost a week. She had no right to risk catching cold again, causing more delays.

They left the cafe, walked a block or two. For a minute, they stood looking out at the Mediterranean. Up and down the narrow, cobbled streets, the bright neon lights were glowing, the music was playing, and young people were laughing, dancing, falling in love. . . .

Only with someone's permission

It was still so early, really. Not even ten o'clock. And yet she would soon be in bed. And, in time, sleep would shut out the disturbing thoughts, the ghosts, which François' voice had raised tonight.

Until then, though, they were with her. They walked beside her as she slowly undressed, as she slid into the blue silk pajamas and the blue robe with its blue satin lapels. She pulled the belt tight, pleased with how thin she was. Mr. Preminger—Otto Preminger, the producer, —had even said to her today, "You are *too* thin. Now, you may eat chocolates again."

Imagine, she thought, *living a life so carefully regulated that you daren't eat chocolates unless you receive someone's permission.* She remembered reading somewhere that one of the things Ingrid Bergman and her first husband, Doctor Lindstrom, used to quarrel about was the fact that he would sometimes find her nibbling on chocolates, which he had forbidden her.

It had seemed so silly at the time she had read about it, maybe ten years ago. She had probably read it in a fan magazine, sitting in the big chair of her room back in Marshalltown, Iowa—nibbling chocolates!

But you want to be a star, don't you? An actress? A really great actress? she asked her reflection in the mirror. *And it isn't as though you're beautiful, because you're not, you know. Oh, you're pretty—very pretty—and you have good bone structure so that you photograph even prettier than you are, but you must never fool yourself, Jean Seberg. Fool others, if you must, but never fool yourself.*

And yet, she was fooling herself now, a little. She had been fooling herself tonight, when she had said, "Being alone isn't so bad. I've always liked it." François had been right when he had said, "No, you are afraid."

Afraid of what? she asked herself, opening the French doors that opened onto a wide balcony overlooking a tiny beach and the broad sweep of the Mediterranean that went out to join the sea. Actually, she had a lot of courage, hadn't she? It had taken courage to enter that contest for *St. Joan* as one of eighteen thousand girls. A kid from the middle-west, with hayseeds in her hair and stardust in her eyes, and only a few weeks of summer stock behind her. And she had been honest, too, when Otto Preminger had said to her, with that strange smile of his, "You know, Miss Seberg, you are the only girl who does not come in here wearing a chain with a gold cross on it. Why?" Quite honestly, she had answered, "Because I didn't have one, and couldn't afford one. And," she finished as those eyes that knew so much about human nature kept watching her, "because I thought that probably every other girl *would* wear one, so I'd be different."

Otto Preminger had nodded. "That is good. I like that. It proves you use your head a little, eh?"

Yes, thought the Jean Seberg who had come so far along the road to fame in less than a year. *I have had courage when I have had to have it. I'm not trying to duck life, really. It's not that I'm afraid to live; it's . . . it's what? It's that I never really liked the person I was—the ugly duckling on whom no clothes looked really right while Sis could look terrific in anything she put on. And I was too shy.*

So she was lonely, with lots of time to day-dream—and lots of time to work hard and try to make the dreams come true. . . .

And Jean started on a long journey of remembrances . . . back, and back. . . .

Just ten years ago she'd been a towheaded, bright-eyed fourth grader in a small midwestern school in Marshalltown, Iowa, given to making up stage names she might someday use, and telling her parents, "Wait until you see my name in lights."

That was when she'd written that playlet titled *Be Kind to Animals*—and it won a puppy for her. She remembered how she'd refused to collect her prize because she didn't want to hurt Rusty's feelings, Rusty being the dog she already owned.

Jean remembered how excited she'd felt when her mother told her that her high school English teacher, Miss Grace Cooper, had telephoned to tell Mrs. Seberg that Jean had a definite talent for writing.

He was doing a bit in a movie as a Marine. For a close-up he was told to get a butch haircut. "I have thin hair. It wouldn't stand up straight. Kind of flopped over in bangs. They laughed, but the casting office remembered me. You could say I went over with a bang"—said Earl Holliman.

Sidney Skolsky
in the N. Y. Post

She'd felt so pleased that a couple of months later, when Jean was confirmed in the Trinity Lutheran Church, she'd written a little prayer . . .

Dear Father in heaven, hear this prayer
From Thy people everywhere,
Make us pure, clean from sin,
Let the reign of love begin.
Make us think of one another
As a loving, friendly brother;
Teach us how to pray to Thee.
Make our souls and hearts be free.

But even more satisfying to her than writing was performing on stage, singing duets in church with her older sister, Mary Ann, now a twenty-year-old UNIVERSITY OF IOWA junior; learning to play the piano, and then the tap, ballet and



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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

JAZZY KIM

■ It figures that the license plates on Kim Novak's snazzy new white Corvette read: JZK 333. "Perfect!" chortles Kim. "If you pronounce it right, it comes out 'Jazzy Kim.'"

Nobody will argue with that, but what engrosses Kim is the succession of threes. "It's got to be lucky," she says, "and look—no accident yet. All four fenders right there. I think I've turned out a pretty good driver."

Of course, it's no secret that Kim was born at 3:13 a.m. on February 13. And her mother was in room 313 of the hospital, at the time. "So, of course," she says, "that's my dressing room number at the studio, too."

There's no doubt that any multiple of three is Kim's lucky number, and that at this point she feels pretty lucky to have been born. Take the Corvette, for instance. A year ago she didn't even know how to drive. Nor how to dance, either—professionally, that is. So right now, she's Jazzy Kim in a snazzy Corvette—and taking daily dancing lessons.



That's for the picture *Pal Joey*, which she did after *Jeanne Eagels*. She explains that "I didn't have time to learn between the two pictures, so I took care of the dancing before. And I never knew it could be so good for me! Why, it makes me feel so good I just tingle from my head to my toes. I guess the dancing gets my blood circulating."

Of course, Kim ties all this wonderful feeling in with the fact that she's twenty-three this year—there's that number again, so what else could she expect but the best of luck?

On the other hand, she managed to get through twenty-two pretty well—though with dire forebodings. "All my life," she claims, "I dreaded being twenty-two." It wasn't her age that frightened her: it's just that two was her *un*lucky number. So what happened? So she made *Picnic* and *The Eddie Duchin Story*. And that was really some bad luck for Kim!

But she still isn't trusting completely to luck. Despite all the hocus-pocus with numerology, Kim is a gal who likes to know what's going on. Instead of having a business manager, like most stars, she handles all her money herself. Kim's explanation? She feels that "you don't really appreciate what you've got unless you take care of it yourself." Then she adds, "Anyway, I don't really have too much to worry about.

"By the time I've sent money home and taken care of all my expenses—and they're getting worse all the time!—there isn't any left. So what could I have to worry about?"

There's another piece of luck ahead that might prove the most interesting of all: her re-teaming with Frank Sinatra for *Pal Joey*. They've been very close since doing *The Man With The Golden Arm* together, so what'll happen when they get together again? And we do mean in the romance department. "Oh," says Kim, "we're just good friends. But I can say one thing about him: hard work seems to be made for him. Busy as he's been, I've never seen him look so rested and handsome!"

Well, whatever happens, it has to be lucky; Kim's still in her *three* cycle. And whatever happened to *two*? "Oh," giggles Kim throatily, "I'm not superstitious about *that* number any more!"

Kim Novak can be seen in Columbia's PAL JOEY *and* JEANNE EAGELS. *Watch for her in* BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE, *another Columbia production, and in Paramount's* VERTIGO.

toe dancing lessons she took for six years.

But she *had* been lonely . . . had she just been keeping herself busy, so she wouldn't feel it so much?

Maybe that was what Mrs. McMahon had meant—Mrs. C. H. McMahon, Marshalltown YWCA general secretary—when she had said to Jean's Mother, "She was a guiding force. Other girls looked to her for leadership, but still . . . were sometimes a little jealous of her. I guess you could say she was more respected than loved, but was able to live *within* herself."

Yes, Jean was used to being alone.

With her whole heart and soul

"Whatever you did, you did wholeheartedly," her Mother said to her once.

At one time in her adolescent years, Jean decided she wanted to be a brain surgeon. "And even at that age," Mom had said, "you read every medical book you could lay your hands on, even borrowing some from the family doctor!"

Her interests at other times ran to such extremes as bullfighting and writing, but most frequently Jean dreamed of being an actress—"starting when I was still going to kindergarten," she said once—"But I come by it naturally," she remembered telling that reporter, telling about her Grandmother Frances (Fanny) Benson wanting to be a circus bareback rider when she was a young girl. She never was. And about how her Mother, a teacher before she married, used to tell and read stories for a children's hour over the Marshalltown radio station in the early 1930's, earning the name *Twilight Sweetheart*.

Sitting in the hotel room in that little French town, Jean remembered other

Commenting on Hollywood cocktail parties, Tony Perkins said the guests stood around in clusters like sheep in a blizzard.

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

things about a lonely childhood and youth—the honors she had captured because loneliness gave her lots of time for practice. . . . She had won AMERICAN LEGION, JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE and IOWA HIGH SCHOOL SPEECH ASSOCIATION-sponsored oratorical contests, and been named state teenage leader for Iowa's 1956 *Teens Against Polio* drive. She had attended HAWKEYE GIRLS STATE and been elected lieutenant governor and earned the honor of attending Girl's Nation in Washington, D.C. She had taken part in Gov. Leo Hoegh's *Conference on Youth*.

And the *Outstanding Player* awards she had won at the UNIVERSITY OF IOWA and DRAKE UNIVERSITY play festivals.

Jean remembered the applause—and the hours and hours of work that had brought her the applause . . . the hours when the other kids were down drinking cokes together and dancing to a juke box, while she learned her lines. . . .

And summer stock . . . and then *St. Joan*.

All because she was too shy

All because I was too shy as a kid? Jean wondered. *And because I was too scared to go after the boys I liked?*

She thought of the romance she and François had felt looking out at the blue Mediterranean just a little while before, and wondered. . . .

She didn't really want François, or any man, to fall in love with her because she didn't want to hurt anyone and she wasn't ready for love. Yet, she thought it must be exciting to be a femme fatale like Juliette Greco, for instance—Juliette sings the theme song in *Bonjour Tristesse*,

and her personal life is always making romantic headlines.

"I am sad," La Greco had said when Jean had met her in Paris, "when men fall in love with me. Because with me, love does not last. Two years, perhaps, at the very most. Then I must hurt them and I do not wish to hurt them so I tell them, in the beginning, 'Please do not love me' but always—they refuse to listen."

Jean Seberg, standing on a moonlit balcony above the Mediterranean, smiled as she remembered that brief encounter with the dark-haired, white-faced woman whom men found so irresistible. So far, Jean had not found that she had any shattering effect on men. Her mother had said to her once, "You will find someone. Just give yourself time. And," she had added, "give *him* time to find you, Jean. Let him *really* find you—not the person you're dreaming of being. The person you are is very lovely. You mustn't try so hard to be someone else."

Here's Prince Rainier's first conversation with his bride-to-be. "You work for MGM?" he said to the star when they met for the first time at his palace. "Isn't that the company with the lion? That's an old lion. Let me take you to the zoo and I'll show you some young lions." After she left Monaco, Grace wrote a thank-you letter to the Prince—and said to let her know if he ever should visit America. The note is a collector's item, for it may become the bread-and-butter letter of the century.

Leonard Lyons
in The New York Post

Everywhere she turned it seemed she heard the same words. Deborah Kerr had said them, too, the other day. "My dear, try to remember that it isn't necessary to—well—try quite so hard. I mean, all you have to bring to your job is *you* and say, 'Well, here I am. This is the person I am and I hope I turn out to be the person you want.' You see?"

That had been after an interviewer had asked Jean who her favorite authors were, and later Jean had asked Deborah and David Niven who *their* favorite authors were, just to be sure she hadn't said the wrong thing.

And the time she was rehearsing for the hangover scene and she asked everyone how it felt to have a hangover, and David Niven had laughed and said, "My dear child, it is one of the few experiences in life to which I would apply the word 'indescribable.' You simply cannot know until you've had one!"

Once she had overheard one of the girls on the set say, "There are some things for which there is no substitute, and living is one of them. How can anyone act what she's never felt? Jean is too—" and the girl had moved away, the voice trailing off.

New poise

"Too what?" Jean had wanted to run after her and ask. But she hadn't, of course. It was part of what some people had said was her *New poise!* "You certainly have changed a lot since I saw you in New York a year ago," one reporter had remarked. "Then you were just a scared kid at her first press conference. Now you handle yourself like a veteran."

She didn't, of course. Not inside. It was another of the parts she played—the poised, casual young star, sure of herself and of her world.

Who was she, really? And what did she want from life? Was she the lonely kid who could never fit into anything and of whom her Mother used to say, "There she is, off in a dream world again. I swear, I can't even get her to make her bed or help with the dishes any more. It isn't that she doesn't want to. She doesn't even hear me calling her."



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The successful young woman?

Or was she the successful young woman dressed in her Paris clothes, returning to Marshalltown last year to get her first taste of disillusionment? When she had found herself surrounded by people who wouldn't give her the time of day before she'd been successful, whereas the close friends had stayed away for fear she'd think they just wanted to see her because she was a star. There were four girls with whom she'd gone to school and with whom she still exchanged letters, but she knew that, in time, their faces would blur and grow more distant. She would go home less often. Those girls would marry and have children. The last threads of the childhood friendship that bound them together would snap and the isolation she was beginning to feel more and more would be heightened.

"I've got to make good"

And if this picture were a failure? Then what? "It can't be," she had said to that tall, thin reporter with the big, horn-rimmed glasses, who probed her thoughts as though they were an open wound, his pen the scalpel. "It can't fail. And even if it does, I got good notices in *Joan of Arc*, though the picture didn't. I can get notices in this, too. And I will. Because I've got to make good. I've *got* to."

"But why?" he had asked, and she had felt, somehow, that he was laughing at her, though she didn't know why. "*Why* do you have to make good? Who says so?"

"Why, I do, of course. I broke away from everything I had, everything I was, so naturally I have to make good at—at—"

"Go on. At what?"

"At everything I'm going to be."

Somewhere, in the still night, in some distant village, a clock chimed out the hour and then fell still again. The wind began to rise and she remembered that this was the time of year when the wind storms which the French call *The Mistrial* began.

Production delays . . .

The storms would shriek across the sea and rattle the windows and tear furiously at the palm trees and everyone would be glum and moody because they wouldn't be able to make any of the water shots until the sea grew calm again, perhaps in a day—perhaps not for a week. Mr. Preminger would lose his temper and he would say, "Jean, look, you do not walk so fast, please—" And photographers would be snapping her picture and people would be asking questions and some of them would go away to say nice things about her and some would say bad things and someone else would say, "Well, so what? It doesn't matter whether it's good publicity or bad, honey; don't read it, just weigh it."

Below her, young Gefforey Horne, who played the part of her young lover, Philip, in the movie, strolled by with his best girl. They were holding hands and talking in low, soft voices. *It must be nice,* she thought again, *to be in love, and not be so alone, and yet . . . and yet. . . .*

Everything a girl could want

She turned back into the room and shut the doors, remembering to lock them as she heard the wind rise again. She switched off the light—and smiled at the little blue silk mouse on her dressing table A good luck gift from her Grandmother. Then she slid between the cool, crisp sheets. Everything she had ever wanted, she had—or was on her way to having. Tomorrow morning, she would be served breakfast in bed. A car would take her to the set. She had money in the bank. When this picture was finished, she would take a holiday, perhaps in Nice. Other girls, in hundreds of little towns like Marshalltown, Iowa, would read about her in magazines and in newspaper stories, and envy her.

Beside her, the little leather-encased traveling clock ticked away. *Yes,* she



thought, *I'm like that. I have a clock or a machine or something ticking away inside of me, making me dream and making me go on fighting until the dreams come true. I want them. I want them to come true. They've got to come true, do you hear? Because if they don't, then where will I go, then what will I do?*

She hadn't realized she was crying until she felt the wetness on her cheeks. She brushed the tears away. How silly to let herself get into such a state. She was, after all, just eighteen. She would be successful, and then, someday, she would fall in love.

She closed her eyes and let herself drop off to sleep against the tick-tick, tick-tick, of the clock. . . .

When she woke up, the room was golden with sunlight. A maid stood there with her breakfast tray. She sat up, rubbed her eyes. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I must have overslept." "Mademoiselle must have had a pretty dream," the maid smiled. "But I never believe in dreams," Jean answered, suddenly quite serious, "except the good ones. And those, I *make* come true."

And it was easy to believe, in the bright warm sunlight, with the lonely night and François' words forgotten.

Yes, they were still day dreams, but they were coming true.

And there was all the time in the world for making dreams come true—and for love, too . . . when she was ready for it. . . .

END

You can see Jean in Columbia's BONJOUR TRISTESSE.

a nervous policeman stops BOB TAYLOR

■ There was one time that Bob Taylor remembers being scared of a policeman—but what Bob didn't know at the time was that the officer was even more nervous than Bob!

It started when Bob went up into the hills—just for a drive and a walk, since the hunting season was over. He had parked his car and had just walked a couple of yards when he heard the kind of sound that tells a hunter someone's shot has missed its mark—but not completely: the kind of sound you hear from a wounded animal in great pain. A deer was lying there, a deer with a gaping wound in its side and pain in its eyes, and there was nothing you could do for it but shoot it and put it out of its misery.

Quickly Bob walked back to his car, got his gun and did the only thing that anyone could have done for the animal.

He felt a quick surge of anger at whoever it was who didn't care much about shooting animals out of season—and didn't have the decency to track down what he had wounded.

But as he got back into his car, another thought struck Bob. The animal was dead, in season or out. And Bob loved venison meat. And the law wouldn't be served any by leaving the deer there.

So he got the deer into the trunk of his car—instead of draping it proudly over his front fender as a hunter would ordinarily do, *in season*—and started driving home.

He was probably about halfway down the winding path when he suddenly saw the reflection of a motorcycle officer in his rear-view mirror. And panic hit him. The officer would never believe his story. . . .

There'd be a fine, and he'd lose his hunting license—and what the *press* would say!

"Look, Officer," he began as the blue-uniformed man stalked over to him.

But the officer's cold voice interrupted him with "Open the trunk, please!" He wasn't interested in explanations *no-how!*

"But, Officer, you see—"

"Just open that trunk!"

Bob got out of the car, seeing the look that would come on his friends' faces as they contemptuously stared at him—and wouldn't believe that he *did* have a respect for the law that was working to keep animals from being shot to extinction. . . .

"*Get that trunk open!*" the officer's voice barked at him.

Bob opened the trunk—and then stared in amazement as the officer took off his cap, wiped the perspiration from his forehead and laughed nervously, as he said—a little shakily:

"I've been following a trail of blood for the last two miles, till I caught up with it dripping from your car trunk. I thought you had a *body* in there—a *murder* victim!

"Drive on," he smiled at Bob, too relieved to even think of asking how come there was a deer in his automobile trunk out of season.

Bob Taylor can soon be seen in MGM's SADDLE THE WIND, THE LAW AND JAKE WADE, *and* THE PARTY GIRL.

ava's face scarred

(*Continued from page 43*) have seemed. 'You know,' I heard her tell him, 'how much I love and admire the great woman bullfighter, Conchita Cintron? Well, soon I hope to make a movie of her life and I must try to learn something about the bulls if I am to do her justice. Is that not reason enough to submit myself to a little danger?' The old man nodded weakly, Señorita Ava patted his arm again, and then she entered the arena."

For the first hour and a half everything went fine and Ava had herself a ball. To watch her, sitting on her horse, chasing a frisky young bull round and round the arena, was like watching a kid on a fast ride at Coney Island—her hair flying all over the place because the *novillera's* hat had blown off her head a few minutes after she'd mounted her horse; her face a constant and breathless smile; her voice singing out with deep *ole's*, straight from the core of her new-found Spanish soul, and shrill *git on there's*, straight from the Carolina hills where she was born . . . but mostly with plain female shrieks of delight which would fill the arena every time she touched the scampering bull with the rubber-tipped lance she gripped in her right hand.

And then, just as Señor Peralta looked at his watch and turned to Chiari and said he thought she'd had enough, it happened.

Almost like a movie

At first it looked funny to some of the men standing around. The little bull Ava and the horse had been chasing, feeling *he'd* had enough by this time, made a lunge towards the horse's rump. He rammed the horse, hard—and as he did, Ava let out a cry and leaned forward in the saddle, letting her lance fall to the dirt and her arms dangle at her side.

"See," one of the men called out, laughing, "how La Bella indicates that it is get-

ting a little more excitement than she expected and how she wishes now to get down to earth, like Cantinflas in that moving picture when he was a frightened fighter of the bulls!"

But when Ava let out the second scream moments later, nobody thought it was so funny anymore. Because now the bull had shown his displeasure again by letting the horse have it for a second time. And this time he'd hit so hard that Ava was knocked from her saddle and thrown.

And the horse, his eyes suddenly bloodshot, his nostrils quivering in fear of the bull, began to kick, to the left and to the right and down in the direction of the woman who lay helpless and crying below him.

One of the kicks caught a *peon* in the arm.

The next two caught Ava—in the face.

"*Apresuradamente,*" Peralta shouted, throwing his weight against the wild horse and trying to push him back. "Quickly—get her away. Get her away!"

Four of the *peones* raced forward to lift Ava from the dirt.

"Do not cry," one of them said as they rushed her to a far side of the arena. "Do not. . . ."

And then he stopped short, noticing for the first time the blood on the right side of her face, blood mixing with her tears and flowing from a deep gash on her left cheek.

The ranch doctor spent a perspiring fifteen minutes stopping the blood and bandaging the cheek. Then he had a talk with Chiari.

"She is in a state of shock right now," he said, "and perhaps she should not be moved. But the gash is not good and I think she should have the treatment of an expert—immediately."

Chiari asked him what he advised.

"Take her to Madrid," the doctor said, "to the surgical hospital there."

Bob Hope says the two most imposing structures he saw in Paris were the Eiffel Tower and Anita Ekberg.

Earl Wilson
in The New York Post

The burning question

"Yes," Chiari said, "yes." Then he asked the question that had been on his mind from the moment he'd first seen the blood and the long, raw gash. "Doctor," he said, "will there be any disfigurement?"

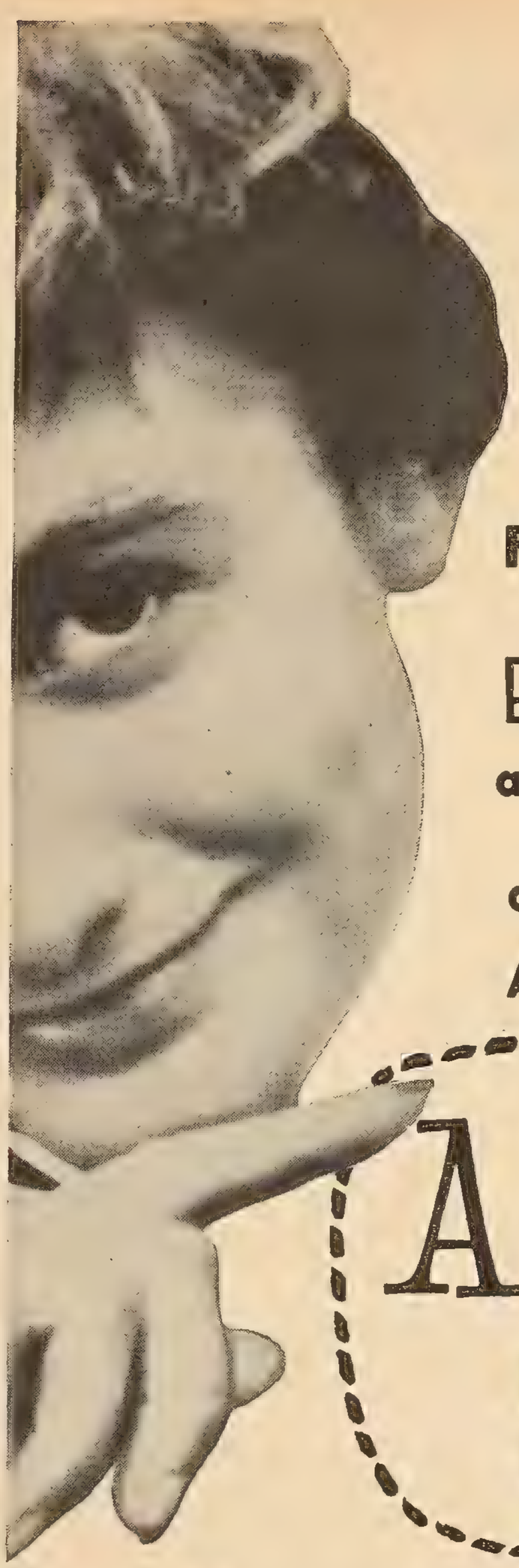
The doctor sighed and shrugged. "I am only a ranch doctor," he said. "I know how to stop the blood. Too much beyond that—the surgery, the possibility of disfigurement—I do not know. . . ."

Obviously, the surgeons at the hospital in Madrid were not too sure about what to do in Ava's case either. Because shortly after arriving in the Spanish capital, Chiari reserved two seats on a plane to London, careful to use assumed names and to do everything possible to go along with Ava's wish:

"Please don't let anyone know about this—please. . . ."

It's amazing that news of the accident was kept so quiet and that Ava got her wish. What would normally have been a front-page story for practically every newspaper in the world didn't leak out till weeks later. Before that, however, shortly after the accident, some word did get through a tight, private grapevine and travel across an ocean and a continent and reach Hollywood, and the ears of the man who till recently had been Ava's husband—Frank Sinatra.

"Frank was over at the ABC offices in conference with some television people



SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

At 18—
Françoise Sagan
wrote
BONJOUR TRISTESSE
and set tongues wagging, critics raving and cash registers ringing...

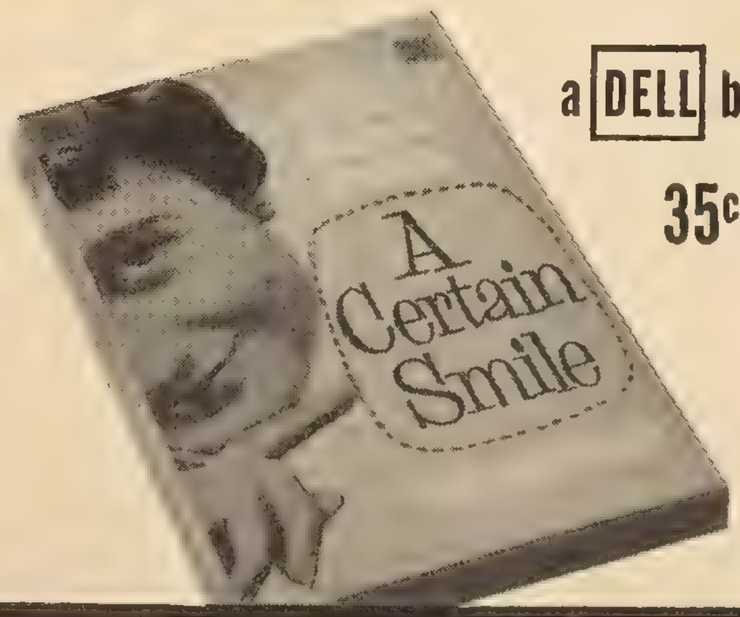
At 20—she wrote

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—*San Francisco Examiner*



a DELL book
35c

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Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE PAT BOONE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE JIM GARNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE DORIS DAY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JEAN SEBERG:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE DAVID NELSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE RITA HAYWORTH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I READ:
☐ all of **MY FIRST KISS** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I READ:
☐ all of **LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE **NAME**

ADDRESS STREET

. CITY & STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for November: Helen Field, Chicago, Illinois; Lorraine Albert, Kearny, New Jersey; Rosalie Joseph, Chicago, Illinois; Martha Jesseph, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Sandra Kordek, Plainville, Conn.; Joan Devalt, Stratford, Conn.; Winifred Langham, Leavenworth, Kansas; Christy Tavener, Flint, Mich.; Mary Keane, Brooklyn, New York; Judy Cooper, Rochester, New York.

when I got word of this," one of his closest friends told us. "I jotted the basic information down on a memo paper, drove over, went into the conference room and handed it to him. I've seen Frank's face turn bright red when something is wrong or bothering him. But this was the first time I'd ever seen it turn pale, ash pale. Without saying a word to anyone he got up from his chair and walked out of the room. I found out later that he'd walked out of the building altogether and gone home and phoned London. . . . The next I saw of him was that night, at his house. I had to drop something off there. I knew Frank had a date and I figured he'd be out by the time I got there. But he'd obviously called off the date and was home, alone, in his bathrobe and slippers, sitting in his big living room, just a lamp on and a radio turned low to some symphonic music, sitting there alone and thinking. I asked him if he'd talked to Ava. He shook his head. *Was she in bad shape,* I asked. *He didn't know,* he said. He'd got through to a doctor in London and the doctor had told him that there was a possibility she might come to New York for further medical consultation—that for now her face was still heavily bandaged and that she couldn't talk, not for a few days at least. He'd asked the doctor not to disturb her by telling her about his call, not to disturb her with anything unnecessary. And then he said he'd asked the doctor to let him know when and if she was coming to New York. . . ."

A well-kept secret

Ava didn't know anything about the call the doctor made to Frank the Friday afternoon a little over a month later when she, Chiari and a nurse drove out to London Airport. Word of the accident—in fact, of Ava's presence in London and the four continuous weeks of consultations with a dozen of the finest doctors in England—was still a well-kept secret. And so there was no one at the airport that afternoon who paid any special attention to the tall, well-dressed, serious-faced woman with the heavy bandage on her left cheek as she said good-bye to the tall, nice-looking Latin gentleman who'd accompanied her this far.

According to a stewardess on the plane she—the stewardess—was the only one to recognize Ava during the entire flight. She'd recognized her almost immediately and just as immediately Ava had asked her, as a special favor, not to say anything to anyone else. The stewardess said *of course,* and then went on with her chores. But, being human, she couldn't help keeping her eyes on the big-name movie star from time to time, and she has since told one of our writers that Ava was very quiet, very depressed, during the entire trip. Occasionally, said the stewardess, she would say something to her nurse or pick up an English humor magazine she'd carried aboard with her and flip through its pages. But she never seemed to smile as she looked down at the funny cartoons scattered throughout the magazine and as she read through the first few lines of the funny stories—and, the stewardess said, most of the time, even after it got dark outside and most of the other passengers turned off their little overhead lights and went to sleep, Ava sat there staring out of the tiny window alongside her seat, looking down at the black ocean below, sometimes bringing her hand up to the bandage on her cheek and rubbing it gently, sometimes rubbing her finger against a small bruise on her lower lip, but always staring worriedly down at the big black ocean below and remaining awake long into the night. . . .

Frank's like this

It was sometime during that same night when, at an airport thousands of miles away, Frank Sinatra boarded a California-New York superliner. He'd cancelled a recording session for the next day and a dinner appointment with some good friends for the day after that and, quietly, he headed for a visit with his ex-wife.

The importance of Ava's beauty . . .

"He sounded very worried when he talked to me," one of the friends with whom he was to have had dinner that Sunday has said. "I don't know if Frank is still in love with Ava, as lots of pople say he is. But he certainly sounded worried about her that night we spoke on the phone. It seems that he'd heard that the gash on her face was bad enough to involve some possible plastic surgery in New York. And the thought of this upset him terribly. . . . My guess is that Ava, whom I've met only a few times, and years back, was probably going through the tortures of hell over this and Frank, better than anybody, realized it. After all, her beauty was at stake—and what was she living on these last few years if not her beauty? Her beauty made her money for her. Her beauty made her good times —her flings with her toreador friends in Spain and her writer friends in Italy and her assorted other friends in her assorted other hangouts all over Europe. Her beauty took the place of a lot of the good homely things in life—things like a husband, a family, a firm friendship—which, I hear, she basically wanted but could never manage to hold onto. So now suddenly there was the possibility that this beauty of hers might turn into something

Red Buttons' new song is *Miami Moon What Are You Doing Over Moscow?*

Robert Sylvester
in the Daily News

pretty hideous. And it was eating at her insides. *And*, from the way Frank sounded the night he phoned, he realized this and it began to eat at him, too. So bad, in fact, that he had to fly three thousand miles to see Ava, to see the girl the divorce courts had said he was no longer responsible for—in any shape, matter or form, to see exactly what was wrong with her and, more important, how she was taking it. . . ."

Very little is actually known about those next two days in New York—Saturday, December 7, and Sunday, December 8.

What *is* known, however, is this:

Ava's plane arrived at Idlewild Airport at exactly 10:32 a.m., Saturday. She and the nurse were met there by a male friend and his wife who whisked them off to their Manhattan town house, somewhere in the swank East Sixties-just-off-Park.

Frank and Ava's date

Frank's plane arrived at Idlewild about two hours later—at 12:45 p.m. He was met by a long-time buddy who drove him to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where a room had been reserved for him under an assumed name.

Sometime between 1:15—his time of arrival at the Waldorf—and two o'clock, he got in touch with Ava by phone and surprised her with the news that he was in town, just to see her.

At 2:05, after having a sandwich and a cup of coffee in his room, he left the hotel, walked to a flower shop across Park Avenue, bought two dozen yellow and purple chrysanthemums, got into a cab and rode up the six or seven blocks to the house where Ava was staying.

Frank spent the hours between 2:30 and about midnight with Ava and her two friends. According to a maid, they all spent the afternoon talking, then had a quiet dinner, then sat and talked again, pausing only to watch some television—the Perry Como show and a little of a show that came on afterwards. According to a friend of Frank's, Ava's face was still heavily bandaged and she told Frank that while a majority of the doctors in London had said she wouldn't need plastic surgery, that the wound would heal by itself, she had come to New York anyway for the final word from one of the three greatest plastic surgeons in the world. She wouldn't be able to see him till ten o'clock Monday morning, she told him. Meanwhile, she could only wait.

Frank, who had to be back in California Monday morning, spent the entire next day, Sunday, with Ava. It was, reports have it, a wonderful day, a day that dispelled a lot of Ava's nervousness—with a walk through Central Park in the late morning, a car ride to a little Italian restaurant in New Jersey for Sunday dinner—things like that.

Late that night, Frank flew back to Hollywood.

We know, too, these two additional facts:

Hi, Beautiful!

The first is that at the airport, just before his plane took off, Frank made a phone call to a friend and then walked over to a Western Union desk. Obviously, he wanted to send Ava a quick good-bye note. Because, according to the girl at the desk that night, Frank—whom she recognized right off—addressed a blank to Ava and began his message with the words "Hi, Beautiful." "Then," the Western Union girl says, "he just stood there looking down at the paper, as if he didn't know what else to write. I kidded with him and asked if he wanted one of our regular form messages. But he was obviously thinking too hard about something to answer. Instead, he just stood there a few more minutes and then they announced his plane over the loudspeaker and he tore the page he'd been writing on off the pad and squashed it and dumped it into an ashtray on the counter."

The other fact we know concerning this last phase of what, till now, has been Ava's very mysterious accident, is that Frank was back in Hollywood and at home early the next evening when he got a call from a friend in New York.

The friend told him that, as per his instructions of the night before, he'd just phoned the doctor Ava was to see that day. The doctor, he said, had examined Ava's face for more than an hour and told her that the gash on her cheek seemed to be coming along fine, that it might heal without leaving any marks, that she might not need any surgery.

"If you want me to call her, Frank . . ." the friend started to say.

"No," Frank said, sighing in relief. "She's probably too pooped after that medical. I'll call her myself tomorrow. Now I'll send her a wire telling her I'm glad the news wasn't . . . all bad. . . ."

Then Frank hung up, picked up the phone again and asked for Western Union.

"I'd like to send a telegram to New York," he said.

Frank gave the party's name, address.

"And the message?" the operator wanted to know.

Frank smiled and said, "Begin it—'Hi, Beautiful. . . .'" **END**

Ava's next picture is GOYA *for United Artists. Frankie's in Columbia's* PAL JOEY *and U.A.'s* KINGS GO FORTH.



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GARBO Cleans!

■ Not so long ago, the magnificent Garbo was down on her hands and knees picking up crumbs by hand, crumb by crumb—that had fallen on her rug when a cookie plate slipped off an end table. Sure she had a vacuum cleaner. Of course she knows where her cleaning woman keeps one. But she'd rather die than try to use it.

Because she tried using her vacuum—not once, but *three* times. And she's not trying *that* again. . . .

It seems that one week-end, Garbo's maid was ill. She'd been ill for a couple of weeks and she was going to be ill for a couple more, and this was during the war when domestic help was hard to get. Particularly, temporary domestic help.

Well, decided Garbo, so what? Or words to that effect. She'd clean up herself. She'd done it before, years and years ago before she had become one of Hollywood's top stars. And in this emergency, she could do it again. Now it should be really easy, what with all the marvelous American inventions.

So she pulled out the dust cloths and got the dusting over with. And pulled out the vacuum cleaner—and couldn't get it to start. *It must be broken*, thought Garbo—or words to that effect, and called the vacuum cleaner repairman.

"My wacuum does not wurrk."

"Did you pull this," asked the repairman over the phone, "and push that and turn the knob and etc., etc.?"

"I did."

"Okay, lady, be right over."

The little man came in, pulled this, pushed that and turned the knob and etc., and etc.—and the machine whirred happily away.

"Fantastic," said Garbo, and happily vacuumed away.

So the next week, Garbo pulled and pushed and turned—and again, nothing. Again she got on the phone.

"My wacuum does not wurrk."

"Did you. . ."

"I did."

"Okay, lady, be right over."

Again the little man pushed, pulled and turned. And again, the vacuum whirred happily away.

"Fantastic," muttered Garbo.

The third week, the man didn't even bother asking the questions. He just came over, pulled, pushed, turned and handed the now-whirring machine over to the beautiful Garbo.

But before she could get out one *Fantastic*, he turned to her, looked her over with a nice friendly leer and said:

"Look, lady. You like me? Okay. I like you, too. We don't have to use the vacuum cleaner as an excuse—"

And that's why, today, if Garbo ever sees some crumbs on her rug—down she'll get on hands and knees, rather than try operating that vacuum cleaner!

long hair is in

(*Continued from page 54*) long because she thinks it is particularly becoming to her which she feels is a very good reason for adopting any style of hair-do or clothes. Of course, Natalie also knows that the boys like long hair. Which makes long hair not only a new trend but also a very important style.

Long hair is strikingly feminine, and if you don't have it now you will want to start at once to get aboard with this new and appealing hair style. Long hair cannot look its best without regular home perms (unless, of course, you are one of the very few to be endowed with naturally curly hair). If your hair is very straight you will have to give your hair a home perm very regularly, for there should be no period in which your hair style is not beautifully groomed and cannot be so unless you do keep up regularity with your home perm. If your hair is slightly curly but very fine you will find it wise to give yourself a home perm to give it added body. Long hair does not look well if it is long and stringy. It must have a fullness to it if you wish to style it in an appealing manner. Natalie feels that a home perm is just the answer to a girl's precious hours of leisure as well as to her budget.

It is hard to believe that there is any girl who does not try to give herself a home perm but if you have never given yourself a home perm, try at once. Each product has a special little direction booklet in the package. You will find these instructions simple and very easy to follow.

It is Natalie's suggestion that you get a friend to help you with your first home perm if you have never given one to yourself. You will share in their experience and know-how. When it comes to shampooing your hair be sure to use a specially prepared shampoo. For many girls have worn cropped hair for so long they have become very careless and they use the bath soap in the shower. This is not a good policy unless you happen to use a soap that is designed for shampooing as well as for bathing. As specially prepared shampoos do so much more for your hair. They help to condition it and to make it more manageable, soft and lustrous. Natalie suggests you use a rinse after your shampoo—it will further condition your hair. Then a reminder to be sure to use one of the wonderful sprays to capture and hold each smooth hair in place so that your hair will always look as though you had just stepped from the most chic beauty salon.

Natalie feels that long hair is very correct and flattering to your clothes as well as to you. She thinks it has a casual abandon with sports clothes, that it gives a feminine note to more severe towr clothes and it is ultra-glamorous for date clothes. Lots of people feel that long hair is untidy looking and not smart but this is not the case if it is well groomed.

If you have short hair don't despair over this new long hair style trend just start to let it grow and before you know it you will have long tresses. Believe Natalie—long hair is worth anticipating and waiting for. It will make you more glamorous and the boys more intrigued.

One caution, warns Natalie—if your hair is short and you must let it grow, don't neglect it in the growing process. Groom it just as perfectly as if the new desired length was already accomplished, keep up your home perms—they are just as important in the growing stage as when your hair is lovely and long. END



'you've got to be hungry!"

says SUSAN OLIVER

When Susan Oliver received her first creen kiss—in *Tender Fury*—what was er reaction?

She turned to Director Mike Curtiz and aid, "You're right. You've got to be ungry!"

Ever since the first screen kiss was re-orded way back in the dear dead days eyond recall, there have been lengthy de-ates on what makes a kiss most effective. or movie-making, that is—private kisses re another matter!

Here's what Susan found out: a kiss in he morning is at least twice as good as kiss at any other time. For picture pur-oses, she means.

"I was astonished to find out that a eavy lunch ruins afternoon love scenes. ven a light noon snack takes some of the ep out of make-believe love for the rest f the day," Susan says.

"Lunch eaters, I learned, are seldom any ood for romantic scenes—after eating! his is one of the most important lessons n acting I have learned. It's helped me a ot."

As Curtiz put it to Susan, "To play at ve a woman must look hungry. And it is etter if she is *really* hungry as well. The unger light in the eye is the same as the ve-light."

Which is why nearly all directors film heir love scenes in the morning—or late n the afternoon, after the effects of lunch ave worn off, and the stars are thinking bout dinner.

Which is why Susan, a curvaceous londe-haired, green-eyed doll with a ameo complexion, summed up her first creen kiss by saying—"You've got to be ungry!"

Susan will soon be in Warner Bros.' HE GREEN-EYED BLONDE.

tattling on doris

(*Continued from page 31*) clothes. That wasn't so bad. But once she decided to play store with some of her friends. She asked me if she could use a dress of mine. I said all right. I thought she just wanted to wear an old dress while she played. I didn't think she meant she was going to end up selling a couple of my newer ones, as it so happened she did . . .

"And came time for Doris to put on one of her shows and having to dress up all the other girls in the cast, and you could always count on a few things from my closet being gone all the time from the first rehearsal to the last performance. How Doris liked to put on shows! She'd get a few of the girls from her class together and she'd direct and produce and write and star and get so involved in those shows. The school Doris went to at that time was St. Mark's. She was born a Catholic and went all through Catholic schools. Then, after she started singing, it seems, she lapsed from this religion. I'm still a Catholic, but I don't care. To me, all roads lead to the same God. When Doris told me a few years ago she wanted to marry her Marty, a Jewish boy, I said that was fine with me. I know some people who are very strict about this; you've got to marry within your own religion. I can't see that. I think each man is entitled to whatever he wants. Anyway, Doris and I never discuss religion. I believe. She believes. And that's all that's really important. . . .

"High heels. Shows. My dresses. So many things I remember about those early years! And, oh yes, her favorite pastime at one period was to ask if she could go shopping for me down at YOUNGHAN'S FOOD MARKET. I never realized why she was so anxious to do this chore—until Larry Wise, who is still a clerk there, told me one day: 'Such a healthy daughter you have there. And the way she likes her apples. I give her one every time she comes by—and I think she's eaten one for every freckle on her face by this time.'

Deedee, the scalper

"And then playing barber with her best friend, Jean Geers. Jean's married now—she's Mrs. Neal O'Leary of Tenafly, New Jersey. I wonder if she remembers this incident. *I* do. They were both in my house when I walked in on them that day, Doris holding a big scissors and cutting off Jean's hair, mostly in the front. It was an awful sight to see, so awful I almost fainted. Doris smiled, I remember, and she said, 'Mama, see how pretty Jean looks.' 'Pretty indeed,' I said. I shook my head and then I took the scissors from Doris and handed them to Jean and said, 'Okay, now you take this and give Deedee a haircut.' She did. Doris didn't end up looking so good, either. And it was the last time she ever got any of her friends to play barber with her, that's for sure.

"Of course, she had other wild activities to keep her busy. I guess the only one we really couldn't do anything about was her liking to play football with the boys come every autumn. The first frost would come and there would be Doris, sure as anything, pestering her brother, Paul, to please let her play football with him and his friends. Paul would try to get out of it. 'Doke,' he would say—he always called her Doke, Paul did—'football's not for girls.' But Doris would pester him so much he'd finally have to say *yes*. We could never figure out exactly why Doris liked to play football so much. I think it's because she liked one of the fellows on the team and wanted to be near him, whatever he did, wherever he went. Anyway,

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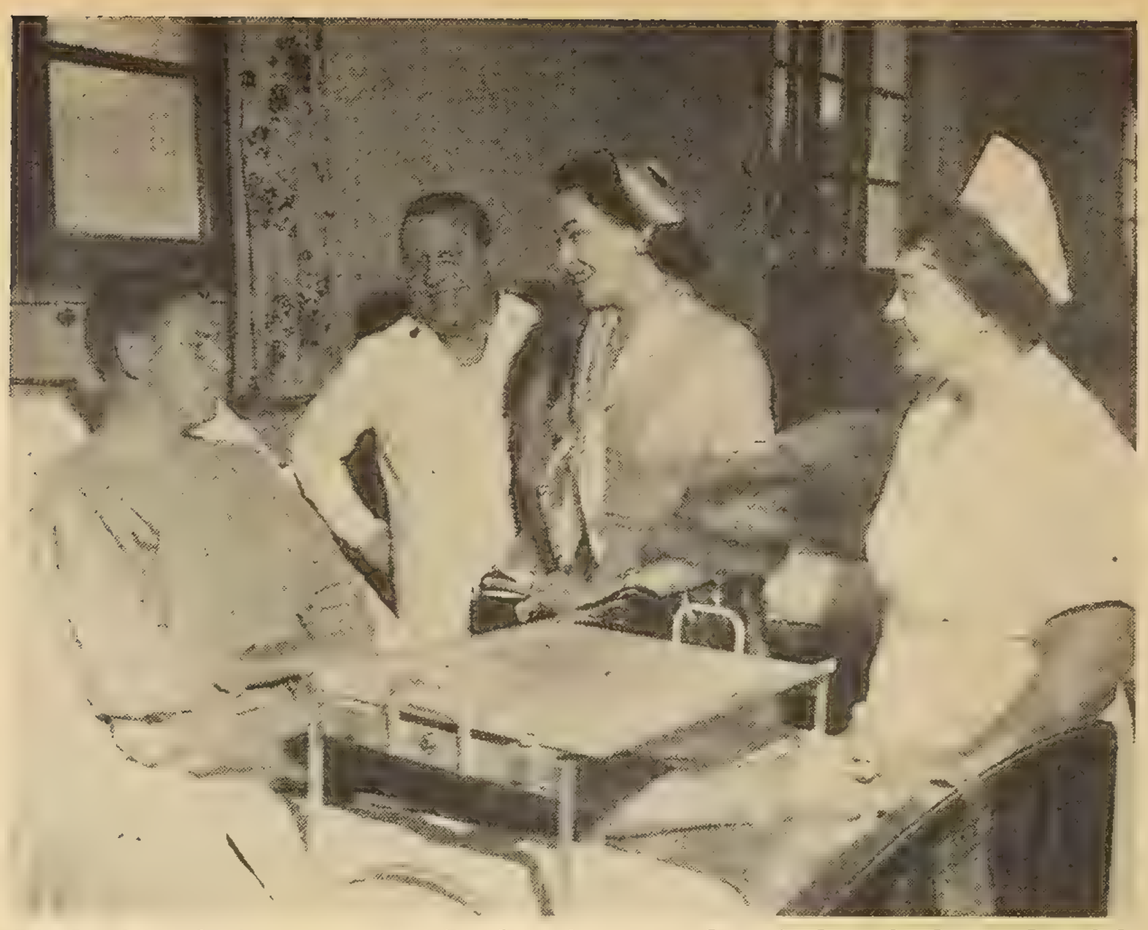
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Linda found time to tour Leghorn's army hospital and cheer the sick.

"I JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE"— says LINDA DARNELL

■ Asked in a recent interview why she had given so much of her heart, time and energy to a foreign charity—Italy's first *Girl's Town*, which she helped to found—Linda Darnell quietly replied, "I happened *to be there* when the need was great and I *had* to help."

Quietly, and without fanfare, beautiful and gracious Linda Darnell for years has been flying thousands of miles to work tirelessly for many charitable causes. In Rome, she is known as *Lady Bountiful*. Back home, as the gracious lady of the warm heart.

Linda was making a picture in Rome when the plight of a kindly, elderly Frenchwoman who had been caring for a group of homeless girls, was brought to her attention. Their little *House of Hope*, shabby as it was, was to be taken from them. Linda was at that time engaged to Philip Liebmann, wealthy American brewer. Instead of the expensive wedding present he offered her, she requested in its place a new, modern home for these young girls. Later, through the kindly auspices of M. Patrick Carroll-Abbing, who founded Italy's eight *Boys' Towns*—patterned after our *Boys' Town* in Nebraska—the new *Girls' Town* was taken into the fold.

Sister Dominic Ramaciotti, dean of NOTRE DAME COLLEGE in Maryland, became its supervisor, with Mlle. de Colmar remaining on to be with her girls.

Since then, Linda Darnell has made guest appearances in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Portland and San Francisco for the *Boys' Towns* of Italy.

But that's just one of her charities!

As a very young movie star during the war, Linda joined the Hollywood contingent in entertaining the troops and visiting hospitals. This is still a *must* with her. When she was in Italy, enjoying a much needed rest, she was asked by the Army's Support Command at Leghorn to fly there to be the guest of honor at three military balls, on Armed Forces Day, as a good-will gesture between the American and Italian forces. Between balls, however, Linda quietly slipped off to tour the army hospital at Leghorn and to chat with and cheer the sick.

It would take much time to name all of the wonderful things this gracious lady has done for sweet charity's sake. She flew to New York from Florida to be one of the guests at the circus benefit for New York's PAL. She flew from New York to Washington, when an urgent phone call reached her, to take part in the district's *United Givers' Fund.*

During a brief stay in New York, on the *Strike It Rich* show, she participated in the party benefitting Yeshiva Synagogue and Community Service, whose ceiling had collapsed during Passover Services. When she returned to Hollywood, she quietly made her own contribution to their building fund through Yeshiva's Rabbi.

Sometimes, incidentally, charity drives can be just plain fun too. Recently, Linda and her bridegroom Robbie Robertson, American Airlines captain, appeared as King and Queen at Riverside, California—where they were married—at the Sheriff's Annual Rodeo for Youth Relief.

Linda's nine-year-old daughter Lola has learned much from her mother about making little sacrifices to aid others—and finding it fun. Last year she gave up the Hammond organ she wanted for Christmas, so it could be sent to her friends at *Girls' Town.* And to everyone's amusement at a pre-Christmas party held at her mother's Bel Air home, Lola, without being rehearsed, collected several dollars on her own to send to the Red Cross.

Linda's in Paramount's ZERO HOUR.

Doris got to be pretty good at the game and once when somebody told me she might get a sports scholarship to some college if she kept it up, I took it seriously—for a couple of minutes."

Doris' Dad remembered her tomboy actions, too. "I didn't mind her playing," he said, "except she used to fight too much with the boys. She would play the game with all her heart. And if she got mad at somebody in the middle of a game, she'd crack them in the nose—boys a couple of years older than herself, too. I was an organist and music teacher at the time. And it used to be nothing, I remember, for me to be giving a music lesson and for the doorbell to ring and for Doris to come puffing in, all covered with mud and sometimes with blood, too, and say, 'Daddy, I was playing with so-and-so and he got mean and so I hit him.' 'Did he hit you back?' I'd ask her. Doris would never say *yes*. But that occasional black eye she'd show up with would take care of that question-and-answer session pretty well. . . .

"She was always so full of antics, always a smile on her face, always the center of attraction. There was the time at St. Mark's when the nuns were giving a play. I was playing the organ as accompanist and one day during a rehearsal all the kids were acting up a little more than usual and a nun got up on the stage and said, 'Quiet, please!' Well, everybody calmed down—everybody but Doris, that is. The nun looked at her and said, 'Doris Kapplehoff, will you please be *quiet!*' And Doris turned around and stopped jumping and dancing only long enough to say, 'Oh, I don't have to keep quiet, Sister. My Daddy's playing for this show!' Of course, I had to take her aside and tell her a thing or two. And Doris was always the kind of girl who got the message, as they say. Except that twinkle in her eye made you wonder."

The turning point

Both of Doris' folks remember the years after this period, their daughter's early teens, when football and clowning around were pushed aside to make room for her first great love—dancing. And they remember the accident that quashed this love. And the lovely voice it helped create.

It happened in Trenton, Ohio. Doris had gone there with her Mom to visit some friends for the week end. While they were there a young fellow named Jerry Doherty with whom Doris had been dancing professionally for the last year or so, and Jerry's date and his brother, Lawrence, dropped by to pay them a visit. After sitting around for a while, Doris and the others decided to drive downtown for a coke. They got into the car. They headed for High Street, down near the railroad tracks. There were no signals there at the time. There was nothing to warn them what was going to happen in a few seconds—the car beginning to cross the tracks, the train swooping down on them, the last-moment whistle, the crash, the screaming, the blacking-out. Doris was hurt more than the others. Her legs were broken. That's what the doctor told her point-blank when they got her to the hospital. And then he broke her heart and told her point-blank that she'd have to give up her dancing.

Her Mom remembers how glum and nervous she was at first, lying there in bed for fourteen long months. Her Dad remembers visiting her, trying to cheer her up, breaking the monotony of the sickroom by clowning with the new crutches she'd be using soon. Jerry Doherty remembers how, visiting Doris on one of her gloomy days, she told him, "Sometimes I get the feeling I'm going to lie here the rest of my life and never get up and do anything

MARCH BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in March, your birthstone is a bloodstone and your flower is a jonquil. And here are some of the stars you share your birthday with:

March 1—**Harry Belafonte**
David Niven

March 2—**Desi Arnaz**
Jennifer Jones

March 3—**Bobby Driscoll**

March 5—**Craig Hill**

March 6—**Jay C. Flippen**
John Smith

March 8—**Cyd Charisse**
Sean McClory

March 12—**Gordon MacRae**

March 15—**MacDonald Carey**
Jerry Lewis

March 17—**Michael O'Shea**

March 19—**Louis Hayward**

March 20—**Wendell Corey**

March 22—**Karl Malden**
Gene Nelson

March 26—**Sterling Hayden**

March 29—**Dennis O'Keefe**

March 31—**Shirley Jones**
Richard Kiley



Claire Trevor
March 8



Barry Fitzgerald
March 10



Cornell Borchers
March 16



Joan Crawford
March 23



Richard Conte
March 24



Frank Lovejoy
March 28

and I'll never amount to anything either."

And they all remember then how, slowly Doris began to look like her old self again, that sparkle back in her eyes, that smile back on her lips; how she began to hum along with the radio that was always on at the side of her bed; how, later, she began to sing along with it; how people who dropped by to visit told her how nice she sang, that she should do something about training her voice. And they both remember the day Doris kissed the blues goodbye, got out of bed, propped herself up on her crutches, began dancing around the room and suddenly shouted out, "I'm going to be a singer. If I can't dance anymore, I'm going to be a singer!"

"Everything happened for the best," her Dad recalled, "because before we knew it Doris' legs were mended well enough for her to walk and she *was* a singer."

It started the day Barney Rapp, the booking agent who had a band then, put out a call for a girl singer. About a hundred and fifty girls showed up, Barney'll tell you, but of all of them only one really stood out—and that was Doris. She was a great hit. And before anybody knew it, the band was signed up for a network radio show. That's when Barney decided her name should be changed.

Barney himself told us this story.

"I had a talk with her and said, 'Doris, I'm kind of concerned about your name. It sounds funny.' 'What's funny about it?' Doris asked me. 'Well, Doris Kappelhoff is hard to say,' I told her, 'and it might be a little hard to remember. And look at *me*, Doris, I changed my name from Rappaport to Rapp—because it's easier to remember.' Doris began to cry. 'I don't know,' she said, 'I don't know if I want my name changed.' I assured her it would be a nice change. I spent all that night with my wife, Ruby, thinking of something nice. At one point Ruby and I thought of the songs Doris sang best at that time. They were *Night and Day* and *Day by Day*. Doris Day, we decided. Doris would like that, we thought. So we called her up and told her. But she cried so hard we had to call her back.

The family bands

"It was wonderful fun when Doris was working with the bands, Barney Rapp's and then Les Brown's," her Mom said. "They were real family bands. Of course, I traveled around with Doris no matter where she went, she was so young. But the boys were nice, very nice. Doris always liked to have parties—at home if we were in Cincinnati, or in our hotel room if we were on the road—instead of hanging around night clubs and stuff. 'Mother,' she would say, 'is it all right if I bring some of the fellows from the band back with me tonight?' I'd say *sure*, and they'd all come over and have a wonderful time. The boys always ended up calling me *Mom* and I'd spend a lot of time with them. Doris and I taught them how to cook and iron their shirts and save a little money this way. And we'd help them out by discussing some of their girl-friend problems with them. It was like having a lot of brothers and sons around for us. It helped soothe how much we missed Paul, who couldn't be along with us at the time."

Doris' folks remember what happened next, their girl being whisked off to Hollywood and becoming a movie star. Naturally, they both saw her first movie, *Romance On The High Seas*. Mr. Kappelhoff saw it at the PALACE THEATER in Cincinnati. It was a musical comedy, but he wept throughout. Mrs. Day saw it at a première in Santa Barbara, California. She was to appear on the stage with Doris just before the picture started. She bought a new dress for the occasion, the most expensive dress she'd ever owned. She waited backstage with Doris. Doris was the first to be

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When it rained, it poured!

■ There was a week and a day to make that ship leaving New York for Europe, and Gloria Swanson and her friends figured they had *more* than enough time for the drive cross-country from Hollywood—even a few extra days in New York for having fun and seeing a couple of shows.

They were wrong.

"We left in a fine California drizzle," remembers the elegant *Sunset Boulevard* Swanson.

"A day later," Gloria continued, "the sky became darker and we were driving through a continuous, pelting rain. And even that was o-n-l-y the beginning!

"The following day the rain was sleet. Our spirits were becoming a little damp.

"We didn't think things could get much worse . . . until our little car got caught in a snowstorm! By now we were *only* two days behind schedule, on what should have been a five-day trip. With the best yet to come.

"Twelve hours later, we were hitting sandstorms! We didn't dare get out of the car for fear we'd be blown away. Well, at last, we thought, things will *have* to be better from here on in. We were wrong.

"Huddling in the car, sitting out the sandstorm, we got the news. 'We interrupt this program,' an announcer's voice broke into the music we were listening to, 'to announce a special bulletin. This area is in direct line of the tornado. All precautions are advised. President Eisenhower has declared Texas and the Southwest major disaster areas. We repeat, tornado precautions imperative!'

"Europe? I could see the *next* fashion story—GLORIA SWANSON FASHIONS, THE LINE THAT'S ITALIAN IN FLAVOR, SCOTTISH IN THRIFT—AND BLACK FOR MOURNING.

"So, sandstorm or no sandstorm, we started driving to try to beat the storm. It looked as if we were going to do it too!

"Then suddenly—BOOM! In the same split instant, the luggage rack on top of the car broke, crashing our suitcases to the ground—and the tornado hit. Shoes, stockings, passport strewed the highway.

"It was dark as night. Lightning flashed all around us, the trees were bent double, and the sound of the wind didn't seem real. I don't mind admitting I was scared. We watched a dress from one of the broken suitcases fly over the trees out of sight.

"Then almost miraculously, minutes after the violent tornado opened up the skies, it was over and a calm fell across the West." The star smiled as she remembered scurrying around, picking up what was left of the luggage, stopping a few cars to gather up a blouse here—clinging to a branch—or a shoe there.

"Yes, we made the boat," Gloria smiles. In fact they got to New York the night before the sailing, and that evening Gloria was première guest on the Mike Wallace TV show. "Knowing Mike's reputation for hitting hard in his interviews—you know, pulling the rug out from under you with those surprising questions he asks—I didn't know if I'd come out alive."

But Gloria had just been through a tornado, so no mere human being could faze her—*and Wallace didn't!*

introduced. But when they called out Mrs. Day's name, she turned and walked the other way. "I was too shy and nervous," she recalled, "and anyway it was Doris' night and what did they want me out there for, anyway?"

The next ten years were packed with stardom for their daughter—ten years of good pictures, good money, good times, marred only by the operation Doris had undergone to remove what had appeared to be a malignant tumor but that, fortunately, had turned out to be nothing serious at all. And then came the day recently when Doris and her family—her Mom; Doris' husband, Marty; and fifteen-year-old Terry, her son by a former marriage—returned to Cincinnati for the première of one of her latest pictures. It was a bang-up day for her home town—and for her Dad, especially, who recalled:

"It was the first time I would be seeing Doris in seven years and I was very excited. The night she came in I left the saloon early and rushed down to the railroad station. There was quite a big crowd there. I knew Doris was coming in on a train called *The Riley* and I went up to one of the porters and asked him which track it was coming in on. The porter recognized me. He'd been to my saloon a couple of times. 'Mr. Kappelhoff,' he said, 'what are you doin' here?' I told him I was Doris Day's father. You would have thought I was the king of some country the way he looked at me. 'You come right with me,' he said, taking me by the arm and leading me through the crowd. 'The train's already in,' he said. 'It was seven minutes early. But I'll show you where to go.' We walked down the long platform and when we got to one of the Pullman cars he said, 'Now it's 'round here someplace.' I started looking in the windows and all of a sudden I saw her, my girl, inside. When Doris recognized me, she came running out of the train yelling, 'That's my Dad.'"

Floop, Flop and Turkey

Those few days in Cincinnati were wonderful for both of Doris' folks. Her Mom had lots of fun visiting old friends and relatives, showing off her grandson, explaining to people who overheard Doris, Marty and Terry talk to one another in nickname-talk that Floop was what Marty always called Doris, Flop was what Doris always called Marty, and Turkey was what they both always called Terry. She got a big bang, too, the afternoon Marty accompanied Doris to the radio studio where she used to sing, grabbed a dummy microphone and began shouting, "Where's Alvin? Where's Alvin Hock?" Mrs. Day explained to those who didn't know that Alvin Hock had been Doris' boy friend at age twelve, that she—Mrs. Day—had told Marty about him once and that he hadn't stopped teasing Doris since.

Mr. Kappelhoff had a grand time, too. The morning after Doris arrived, he had breakfast with her, her husband and her son. "And let me tell you," he said, "that Marty is a wonderful fellow. First thing he did when we met was take me aside and say, 'Can I call you Bill?' Then he said, 'You know, Bill, I was married once and divorced and I know you were, too, and that's all water under the dam as far as anyone's concerned and I'd like us to be friends.' Then we just sat and talked and it was a beautiful thing to see how well he got along with my grandson. I'd heard from Doris that Terry worships him, that he's always having man-to-man talks with Marty, that the boy looks up to him like he was a god. I could see it when I saw them together. It was nice. . . . It was nice, too, that same afternoon when Doris and Marty surprised me at my saloon. I saw this big white Chrysler pull up and I thought, 'That looks just like Marty's car.' And sure enough, he and Doris stepped out and walked into my place and within five minutes word had got around the neighborhood that Doris Day was visiting her Pop at his place and the saloon was so crowded you could have thrown a block party. Doris really enjoyed herself that afternoon. She was all around the place. One minute, I remember, I was talking to her; and the next minute I couldn't find her. When I finally asked Marty where she was, he pointed to the bar. And there she was, behind the bar. Every once in a while she'd pour one with a little too much foam and she'd wink at me and I'd wink back at her and it was good having my little girl there, real good."

Then, both of Doris' folks remember there was the big party her home town threw for her the night before she left. And, as one of the home-town boys who helped throw the party remembers, "This Doris. What a girl. I had a talk with her about the party that afternoon and showed her the guest list we'd drawn up. She said it was fine, that there were lots of people on it she hadn't seen in a long time and couldn't wait to see. But, she said, there seemed to be just one name missing. A Lavinia Smith, she said. Long ago, she said, when she first started singing, she played this nightclub here in Cincinnati. There was a girl who worked in the powder room, a girl named Lavinia. 'She was so nice to me,' Doris said. 'Between shows we'd get together and she'd help me with my clothes and we'd sit and talk and, gee, I'd really like to see her again.' It took us a couple of hours to track down Lavinia Smith. When we finally got her number, we gave it to Doris."

"I was there when she called and invited her," Doris' Mom remembers. "It was like two old girl friends from school saying *hello* and reminiscing about the old days. It showed the kind of person Doris really is," she added, smiling.

And that's what we remember most about the hours we talked to Doris' folks about the Doris only they know . . . the smiles, the thankful, happy smiles. . . .

END

Doris will do TUNNEL OF LOVE *for MGM and* TEACHER'S PET *for Paramount.*



THE SHOW GOES ON . . .

■ Things looked good for Shirley Booth. After twenty years of hard knocks, her career was finally going. She had the leading role in *Come Back, Little Sheba* on Broadway and a year later she received the *Academy Award* as the *Best Actress of 1952* for the film version.

But even better, she had met the man of her dreams—investment broker William H. Baker, Jr. Shirley and Bill Baker were married and Shirley felt that she had everything she had ever wanted in this solid guy.

Together they shopped for a small farm in Bucks County, close enough to New York so that Bill could commute to Wall Street and Shirley could go into town every evening for her performance in *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn.*

"Love," she sang gaily on stage, "is the reason for it all!"

One Sunday morning they were lounging in the living room when the phone rang. Shirley went into the next room to answer it. Friends were calling to invite them to dinner.

"Hold on," Shirley answered, "while I ask Bill." Then she came back.

"Bill's gone," she said. Her voice sounded strange.

"Gone where?"

"No—you don't understand," she repeated, stunned. "He's *gone.*"

The producers of *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn* wanted to cancel the show when they learned of Bill's death.

"No," Shirley insisted. "Bill wouldn't have liked that. He'd want me to go on."

And the next night she disappeared into her dressing room until curtain time. Then she walked to the stage through the throng of actors, many of them broken up. One girl was crying. Shirley walked over and put her arms around her. "You keep on going," Shirley said softly. "You keep on going."

And a few moments later, her voice—raucous, light-hearted and gay—filled the theatre with a happy song. . . .

Shirley will be in Paramount's HOT SPELL *and* THE MATCHMAKER.

jim garner—ex-drifter

(*Continued from page 29*) a few days out of the hospital. I think only I—"

Jim drew her back to him. His face was suddenly serious. "Marvelous isn't the word. I want you to know that. Do you realize you've given me two children this year? A ready-made nine-year-old daughter, and now—" he paused, looking for words "—now the baby. Marvelous isn't the word."

He watched the sunrise for a long moment. Then softly, "Honey—you know what's the greatest feeling in the world? When you've opened your home to your friends, and they've come to see you and had a good time and then—then they go home, and the door shuts behind them and it's quiet. When you're alone with your wife and your family in your own house. Well, that's it. And when it's New Year's Eve besides, and you have the most wonderful year of your life to look back on and remember—it's, it's indescribable."

Lois leaned back. She nodded her head slowly, and Jim felt her hair, soft and warm, against his cheek. "The most wonderful year of all. . . ."

He never dreamed of fame

And it *had* been the most wonderful year. Not because it made Jim Garner famous. Fame was incidental. Not a thing he'd dreamed about as a kid, longed for or worked for as a man. The wonderful thing, the glorious thing about being the fair-haired boy of TV, the miracle worker who topped Ed Sullivan with a Western show named *Maverick,* was that for the first time in his life James Garner knew who and what he was: an actor; a success. The reason he had been known to sit for minutes at a time, staring almost reverently at his contract from WARNERS—the contract that told him *Sayonara* was just the first of the top movies he would make—was not that the contract guaranteed him work for weeks and months and years ahead. It meant that there would be no more heartbreaking drifting from job to job, no more wondering where the next paycheck—of whatever size—would come from, or if it would come at all. And—more than any other miracle—this year had given him a wife, had brought to him what his life had never known—the love of a woman. Because James Garner had lost his mother when he was five years old—and lost with her the feeling of belonging, of having a goal and a direction.

Sitting with his wife on the sofa looking slowly around him at the cozy, pleasant room, he could see another room in another year—and a little boy, who had been himself, staring dry-eyed at his Father one dark day. . . .

His Father put his arms around him. Against his cheeks, Jim felt his Father's tears.

"Poor Jimmy. Poor baby. Your Mother is dead. . . ."

At five a child knows very little of death. Jimmy Garner knew only that the soft voice that had sung him to sleep was gone, the arms that had cradled him from hurt held him no more. That was enough.

Curious but shy

That same year he started school. He was bright; he had a curious mind. But there was no one to show his crayon drawings to when he got home from kindergarten, no one to *ooh* and *ah* proudly as he stumbled through his first reader. His Father was busy running a store to earn a living, and trying to run a house at the same time. His older brothers were themselves learning to live without a mother.



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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DENNIS MORGAN?

■ Today, hundreds of inquiring letters still pour into WARNERS' where Dennis Morgan rose to film fame. Some express deep regret that Hollywood bypassed Dennis, while others snort with righteous indignation. Dennis reads these letters and he's grateful for all their concern. The whole truth is—he's also secretly amused. For the record, Hollywood didn't bypass Dennis. It was the other way 'round!

Just a few short years ago, Dennis received a phone call that turned out to be the turning point in his life. It came from Morgan Maree, astute business manager for such famous stars as Gregory Peck, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Cesar Romero, the Humphrey Bogarts, Robert Wagner, Lana Turner and Dennis Morgan—to name a few. New oil country had been discovered and along with other Maree clients, Dennis was induced to invest in black gold. Tax-wise, the government makes special concessions for oil investments. So what was there to lose?

Dennis knew he was a solid sender on the screen. His future was assured, so who wanted to get rich overnight? Dennis did—and *did!* Two gushers later he was in that enviable and highly profitable position of living his life in his forties, as he had hoped to live in his sixties! The Morgans have always loved the outdoors. They loved Hollywood but they also loved to get away from it. As long as they had a choice to take it or leave it, they preferred to *leave* it!

They kept the part of their property that held the guest ranch in La Canada, a suburb of Los Angeles, but they sold their big house and bought a ranch in Ahawnee, near Yosemite Park. This is home base for the Dennis Morgans, but in the meantime Lillian redecorated the guest house in La Canada, which they use on their infrequent visits back to Hollywood. Like for those days when Dennis comes in to see his dentist!

As for his family . . . Son Stan, now twenty-two, is married and finishing his course at Occidental College in Los Angeles. Kirsten who carried out her threat of becoming a beauty, goes to school in Wisconsin where her youthful-looking father learned his three R's. Young Jim, named after James Cagney, goes to school in Ahawnee. Dennis' adored mom still lives in La Canada with sister Grace and her husband. One sad note, his dad who took such an active interest in his famous son's career, moved on to another world.

There are many reasons why Dennis loves Ahawnee. Two of them are hunting and fishing. Dennis owns 150 head of Hereford cattle and occasionally when he gets that old feeling to put-ter around on the green, he makes a hurried trip to the Lakeside Country Club in Burbank where he still keeps his membership.

Mostly for kicks, he played a sergeant in a recent TV series. He also made a Western for Columbia. Matter of fact, scripts arrive at Ahawnee fairly often.

"You read it and tell me if it's any good," muses Dennis, as he tosses a script in Lillian's lap. Then he goes out and baits a hook!

Although he misses his movie star pals, the Hollywood scene has changed and today they're spread out all over this country and Europe. So Dennis rarely sees anyone to talk shop. On the other hand, no trip to Hollywood would be complete without a visit with his old friends, Dr. Charles Hirt and his wife, Lucy. He is the director of choirs at the Hollywood Presbyterian Church where Dennis often used to sing. Being a sentimental gentleman, this is one memory that will always remain in his heart.

Gradually, Jim withdrew into himself. His teachers complained of him. Not that he was a troublemaker—if anything, he was too shy. Kept to himself too much. But he had no interest in his school-work.

When he was eight, a woman's arms came into his life again. His father remarried and brought home a smiling, sweet-faced lady with wavy hair to mother his sons. With joy Jimmy accepted her, called her *Mother.* She gave him affection. And with her to run home to, Jim's grades improved and his shyness lessened.

But the marriage didn't last. When he said *good-bye* to a mother for the second time, it seemed to Jim Garner that the years brought more sorrow than happiness—that the only thing one could be sure of was that nothing would last. . . .

By the time he was sixteen, he had done many things—for a little while. He had plucked chickens; he had janitored a college; he had worked in his Father's store. His brothers were well on their way to their life's work—Charles as a teacher, Jack as a baseball player. But Jim was getting nowhere fast. At sixteen he quit school and joined the Merchant Marine. At seventeen he was a civilian again and back in high school, this time in Los Angeles, where his Father had moved to go into the carpet-laying business. In his spare time he helped his Dad, got bored with it, worked in a gas station, decided he didn't like California, went back to Oklahoma where he'd grown up, and finally got his diploma. When he was eighteen, his Father married again.

Too late now

Jim met the new Mrs. Garner, liked her—but for him, it was too late. He was too old to be cradled by a mother's love. He joined the Oklahoma National Guard, and when it went to Korea he was with them. Four months later, a Chinese offensive caught him and some other GI's eight miles behind the enemy lines. It was one o'clock in the morning when American planes zoomed over them, strafing the Chinese lines, not knowing there were Oklahoma infantrymen back there. One of their shots hit Jim. He talks about it without the slightest trace of bitterness today; he's still awed and grateful for the bravery of his friends who got him through the Chinese lines back to the American front and a hospital. And he's immensely proud of the Purple Heart he wears. But in a strange way—again—it seemed no one knew who he was; he had been shot for an enemy soldier.

He came home after two years in the service, more lost than ever. For a while he worked with his father in L. A. But the carpet-laying business wasn't for him; his Dad told him so, his friends told him so. One of them came up with an odd idea: "Jim, face it, you're a good-looking guy. Why don't you take a crack at acting?"

A very odd idea for a boy who had been as shy as Jim Garner. Maybe that was why he decided he'd give it a try—for a year. What did he have to lose?

A friend of his—who had once soda-jerked with Jim—had turned producer, a guy named Paul Gregory. Jim went to see him, found him casting a show called *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial.* He listened to Jim stumble through a scene and to Jim's amazement didn't throw him out on his ear. He gave him a job cueing Lloyd Nolan and told him that when the show opened Jim would be one of the panel of six judges. A great part: on stage from beginning to end, and not a word to say—not a movement to make. A snap. Yet night after night, Jim felt his knees turn to butter before he walked on stage



BLIND DATE ON A SUNDAY MORNING

■ Loretta Young beat an impatient tattoo on the table top with the tips of her long, slender fingers. Then she toyed absently with the phone dial and shifted the receiver which she had been holding to her ear.

It's certainly taking that producer a long time to get to the phone, she thought.

Finally the deep, pleasant voice of a man she had never seen came over the wire. "Hello, Miss Young. This is Tom Lewis. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Lewis, as producer for the Screen Director's Guild Program, are you in the habit of calling rehearsals for radio shows at 9 a.m. Sunday mornings?"

"No, Miss Young, I am not. But I want to see that our stars get the benefit of as much rehearsal time as possible."

Loretta's expression softened slightly. This man, she thought, *sounds* nice.

"Oh—I didn't mean to complain, Mr. Lewis," she said. "But I'll be out late Saturday evening and couldn't possibly get to Sunday rehearsal before 1 p. m. And I always go to noon Mass on Sundays. However, if it is important to you, I will go to eleven o'clock Mass this Sunday and get to rehearsal as soon as possible."

"Miss Young," said Lewis, "I expect to be out late Saturday night myself, and I intend to be present at the *eight o'clock* Mass. I don't mean to be *too* direct, but if I can do it, you can."

Loretta stiffened at the unexpected sternness in his voice. Just who, she thought, *does he think he is?*

"Mr. Lewis, I have been an actress too long to believe that a producer who stays out late on a Saturday night would ever attend an eight o'clock Mass."

"I am sorry that you don't believe me, Miss Young," said Lewis, "but I assure you I have been attending eight o'clock Mass on Sunday for years."

Then Loretta had an idea. She smiled. I'll fix him, she thought.

"All right, Mr. Lewis, if attending eight o'clock Mass is such a strong habit with you, then of course you won't mind calling for me Sunday morning. We'll go together."

Let him try to talk himself out of that, Loretta thought, triumphantly.

But Tom Lewis' answer was rather surprising—"Miss Young, I'd be delighted!"

That Sunday morning Loretta Young and Tom Lewis attended church together.

One year later, to the day, they were married—in the same church. And, yep, you guessed it, at eight a.m.!

he sat through the show in an agony of stage fright.

Together for a while

The show took them to New York. He didn't know a soul in New York, but at first it wasn't too bad. He shared an apartment at the MEURICE HOTEL with three other guys. It was a little like being back in the Army—men around, smoking, joking, living it up together. They had fun, they belonged. Then, as the show settled down to a long run, one by one the men brought their wives from the south and the midwest and moved out to apartments of their own. Finally there was no one left but Jim, staring at the empty rooms and looking at the rent bill which was bigger than his monthly salary. He moved out too, to a room he could afford in a little hotel three blocks from the theatre.

He spent one night there alone and he thought he'd go crazy.

It was small and gloomy, and if he sat still for ten minutes he could feel the walls closing in on him. The next night he couldn't bear to go home after the show was over. Instead he went to a bar and nursed a glass of beer for an hour, hoping someone would talk to him but too shy to start a conversation himself. When the bartender began to give him dirty looks, he moved on to another bar, another untouched glass of beer. He did that four or five hours a night, five or six nights a week.

A pick-up

One night he had a success. A girl wandered in, talked to him. It turned out she had been born in Oklahoma! That was the beginning and end of her acquaintance with Jim's home state, though—it was just that her mother was passing through on her way to the Coast when she decided to get born. But he welcomed her like a long-lost sweetheart, and in a burst of extravagance asked her to dinner. He took her to DOWNEY'S—an Eighth Avenue bar and restaurant frequented by stagehands and chorus kids—and almost fainted when she ordered a steak. He was just about to limit his own dinner to a ham sandwich and pray he had enough money, when a second glance at the menu told him a steak was only $1.35. From that moment on, DOWNEY'S was his love and his home. The girl he never saw again, but every friend Jim had in show business got dragged in to DOWNEY'S for dinner sooner or later.

Today his picture hangs over the bar there, but Jim remembers that "Downey used to let me sign the check. He'd feed me on the cuff till payday—I can't get over how wonderful he was to me."

Other people were good to him too, and liked him. But he was too afraid of intruding on other people's lives. He didn't know that he need never have been lonely. . . .

When *Caine Mutiny* went on the road, John Hodiak dropped out of the role of Maryk, and the plum part was offered to Jim by Gregory and Charles Laughton, who directed the show.

He was scared stiff!

He'd make a fool of himself. . . .

Yet, pacing the floor, he knew if he turned this down, he might just as well leave show business. He'd be drifting again, going nowhere, being no one. . . .

Now or never

He took the part. It cost him more in sweat and fear than anyone ever knew, but he won rave reviews.

Before the year was out, he'd had bit roles in TV's *Cheyenne,* and better parts in two movies—*Toward The Unknown,* and *The Girl He Left Behind.*



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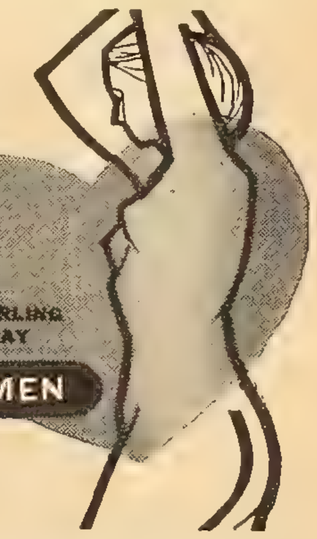
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MARA CORDAY— too shy to act

■ Mara Corday became an actress because she was shy—too shy and frightened to become one!

The sultry beauty, who at one time was known as the *most photographed girl in the world*, had had a secret desire to become an actress as far back as high school. But Mara was always too shy to even try out for high school dramatics.

Then one day she decided that the only way to beat this fear was to become a chorus girl!

"I figured that as long as I had no lines to speak to an audience and I was in a group of other girls, I wouldn't have too much to worry about," Mara smiles.

She decided the thing to do was join Earl Carroll's *Vanities*—at the age of fifteen.

"Of course, I told the dance director who was interviewing me that I was eighteen," Mara says. "And just like that I got a job in the chorus. I was lucky to get in."

After two years in Carroll's show, Mara joined George White's *Scandals*, was seen in nightclubs across the country, and eventually wound up at the GREEK THEATRE in Los Angeles in the road company of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

"By this time I thought I had cured my fear of audiences and speaking lines," Mara explains. "So I took myself out to UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL on an interview and managed to get a one-line bit in *Son Of Ali Baba*, starring Tony Curtis.

"Was I surprised! Can you imagine? It took six takes for me to finally sputter one line out!

"When the picture was released I discovered that they had cut my scene out!"

The studio might have cut out Mara's debut, but it didn't forget the talented Miss Corday. A few months later she was signed to a long-term contract by U-I. That was 9 pictures ago for the girl who became an actress because she didn't like being shy!

Mara Corday will soon be seen in U-I's TAKE FIVE FROM FIVE.

He had found himself at last.

He knew who he was: Jim Garner, the actor.

When *Sayonara* came along, he became Jim Garner, the future star. Life was better than it had ever been for him. But loneliness, the singleness—that, he still had.

And then one day, beside a swimming pool, loneliness ended forever.

The girl's name was Lois, and from his first look at her, he knew. It took her a little longer—maybe an hour, watching the big, good-looking guy with the Oklahoma drawl play with their host's kids in the pool, splashing and being ducked, laughing, tireless. It was important to Lois—because she had a daughter of her own, born during a teenage marriage which was long since over. By the end of that afternoon they knew they wanted to see much, much more of each other.

"People ask me," Jim says now, "what Lois and I have in common. I don't know how to answer that question. Sometimes I don't think we have anything in common. We're complete opposites. All I know is that I feel good with her."

I feel good with her. . . .

Give it time

When he'd known her a week, he wanted to ask her to marry him. He was almost sure she wanted him to. But every time he came close to it, somehow she changed the subject, usually to talk about her daughter Kim, to show him a picture of the child—a miniature, with longer hair, of Lois herself. She would give him reports on Kim's progress—for the eight-year-old had just gone through a bout with polio and was recovering at her father's house, where she could have the all-day care that Lois, a receptionist, couldn't give her. She would talk about how long the time seemed with Kim not in the house. And all the time, she watched Jim with worried eyes. Finally she asked him to meet her daughter, and Jim suddenly realized the importance of this meeting.

When the visit was over he asked Lois to marry him.

In his arms she whispered, "I wanted you to meet Kim before you asked me. So that you'd see how nice she is—and you wouldn't mind too much being a—a stepfather."

For a moment Jim Garner stared at her. Then he said softly, "There's nothing—nothing you could give me that could make me happier—than a child to love. I had a stepmother, Lois. If I can be to Kim what she was to me—"

They were married two weeks later. Life had no greater gift.

Then he tested for *Maverick* and won the part. That was great. But when *Maverick* began making television history, when it toppled over the ratings of Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan and Jack Benny, when it made Jim Garner one of the most in-demand actors in Hollywood and upped his salary to $1500 a week—then it was unbelievable.

A baby of his own

And when Lois presented Jim with the new baby just in time for Christmas—he had no words for his joy. And with these blessings—came change.

"I think," Jim says of himself, "it's just that I'm not scared any more."

Oh, there are still some traces left of the old Jim Garner. He still finds it terrifying to do a live TV show. At the end of the Jerry Lewis *Telethon*, when for hours he helped collect money for muscular dystrophy, he staggered off stage, clutched a stage hand by the shoulder and begged, "Please—what did I say out there? My mind's gone blank!"

In other ways, too, there are traces left of the lonely, insecure child who decided there was nothing you could count on—not forever.

For instance, there isn't a stick of furniture in the Garner home that is bought on credit. If the money isn't in his pocket, Jim doesn't buy. They'll go on living in their apartment for a long, long time instead of buying the house they want, because Jim doesn't have near enough in the bank to buy a house outright. Most business people will tell you that no one in the world pays cash for a house—that it isn't a good idea even if you can do it. But it's no use telling that to Jim Garner. He contracts no debts to be paid off tomorrow. In his world, tomorrow might never come. And Lois, with deep understanding, waits patiently for this too to pass away, as other fears have gone. For these are very small things. . . .

Life is wonderful

. . . Jim Garner opened his eyes. It was New Year's Day, 1958. The frightened little boy was gone; the lonely young man was fast disappearing. He looked around him, and the attractive room was filled with things that were his. His books, his furniture, his wife—who had made them all so precious . . . who had given him two children to love.

He cleared his throat. "Lois—I've got to tell you—how much all this means to me. How much you—I mean—I never had anything like this before—" He stopped. The words wouldn't come out right.

Lois touched his mouth with her fingertips. "Ssshh," she whispered, "you don't have to tell me anything. I know. . . ."

END

Jim is in DARBY'S RANGERS *for Warners'*

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"THE LAST $50 IS THE HARDEST!"

■ Ask Bing Crosby about that little item and he'll just laugh and say that the easiest part of the whole thing was the last $50.

The *item* is the $750,000 Bing donated to his alma mater, GONZAGA UNIVERSITY, for a new school library. The last $50—well, this is how the story goes.

ACT I

Scene: A private airport.

Cast: Del Webb, co-owner of the New York Yankees.
Pilot of Del's private plane.

Time: Early morning, just before pilot is about to take off.

DEL: How would you like to make a fast $100?

PILOT: Would I!

DEL: Get Crosby into the plane.

PILOT: But—I thought Mr. Crosby won't get into a plane?

DEL: That's why it's worth an extra $100 to me—if you can do it . . .

FADE-OUT

ACT II

Scene: Bing Crosby's ranch.

Cast: Der Bingle.
The pilot.

Time: About a half hour after the plane landed.

PILOT: . . . and that's the whole story, Mr. Crosby. I could sure use that extra dough.

BING: Hmmm. $100 if you get me into the plane, huh? Okay!

(CROSBY STEPS INTO PLANE. . . . THEN IMMEDIATELY HOPS OUT AGAIN!)

BING: There! I got into the plane! Let's split the hundred!

Of course, knowing Bing, it's hard to be sure he really took half the hundred bucks. But, says Bing Crosby—shrugging away any questions about his gift of the most modern library for the education of the future leaders of America that any college can boast—"Getting the last fifty was the easiest part of the whole deal."

rock and roll

(*Continued from page 24*) He bent over his notes again. He knew what the guy was thinking. Pat Boone ought to be eating lunch at the STORK CLUB. What the heck was he doing smearing his face with bread and butter in a taxi? Pat shrugged cheerfully. *If he only knew. . . .*

The bell rang. All over the room, kids were piling books into brief cases, chattering, heading for the door. Pat heaved himself out of the chair and headed for the teacher's desk.

"Excuse me," he started, "about this afternoon. I—"

The Professor put down his pencil. "Mr. Boone," he said gently, "the semester is now fourteen weeks old. Every week, for fourteen weeks, you have gotten to class late. And every week, at the end of every class, you've come up to apologize. Mr. Boone, it's all right. Really it is. I understand."

Pat wiped his forehead with his hand. "Well—well, thanks. Thanks a lot. I mean—it's so ridiculous, my getting here late like this every time—but—just can't seem to make it. I come straight from rehearsal to here, and if it isn't something that went wrong, it's a photographer shouting, 'Just one more pose'—or something, and—"

"Mr. Boone," the Professor said, "I'd stop worrying about it if I were you. You're not the only man working your way through COLUMBIA, you know. You may be making a little more money than the rest, but they've all got the same problems. I assure you, we're all used to it." He smiled, friendly. "I should like to add—you have exactly three minutes to get to your next class. Also—" as Pat started for the door—"Also, Mr. Boone—you seem to have—ah—could it be mayonnaise on your chin?"

But Pat Boone was already out the door and down the hall.

A minute later, he was outside, racing across campus, late as usual. Everyone was always telling him he might have a sense of rhythm, but he sure had no sense of time. Coming late to class like this. Disgraceful. He never did it in the old days when he was going to school in Texas. Or anyway, not so much. He ought to be ashamed. He ought to learn to move faster. He ought to—

It's hard to be famous

Suddenly he slowed down, grinning a little. He could feel the tiny ripple of talk that followed him. At first when he started at COLUMBIA it embarrassed him something awful, sensing the way he did that kids would stop talking suddenly when he went by and then start up again, in that low buzz. At the beginning he was worried that they'd turn into a crowd of autograph hunters, dogging his steps, making it miserable for him to get from class to class—he even had nightmares of the Dean calling him into his study to say, "Er—Mr. Boone, you're creating a traffic hazard on campus. Now, if something can't be done about this, I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to leave." He shuddered at the thought. It wasn't that he was conceited—just that he did get mobbed everywhere else.

But by the end of the first week he knew he didn't have a thing to worry about. These were New York kids, blasé, sophisticated, accustomed to having celebrities in their backyards. Except for one or two who approached him timidly, red-faced, to say their kid sisters would kill them if they didn't get his signature. For them he had torn a sheet of notepaper out of his loose-leaf and scribbled his name, and that was the end of that. But still—



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the actress and the statesman



■ The man was a rising young political figure in England who was destined, one day, to hold the fate of nations in his hands. The girl was a young actress.

But, way back then, they were just a young boy and a young girl who suddenly found they were in love and wanted to share the rest of their lives only with each other.

So, one lovely spring evening, he held her in his arms and asked her to marry him and she whispered an ecstatic *yes.*

He told his family, and they decided it was all right to have an actress gracing their ancestral halls—after all, she *did* come from one of the most aristocratic of the stage families!—but, they asked the boy, would *she* be happy? Happy as the wife of a political figure whose life, whose *social* life as well as his nine-to-five life, would completely revolve around the dry functions and the dry talk that shape a country.

He loved her. Enough to want her to be happy with him, not just have her for his happiness. And so he thought of a way to find out if the life he would live could bring her happiness. Not a test; no, not a test of her. A proof, *for* her . . .

And a few days later he invited her to a party at his home. A small dinner party, he explained, without mentioning who the other guests would be.

The other guests were three of England's most prominent statesmen: Chamberlain, Lord George and Lord Roseberry. And of course, as is inevitable when four political figures get together, the talk was mostly about the current bills before the House and the latest decision of the King and how to out-maneuver that young upstart who was trying to pass a bill they didn't like at all. Oh, every once in a while, the men would suddenly remember the beautiful young girl with them, and try to keep on a subject that might interest *her.* But—well, you know how it is when four guys from the same company get together for an evening: the talk always leads back to what happened at the office!

By the end of the evening, both the lovely actress and the young man knew that their love would turn bitter—as he worried about her boredom and her restlessness, while she worried about whether or not some other woman might have *helped* his career, because some other woman would have been the *right* wife for him. They said good-bye. . . .

But you know their last moments together are still remembered—and the love they felt then—any time you happen to be around Ethel Barrymore when the subject of Winston Churchill happens to come up. And a kind of glow surrounds her, as she's suddenly carried back to the days of her first young love. . . .

Ethel Barrymore is in Warner's JOHNNY TROUBLE.

there was that little buzz that ran behind him. He stopped suddenly and turned around. Two girls, standing, staring, a couple of feet away turned scarlet and walked off fast. Pat's grin got broader. Funny that he got a kick out of it now. Maybe just because it proved they were all so nice—leaving him his privacy, not wanting to intrude.

He flopped into his seat in study hall just as the bell rang, and he settled down to a familiar dilemma. He had a whole fifty minutes to study—what? On the one hand, he had a quiz coming up in two days. On the other, they'd just rewritten half of Friday's script and he'd hardly even looked at it. Which was worth more—his A average and a good chance for a *Phi Beta Kappa* key when he graduated, or being sure he wouldn't fluff on Friday night? He remembered suddenly the nicest compliment he'd ever had: a Professor who told him outright, "Pat, I don't know how you make the grades you do, with the amount of work you have outside of school. I couldn't do it myself." *All right,* he told himself. *Let's see you live up to it.* He opened the attaché case and took out two text books and his script. He'd spend half an hour on studying and half an hour on the script. Five minutes later, he dug into his pocket and took out a candy bar, unwrapped it without taking his eyes off his book, and started eating. A minute after that a fellow from one of his classes moved into the seat next to him and asked what Thursday's lecture had been about. Pat hunted in his case, found his looseleaf book and passed his notes to the guy. He took pretty fair notes; not everything, but the high points—enough to make him remember the rest. A few seconds later a girl came in late and slid into a chair in front of Pat. He reached out a hand to help her with her coat, and then, since he'd lost his place anyhow, he got out his pipe and his tobacco pouch and smoked for a few minutes. When the bell rang he'd gotten halfway through the material for the exam and hadn't even touched the script. Well, he'd study tonight. He'd simply have to study tonight.

A firm resolve

No matter what little Cherry wanted to do, he'd have to study, that was all there was to it. And he probably could, too, now that he'd moved the doorknob on the study door up too high for his daughter's eager fingers. He was fine as long as she didn't get into the room. He could resist anyone *outside* a door. But once she got in—

Anyway, she couldn't reach the knob now. He'd study tonight.

He felt fine, getting to his next class two minutes before it began. Almost as soon as the instructor walked in, Pat's hand was in the air. There was a point from last week's lecture that he hadn't been sure about. He asked his question clearly, and as usual, no one even glanced at him in surprise. The kids were used to hearing the Boone voice asking things in class by now, roaring at a joke, answering a question. No shrinking violet, that Pat Boone. When he had something to say, he said it.

It was almost five when class broke up. There was a crowd at the elevator, so Pat didn't wait. He took the stairs down to the main floor two at a time. This was the night—*the* night—he had an hour and a half to get home to New Jersey, kiss his wife, eat dinner—and get back to school for two more classes. He found his car in a hurry—one of the guys from the TV studio brought it up to COLUMBIA and parked it for him—and he tossed his case in the back and took off for home.

Dinner was waiting for him. So was Shirley, with a kiss and a quick hug.

For twenty minutes he talked to Shirley, grinned at the kids, ate dinner, and unwound. Then suddenly dessert was over and Shirley was packing him back into his coat. He was kissing Cherry and Linda and the baby good-night—they'd be asleep when he got home—and he was off again to COLUMBIA, to classes and note taking, arriving breathless a minute late.

It was well after ten when he put his key into the lock again and opened the door. He hung up his coat while Shirley's sleepy voice called down the stairs, "Honey? I'm up here. You coming to bed?"

"Got to study a while, Sweetheart," he called back. "Don't wait up for me."

He went into the study, shut the door. The door sure did look peculiar now, with the knob up so high—but it would be a tremendous help to a guy who wanted to keep his A average. He sat down at the desk. The house was quiet. Perfect for studying. A little lonely, maybe—but he'd really get some work done.

He opened his book, bent over it, read carefully, turned the page. Suddenly his head went up. Were those by any chance footsteps, coming down the stairs? Pat waited. A second later the steps stopped—in front of the study door. He heard a tiny, startled: "Oh!" He heard a sound very much as if a puzzled little girl was standing on tiptoe, reaching for a moved doorknob and bumping down on her heels. Finally a whisper:

The play *Career* with Cliff Robertson opened at the Ivar Theater, and in the audience were Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Eva Marie Saint, Jeffrey Hayden, Biff Elliott, Jack Lemmon. All of these players, including Cliff Robertson, met and became friends while looking for acting jobs on Broadway; which is what the play is about.

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

"Daddy? Daddy?"

He resisted the urge to get up. "Cherry," he called softly, "I'm studying. Go back to bed, Honey."

"Daddy—" A little louder. A little rapping at the door. "Daddy—"

"Cherry, it's way past your bedtime. Now, go to bed."

A wail. A banging. "Daddy, I want in. I want in, Daddy. Daddy—"

Pat stood up. Sternly, he marched to the door. Briskly, he opened it. "Cherry, I told you—" and, as always, his heart melted. He stooped down suddenly and gathered the sleeper-clad little girl into his arms. He warmed her bare feet in his hand. "Come on, Baby, I'll take you back to bed."

He can't win

Cherry nestled down. "Will you sing to me?"

"Honey, I've got to study."

"Will you throw me in the air?"

He glanced back at his desk and gave up. "If you'll be very quiet so we don't wake up Mommy."

"Like a mouse," Cherry agreed. With the little bundle in his arms, Pat started up the stairs. It would be half an hour before he got back to his books, and he had to get to sleep *some* time. And a fat lot of good moving that doorknob was, he could see that, all right. Oh, well. Maybe tomorrow—

He grinned, going up the stairs. He knew perfectly well what tomorow would be like.



the "GRINGO" with Guts

■ In the Mexican town of Ojinaga a small group of aspiring matadors were making their first try-outs in the ring.

Up in the stands, an old Mexican—a veteran of countless fights—remarked to a friend, "See that blond fellow over there? The gringo? He's got guts."

The *gringo with guts* he was talking about was James Dean.

Jimmy had seen several bullfights in Tijuana and Mexicali and the excitement of the sport was in his blood.

That's why he had taken lessons with one of Mexico's best masters, and why he was so thrilled on this Sunday, the afternoon of his first formal fight.

Still, the professionals had some misgivings. "Are you sure you want to?"

"Heck, yes," replied Jimmy. "After all, I've seen bulls before, back on the farm."

"But these are fighting bulls."

"I'll risk it," was all that Jimmy said.

There was a breath-taking instant when the bull's horns were only a few inches away from Jimmy's chest; yet as the beast lunged, Jimmy made a *gaonera*, one of the most spectacular and difficult feats of capework even for a professional matador. The spectators shouted "*¡Olé!*" and that's top praise.

When the bullfight was over, the old Mexican gave Jimmy a word of advice. "Take it easy, boy. Don't fight in so close. Maybe later, but not now. There are plenty of Sundays to come."

But Jimmy continued to fight in close—for the next two Sundays.

On the third Sunday, though, Jimmy didn't show up for his practice.

That was the Sunday of September 30th.

That was the Sunday he was killed.

When the old Mexican heard that the gringo Jimmy was dead, he said, "I warned him to be careful with the bulls."

Of course, the Mexican didn't know that it hadn't been the bulls, but his Porsche racing car, that had killed James Dean. . . .

It would start early. Too early, when he'd had maybe—with luck—five and a half hours of sleep. Shirley, in housecoat and apron would lean over him and say, "Time to get up, honey. Pat—Pat? Time to get up—"

Sometimes she would get a view of one disbelieving eye, opened and closed again in short order by her husband. More often, he'd be very good about waking up—get himself all the way into a sitting position before falling asleep again. By breakfast he'd feel better—there'd be that blessed little calm moment of Cherry's Grace—and then there'd be Shirley, handing him his case with his notebooks and textbooks and music and scripts in it, kissing him good-bye at the door, and if her eyes were wistful, counting the few precious moments they had spent together yesterday, would spend together today, comparing them to the hours of talking and holding hands and just being together they used to have when Pat was making $44.50 a week—well, her smile would be cheerful and her good-bye wouldn't have a note of reproach in it. After all, they had decided a long time ago—and it was her idea, too—that no matter what else they had to give up, Pat would finish school. Maybe not get the M.A. and the Ph.D. he had wanted—but he'd get his bachelor's degree. For so many reasons. Because if this singing bit ever gave out, he would still be prepared to teach or preach, and earn a living.

The executive

So, on the way to knowledge, the car would clip over the George Washington Bridge and end up in a parking lot in Manhattan. Pat Boone, president of COOGA MOOGA PRODUCTIONS—that's the name of the company he formed to handle all the business concerning himself—dressed in white bucks, grey slacks, open shirt and sweater, would climb out and head for his office. The minute he walked in, a babble of voices would hit him.

"You're ten minutes late!"

"We're rewriting the intro. Look. It goes like this—"

"Hey, there's gonna be a reporter here in fifteen minutes to ask you—"

The president of COOGA MOOGA would dump his books and get to work. He'd sing his songs, read the script, talk to the guest star—and somewhere along the line, he'd disappear. Two minutes later the shout would go up:

"Where's Pat? Hey—"

"Somebody find Pat—"

They'd flush him out of his office. "Pat, gotta show you this new song. Come on—" Pat would sigh and put down his book. "Listen, fellas, I've got an exam this afternoon. Elementary Music—"

A burst of laughter. "Elementary Music? What're you taking *music* for? Of all the things you already know about—"

"Listen, that isn't so. You realize I can hardly even read music? You know I just found out in class last week what a fugue really is? You know what Bach said—"

"You know what the director's going to say if you don't get those lyrics memorized?"

A minute later, Elementary Music would be forgotten. And half an hour later, Pat would still be working on the song when the door opened.

When Joe E. Lewis entered Beth Israel Hospital for a jaw operation, he gave as his permanent address, "Belmont Park" . . .

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

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"you don't sing so good!"

■ The way he tells it, singin' cowboy Gene Autry got on a horse—then flew head over heels. And all because of a kitten!

Gene was driving his family to New York—he was on his way to star in the rodeo. They were making one stop-over at the Chicago home of Leslie Atlas, a friend of Gene's.

When the Autry wagon pulled up to his friend's home, half the town was out to welcome them. Fans—mostly the little ones—had on their Sunday-best cowboy suits or Indian outfits—and soon the shouts started. "C'mon, Gene, give us some tricks!" "Whoop it up, Gene!" "Go, Gene, Go!"

The Atlas household included a stable and a horse was brought around. In the excitement no one remembered a saddle or bridle though. So, Gene figured he'd ride bareback and give out with a *real* show.

He roped; he rode; he jumped; he bucked. He tricked it up, he whooped it up. The kids were *so* impressed, you could've heard a pin drop.

Then along came kitty. Nothing special about her. Just a little old cat meandering along for a constitutional. Oh, maybe looking for a little grub, but in no special hurry about it. Just meandering along.

The grass looked greener on the other side of the dusty road, so kitty decided to go have a look-see. The great Gene Autry was making his horse stand on its *front* legs, a particularly tough trick, but this little old cat didn't know from nothing, pardner. She gave a lazy yawn and set out across the road . . . two feet in front of the horse.

Being in the middle of his trick, Gene didn't see pussy. But Gene's horse sure did and this was one horse that didn't want no truck with no underfoot cat. no siree. The horse bucked. Gene went flying out like any green dude getting the heave-ho and landed a good fifteen feet away—landed hard, on the seat of his pants.

The crowd remained quiet, the shocked quiet of seeing the impossible. *Gene Autry thrown by a horse?*

But one small cowboy didn't mind letting this world know about it. His hopes and dreams had crashed with Gene Autry. He darted out and stood looking down at the grounded Gene, his hero, his hero who had let him down, in front of everybody. His big eyes were loaded with tears.

"Gee, Gene," he sobbed, "how could you let a plain ol' horse throw you? Just a plain horse?" Completely rejecting his former hero, he pointed an accusing finger at Gene. "*Ya know what?*" he shouted. "*You don't sing so good, neither!*"

"Hey, Pat—it's one-twenty-five."

Pat's jaw would drop, his eyes get a dazed look. "It can't be. I've got a class at one-twenty! And I haven't even had any lunch!"

A hand would reach out with a brown paper bag in it. "Here's your lunch. Swiss and ham on rye, milk, coffee. You can eat it in the cab."

Pat, grabbing frantically for coat and books: "In the—?"

"Len's outside getting the cab. Just grab this and get in. Someone'll bring your car up to COLUMBIA this afternoon. You going home for dinner tonight?"

"No—no—can't—I'll grab a candy bar at school."

Looking after Pat

"Never mind the candy bar. You go into CHOCK FULL O' NUTS and eat a good supper like Shirley told you to, hear? Don't let yourself get run down. It shows in your voice when you're tired."

"Yeah," Pat would say, already buzzing frantically for the elevator. "Sure. 'Bye, now."

Twenty minutes later, the cab would pull up in front of COLUMBIA on Broadway and 116th Street, stopping with a jerk, spilling the remains of a container of milk on Pat's bucks. He'd shove the end of his sandwich and the piece of wax paper he used as a tablecloth into the bag as he had done so often, and dig into his pockets for a couple of bills for the driver. "Here," he'd say hastily. "Keep the change. And listen—would you throw this away for me the next time you pass a wastebasket? Thanks. And—hey—there's a whole container of coffee back here—I didn't touch it. It's hot—have it."

The cab driver would blink. "Finish it, buddy. I'm in no hurry. Sit down and—"

"I can't. Here—drink it while it's hot."

The cab driver would sit, holding the hot coffee, thinking, *I wonder if I shoulda mentioned he's got bread crumbs on his face. . . .*

And another school day would begin for Pat Boone. **END**

You can see Pat in 20th Century-Fox's APRIL LOVE.

he's available

(*Continued from page 47*) night, apologize for being a killjoy but explain that I have to get up early the next morning. I know that I'm the delight of all the mothers, but I'm not so sure the girls like it!"

At this point we are forced to interrupt David's narrative to tell all of you females who may not already be aware of the fact: David Nelson is being extremely modest when it comes to his estimation of his impact on the opposite sex!

No time for romance

"I'll let you in on a secret," David continues. "Off screen my love life isn't exactly what I'd call exciting. The main reason is that at the moment I'm working pretty steadily and I don't have too much time for romance. But it doesn't worry me—I'm never too busy to look—I always appreciate a pretty girl! When I started college at USC and joined a fraternity I attended the usual campus parties and dated some sorority girls, but there was nothing steady about it. In fact, I really don't believe in steady dating, although I did go steady twice, when I was in high school. But I feel that going with one girl ties you down too much. I think it's okay to see one girl more than others provided you have an understanding that if either of you meet someone you'd like to date, there are no strings attached. If you have a relationship like this it actually makes for less problems. Usually if you know you're free to date other girls you don't want to. I think that seeing one girl and being made to feel guilty if you even look at another female is just not right. There's time enough for that once you get married. Right now I am dating one girl more than any others. Her name is Nancy and she goes to Junior College.

"But we aren't going steady."

What kind of boy is this David Nelson? What is he really like—and how did he get that way?

David talks about himself honestly, pokes fun at himself and discusses the past twenty-one years without the slightest trace of self-importance.

"I was born in New York on October 24, 1936. I guess you could say I was born in a trunk. That's such a corny phrase these days, but I do qualify. At the time of my arrival, Mom and Pop were playing an engagement at the LEXINGTON HOTEL in New York and doing a radio show from there. By the time I was three, I'd traveled in every state in the union with Pop's band, when they were doing vaudeville and one nighters.

"By the time I was five, we were living in a house in Hollywood and my folks were busy starring on radio. Nothing much unusual happened to me as a kid. I never felt I was anything special. My folks came home every night and we were together as much as any kids and parents are.

"When I was nine, Pop and Mom went on the air with the *Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. I used to listen to the show every week; at first I thought it was kind of hokey. The boy who played Ricky was really funny. He was supposed to be four, but he had a deep bass voice! When I was twelve, and Rick was still real small, we stepped in and took over the roles of ourselves. It was fun, but nothing unusual.

Owes everything to Pop

"Today people say I'm real natural on the screen. If that's so, I can tell you that everything I am as an actor I owe to my Father. He never let us get actorish. We were always expected to be ourselves, to be natural. The folks never stood for any foolishness from us.

"Pop's got very definite ideas about certain things. One of them is that he can't stand people in show business who act real affected—especially kids. When we made our full length film *Here Come the Nelsons*, Dad did the casting. We had to have a group of little boys for the picture, so Dad had a mass audition on the set. A whole bunch of kids came to try out. Dad took one look and shuddered. Most of them had real long hair and some of them even had phony accents. Dad just very patiently explained that he wasn't looking for any juvenile Barrymores; then he practically set up a barber shop right on the sound stage. He announced that any boy who wanted to be in the picture had to have his hair cut. You never saw so many curls on one floor in your life!

In a recent Esquire, Ava Gardner described one of her honeymoons: "MGM sent a press agent along on the honeymoon. When you came down to breakfast, he was there. When you had your dinner, he was there. When you went to sleep, he was darn near there."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post



RICHARD EGAN and the Jesuit Priest

■ Today Richard Egan sees his name in lights on theatre marquees, and fans run after him and crowd around him.

In moments like these, when success seems so intoxicating, Richard smiles quietly and thinks of a man who is far from the shouts of the crowds; a strong, quiet man in black robes who seeks only the glory of God, but who helped make all of Richard's worldly glory possible when they sat on a hilltop one sunny afternoon five years ago.

The two men sat on a green hilltop outside of San Francisco, looking down at the THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE in the town below. They were both husky and handsome, with penetrating blue eyes and rugged faces, but then the resemblance ended. The younger man, Richard Egan, wore slacks and sweater; the other wore the black cassock of the priest.

The younger man was saying, "Ever since I've gotten out of the Army I've wanted to be an actor. I don't know why—no one in the family's ever acted. But I have a chance to get an appointment as a teacher, with steady pay and no struggles. The job's waiting for me. Am I crazy to try to be an actor? Everybody says I haven't a chance. And I guess that they're right. . . .

"I don't know what to do," he continued. "What do you say? Do you think I'm crazy to give up the teaching job—and beat my brains out to become an actor? Tell me what to do."

The priest looked straight ahead thoughtfully, then turned to Richard.

"I think," said the young priest, "that you should try to become an actor. I received the call to do what I am doing. There are other kinds of calls besides the one that came to me. Surely, God puts in our minds and hearts the desires we should have, to fulfill our lives.

"I was grateful when I got the call. You have received your call, too. Follow it up."

The priest made an appointment that day for the young man to confer with the dramatic instructor at the State College, and then sent him off to Hollywood with his blessings to try to break into motion pictures.

He became Richard Egan, movie star; the person who guided him along the worldly road to stardom was his brother, a Jesuit priest, Father Willis.

Watch for Richard Egan in U-I's VOICE IN THE MIRROR.

"Since I've always gone to public school, I'm usually asked if I was treated differently than the other kids. Not really. One of the main reasons, I suppose, is that when I went to HOLLYWOOD HIGH there were some other professional kids going there at the same time, so I wasn't too much of a novelty.

"But since my folks were well-known and since I was on the show, some kids on campus did have an automatic chip on their shoulders. They just assumed I'd be a snob. I really tried extra hard to be nice, so they'd see I wasn't snobby. Any rough times I had came mostly because of athletics. Not at my own school, but when I was pitcher of the baseball team and we'd go to other schools to play games. Sometimes I'd get a bit of razzing from the stands.

"Getting along with people hasn't been one of my major problems, mainly because I've always been taught to just be myself around others. Some of the best advice my Pop ever gave me was a long time ago. He told me to always say *yes, sir* and *yes, ma'am* to people. I think it was good advice. A lot of kids don't have enough respect for their elders.

"You know, to change the subject from me—to me, I still can't get over what's happened since I was bitten by the acting bug. It's opened up a whole new world. A couple of summers ago it just hit me, all of a sudden. First I thought I'd like to do westerns, mostly because they're shot outdoors and usually away on location; the idea of leaving town to make a picture appealed to me. Besides, I visualized myself playing a tough gunfighter—the complete opposite from anything I've ever done. Dad and I read a few scripts, but nothing seemed right. Incidentally, I rely on Dad heavily for his opinion on things like this. He's pretty uncanny when it comes to judging a script. When Fox sent us *Peyton Place* Pop was as excited as I was. Don't ask me to describe my role though, because I'd have to say that I'm playing a sort of David Nelson character! More or less the same type of thing I've been doing on TV, with a big exception: I get to kiss the girl!

"On TV I never get to kiss anybody!

First day on the set

"My first day on set, I really was scared. I'd never met Hope Lange. I knew she was married to Don Murray and everything, but I felt funny just kissing her without any time out for preliminaries. Besides, it was not only my first day, but my first big love scene and my first screen kiss. I didn't get introduced to Hope until twenty minutes before we started rehearsing the kiss. But it didn't really turn out to be too difficult—I just played it *naturally*!

"The day we finally shot the scene, a buddy of mine was visiting on set. Boy, did I get the business from him. We've been friends for a long time; in fact, when we were in the sixth grade we were rivals for the same pig-tailed girl. He reminded me that my technique has changed since then.

"It must have, because instead of fighting over our grammar school sweetheart, we decided to give up women and take up sandlot baseball.

"But I was a very young boy at the time!

"You know," David explains, as if its something that he's done a lot of thinking about, "I'm always being told that I'm lucky; that I've probably never had any worries and that it must be nice to breeze through life without any problems. I don't bother arguing about it. But, frankly, who doesn't have problems? I had a big one a while ago. I wanted to quit school. I didn't see how going to college



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DINAH SHORE: HOW TO KEEP YOUR HUSBAND HAPPY



■ What makes for the happiness of a husband? Making him know that he comes *first*, says Dinah Shore.

Take the little matter of early rising. Dinah used to like nothing better than to sleep late and allow herself the luxury of breakfast in bed. But when she fell in love with George, who was a rancher used to getting up at the crack of dawn, she knew there would have to be some changes made. So, she schooled herself to get up at 7:30—and found that watching the sun rise with the man of your dreams can be very wonderful.

"I remember the time when, as a new bride most anxious to please George and impress his ranch-hands. I got up at dawn to cook a steak breakfast for them all," Dinah laughs. "I'm a pretty good cook, but George's wood-burning stove was something else again! The steaks burned to leather. George laughed and was so sweet that I'll never forget it if I live to be a little old lady of a hundred.

"When you make some small sacrifice to show the guy you love how important he is to you, you usually get repaid tenfold. These things make a marriage strong."

To keep their marriage bright and beautiful, Dinah often runs off with George and the children to their home at Palm Springs to enjoy sun and fun and each other. George doesn't like crowds or cities for very long. He's happiest in the wide open spaces and Dinah's happiness lies in being with *him*.

And at home, when her TV show is over, Dinah becomes Mrs. George Montgomery as soon as she walks through the door. No career worries will she let into her life as wife and mother.

Incidentally, it was Dinah who encouraged her actor-husband to go into a second career—furniture manufacturing. "It was self-protection," she laughs. "He used to build beautiful furniture for our home. I couldn't stand those wide empty spaces every time one of our friends talked us into parting with something else because *George can make another.*"

Does Dinah offer George her feminine intuition and wifely counsel in his work? Yes, when they are needed and sought. But in her own career, she seeks his opinion and criticism in everything she does. She tells him and the world, "I'm impulsive and lose sight of the whole. But George sees things in their right perspective; his advice is so valuable."

Dinah works at her marriage—because her husband is the most important thing in her life. "And he *knows* it!"

George is in Warners' BLACK PATCH *and U.A.'s* STREET OF SINNERS. *He'll be finishing* TOUGHEST GUN IN TOMBSTONE *for U.A. soon.*

was helping me. I wanted to be an actor and I felt I needed more time to concentrate on acting without the outside work of going to school.

"I discussed it with Pop, but he didn't see things my way! So I cut all my classes and I flunked out. My family was not pleased!

"When I woke up and realized what I'd done, I tried to make up for it. I went to night school and continued making up my grades by going to school over the summer. The following semester at junior college I made a B-plus average and was able to get back into USC.

My real luck

"As I said, people just keep telling Ricky and me how lucky we are and they couldn't be more right.

"But our luck is the kind of parents we have, and not the fact that they're well-known!

"Even when it came to our decision to get into show business, the folks never pushed us one way or the other. They neither encouraged nor discouraged us. They just let us make up our own minds. The folks have never allowed the show to interfere with the outside interests that Rick and I had. Even when it came to my playing football. Pop never said, 'Don't go out for sports, they're too time consuming and besides you might get roughed up and bruises don't photograph well.' Nope. But am I glad, now, that nothing ever happened that might have kept me from being in *Peyton Place*!"

Watching David on the set, it's easy to understand why he feels that way.

Terry Moore, Russ Tamblyn and Barry Coe are among the younger set that worked in the picture with David. Between takes there were plenty of laughs, plenty of fun.

An entire town had been constructed on the lot. It was 92° in the shade, but on the set the town of Peyton Place was a winter wonderland. The streets were icy, the trees brown and bare, and the entire company was dressed in heavy woolen overcoats and mufflers.

When the scene was over and the director called "*Cut*!"—in a matter of minutes, the girls in the company shed their coats and revealed nothing but bathing suits underneath, and the men stripped to the waist and tanned themselves in the sun. Snowballs flew all around, landing outside of the camera's range on brilliant green grass.

Then there was the day Russ gave Barry a hot foot and told him that Terry had done it. Barry, seeking revenge, put a gob of ice down Terry's coat and she in turn thought it was David and tried to think of a way to get even. "And she did, too," David laughed. "The day after the ice episode I had to do some off-camera lines. Just before I had to say my lines, Terry came up to me and put a big spoonful of chocolate ice cream in my mouth. I broke up completely and when the director, Mr. Robson, called "*Action*!" all I could do was laugh. He was not pleased!

Fun . . . and work

"Really though," this serious young guy adds, "I hope I'm not giving the impression that we do nothing but cut up on the set. On the contrary, everyone is so busy learning their lines, rehearsing and worrying about their own scenes that there just isn't too much time for any fooling around. It's just every once in a while we let down a bit, and ease the tensions enough so you can go on working at high pitch."

"*David Nelson*," a voice boomed through a megaphone, "*you're in this next shot.*"

And off he walked, back to work . . . a boy well on the way toward becoming one of Hollywood's brightest stars.

A boy with the manners of a gentleman, which he is—and the virility of an all-around athlete, which he is.

A boy whom any girl would be glad to vote the *ideal date for '58*—because first and foremost, regardless of any personal triumphs that may come his way in the future, David Nelson has already scored one major success. He has learned to live his life with the understanding—and respect for others—that makes for a fine human being.

. . . And he's available! END

David is appearing in PEYTON PLACE *for 20th Century-Fox.*

hollywood's shameful story

(*Continued from page 26*) support and another little one on the way. Debbie has stated time and again, with characteristic spunk, "There's no reason for me to give up my acting career. I've worked too long and too hard for it." And from these two simple facts—a guy wanting to do well at his job and a girl wanting to keep the success she's struggled for—sprang the terrible rumors that have plagued Eddie and that have wounded Debbie. And that have hurt the many people who love them. Rumors that cannot be completely silenced, *because they're at least partly true.*

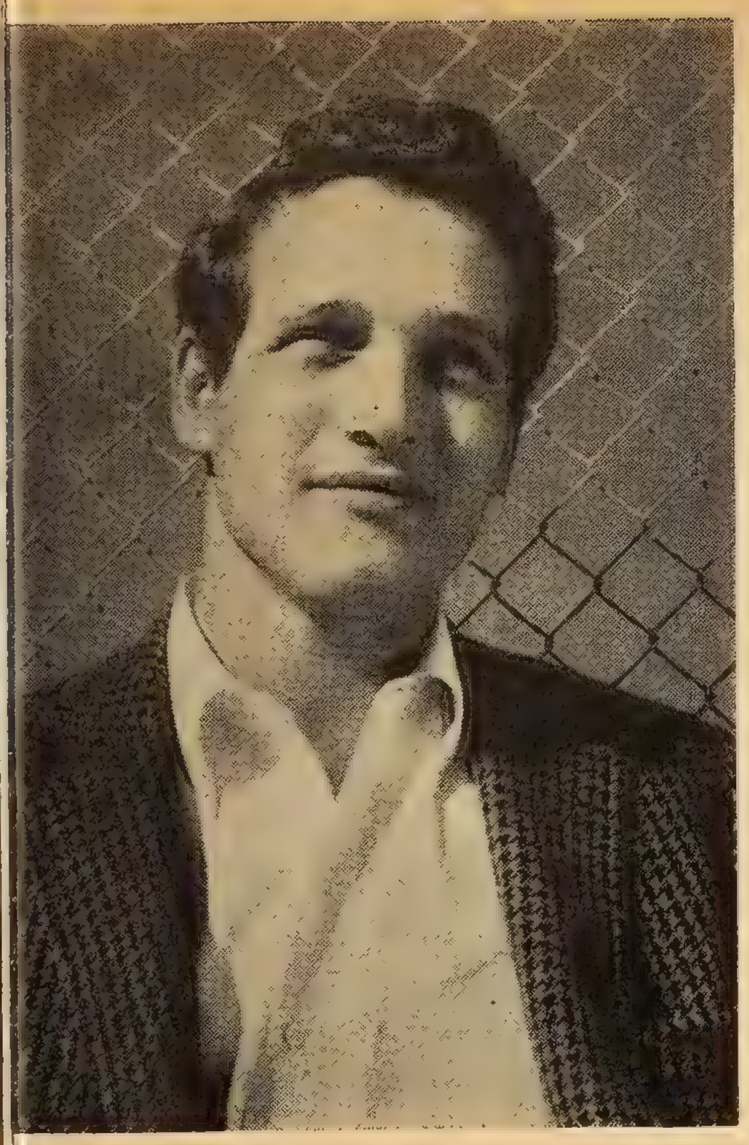
A whisper at a studio commissary: "Eddie hasn't had a hit record in two years and suddenly Debbie blossoms out with *Tammy* . . . Number one on the hit parade. I hear Eddie's burning."

An off-hand remark backstage at the George Gobel show: "Can you figure those record fans of Eddie's? Everybody *predicted* that his marriage to Debby would put a distance between him and his fans. And it happened! Since his marriage they've been staying away in droves. No wonder that marriage is heading for the Hollywood rocks."

And a helpful item in a Hollywood column: DEBBY AND EDDIE FISHER ARE TAKING A NEW HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. THAT MAKES THE THIRD. THIS YOUNG COUPLE CAN'T SEEM TO AGREE ON A HOUSE TO LIVE IN . . . OR ON ANYTHING ELSE, FOR THAT MATTER.

In the MGM make-up department: "She can't stand his friends. . . . I hear she won't even let Eddie have a poker game at home with his buddies."

This is the shameful climate in which the sensitive plant of their young marriage has had to grow. And, unless something is done to change that climate—and fast—



"DON'T" said PAUL NEWMAN

Paul Newman picked up the phone, dialed a number, and said just one word. "Don't!"

That started the wheels rolling. A few days later, it was over. But to start from the beginning . . .

The beginning was the first day that Paul Newman and Ann Blyth started working on *Both Ends Of The Candle.* Day after day and week after week, Paul and Ann lost themselves more and more in the tragic story of the fabulously talented singer Helen Morgan, whose addiction to alcohol sank her to the deepest despair and unhappiness. Week after week, Paul watched Ann enact another life. Paul watched Ann *live* another life. And Paul lived the role of the man who loved her so very much.

And then it was just two days before the end of the film, and Paul knew what he wanted to do—what he had to do . . . but *how* to do it? That was what Paul could not figure out; that was what he kept trying to think of—just the right way, just the right word. Until suddenly, like that unexpected flash, it came to him. . . . So he picked up the phone, dialed the number of the gift shop and said to the manager— "You know those sterling silver 'shot' glasses I ordered? Engrave them with just the word *Don't!*"

That would be a cute gag for his last-day-of-shooting gift to his leading lady!

Paul can soon be seen in MGM's Until They Sail. *Watch for him in Warner Bros.'* The Left Handed Gun *and in 20th's* The Long Hot Summer.

the plant may die. In the past six months there has been scene after scene that show how far apart two young people in love can be driven.

Too many jokers

One day recently, during a rehearsal of the TV show which Eddie does every second week, alternating with George Gobel, Debby stopped by to visit. Eddie greeted her with a kiss and then turned back to the arranger to finish a discussion they'd been having. From somewhere in the studio a voice sang out: "Ta—mmy . . . Ta—mmy," followed by snickers.

And later, over a private cup of coffee with a friend, Eddie confided, "Every time I hear that song, it's as if someone poured salt into an open wound."

The friend nodded sympathetically. "I know how it is, Eddie."

"No you don't," Eddie said. "Everybody's wrong. They think I'm upset because Debby has a hit record. It isn't that at all. What bothers me is that she makes records *at all.*"

This kind of remark from Eddie would have been unthinkable a couple of years ago, just after their marriage, when his career was riding high. He had just married the girl of his dreams, and the present and future looked like one long path of roses.

This is a sad sample of what the pressures of being a 'property'—the show business term for a money-making per-

When Tony Curtis appeared in St. Louis a teenage girl tried to enter the room where he was being interviewed on radio. She explained that she'd walked twelve miles just to see Curtis and ask him a question. Curtis' press agent heard her story and got her in to see the movie star. She told the radio audience how she'd walked twelve miles just for this meeting. "Go ahead now," Curtis said to her, "ask me the question you were so anxious to ask" . . . The girl asked the question: "Do you know Tab Hunter?"

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

former—and being married to a 'property,' can do to people. Of course some friends have read other meanings into a remark like that. They say that Eddie has asked Debbie, time and again, to give up her career; to be his wife and the mother of his children, exclusively. To devote herself to making a home for him.

Although deep inside Debby knows that her real achievement as a woman lies in her children, and her love for her husband, she doesn't express this. What her close friends hear is her resentment at missing out on the plum assignment of the daughter to Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall, in *The Reluctant Debutante.*

Why didn't she get the part? Simply because she's pregnant.

Eddie at home

All America looked up to them as a shining example, and career problems like this are bringing them to the brink of tragedy.

Eddie has shown signs of being happier away from his home than in it with his family. And here, the shame and responsibility belongs on the shoulders of the men around Eddie . . . the men who handle his professional life . . . who are used to making him laugh when he feels low . . . tell him he's done well when he's worried about a song going over. . . .

But these are the jobs a wife takes on when she marries a man she loves. And just after they married the rumor ran the

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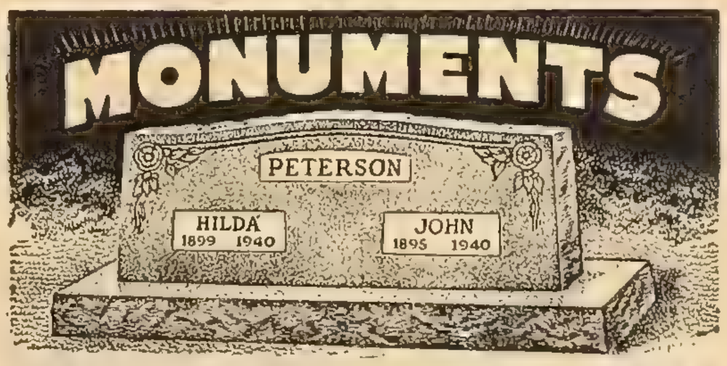


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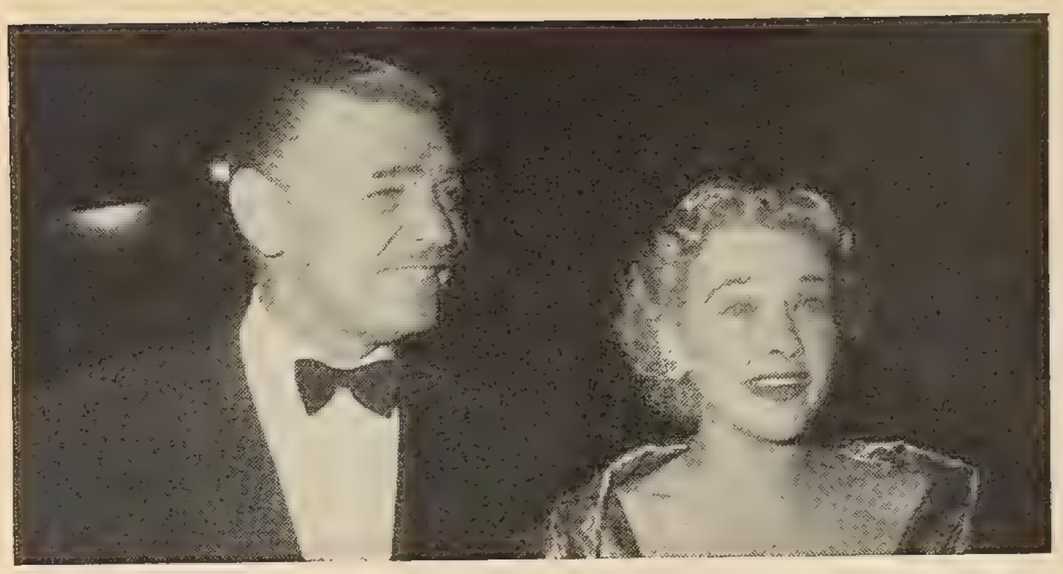
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VALENTINE FOR CLARK— FROM KAY

■ It was like any other day February 14th on the *Band of Angels* set at WARNERS. Until Clark Gable was called off the set between takes. That's when it became Valentine's Day.

Because waiting for him in his dressing room was his own, special valentine.

It was a keg. Beautifully varnished, about five-gallon size, little red felt hearts all over it and a white thumb tack pinning a large, lacey valentine to the center of the keg.

"It's from Kay," grinned Gable, "she made it. Look—" It was filled to the top with golden yellow popcorn!

Asked what the valentine said, Clark handed it around: *Hamish, I love you, darling. Mrs. G.*

Hamish is the name of the character Gable plays in *Band Of Angels.* But Kay had written it this way: Ham-ish! The tag on the gag is that Kay always makes popcorn for the cast of a Gable picture. And by the time Gable got around to his keg, the whole five gallons had disappeared. As somebody remarked, "You can drink an awful lot of beer with that much popcorn."

Clark Gable doesn't drink beer. But he didn't need that keg of popcorn anyway. Hamish, Ham-ish, it was the same difference. The valentine was in his heart, and he looked like a mighty happy king.

Clark is appearing in Warners' BAND OF ANGELS, *and will soon be seen in Paramount's* TEACHER'S PET *and U.A.'s* RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP.

rounds that Debbie was 'cleaning house.' Taking all the hangers-on that any successful singer gathers in the course of his career, and putting them in their place . . . which is, Debbie feels, in the office or studio; not in her home.

And from Eddie: rebellion!

One night, not long ago, Eddie had a bunch of his buddies over to the house for a poker game. By two in the morning the house was full of smoke, the clank of poker chips and the clutter of sandwiches and coke bottles.

Suddenly Debbie appeared, wearing a robe, her hair rumpled from sleep. She stood there for a full minute, obviously deciding just how angry to be. Then, mustering her famous sense of humor she grinned and said, "Our baby says that since you won't let her sleep . . . can she deal?"

The laughter broke the tension and the game resumed. It broke the tension for everyone except Eddie, that is. He stared moodily at his cards without a smile. The following week, after a serious quarrel, Eddie took off swiftly for 'a series of appearances.'

That time in Vegas

On the night plane to Las Vegas, flying towards the gray-black horizon, Eddie felt the sudden stirrings of pain in his chest and stomach. The old stomach trouble which had plagued him wasn't licked, apparently. It was no wonder, the way things had been going lately. Eddie lit a cigarette, and puffed gloomily, wondering . . . *where does it go wrong . . . how does a bright, sunlit road suddenly grow so dark you can hardly see your way . . . how does that wonderful oneness made up of Debbie, Carrie and me, suddenly become a lonely threeness . . .*

The plane's loudspeaker announced, "Las Vegas . . . Las Vegas in ten minutes . . . we are now passing over . . ." but Eddie didn't hear the pilot's droning voice. He was thinking how grateful he was that there would be no stories in the papers about his sudden flight from home, no resulting gossip. The arrangement one of his friends had suggested was a good one. When one of their more-and-more-frequent quarrels erupted, his manager called a night club and booked Eddie for a previously-unscheduled appearance . . . to start immediately . . . and nobody knew.

He hated to leave her when she was pregnant, but sometimes . . . *I wonder if she's all right,* he thought . . . *and the baby.* . . . Eddie melted when he thought about Carrie. Only the other day, the day before their quarrel, Debbie had spent hours picking just the right shade of hair ribbon for Carrie. *She was really a marviously-unscheduled appearance . . . to way.* Eddie settled back in his chair, and tried to get some sleep, thinking: *We're really lucky in so many ways . . . We ought to be ashamed of not remembering that always . . . we ought to be ashamed . . . I'll call her as soon as we land . . . just to see how she is.* . . .

Debbie lay sleepless in her bed, smelling the jasmine that becomes so fragrant at night in Beverly Hills. . . .

What we were once

How people change, she was thinking. She remembered herself before marriage . . . the bright young laugh-and-dance girl who liked nothing better than a gay party or a big dinner gathering at some charming restaurant. . . . And Eddie. . . . She remembered him as he'd been when she first met him . . . kind of shy . . . sitting for hours over a cup of coffee, just the two of them . . . talking about everything under the sun . . . especially of the home they'd have someday. . . .

But people change. She herself had changed. Maybe it was loving Eddie. Or maybe the baby coming. But suddenly parties were a lot less important than a nice house in which to live, and turning in early was fun when your husband and your child were near you. . . .

But Eddie changed too. Suddenly just the two of them being together seemed impossible. There was always a bunch of men around. Business advisors, song pluggers. TV people. And when she objected, well, Eddie wasn't as understanding as he used to be. He was tense about the way his career was going. He began to spend more and more time away from home. . . .

It was natural, Debbie thought defensively, that she should begin to regret the pictures she'd missed out on. If a home wasn't really going to be a home, then why bother. *Yes,* Debbie thought, *we've both changed . . . but I wonder if we can ever change back.* . . .

The phone shrilled. Debbie reached for it, wondering who could be calling at that hour.

* * *

Thus, the wasteful story of two young people allowing a bright dream to be darkened. In Hollywood, a place where shame has eaten into the lives of so many people, the history of Debbie and Eddie gambling with their lives and the happiness of their children, is the most shameful story of all.

Perhaps this year . . .

As the new year gets under way; as the birth of Carrie Frances' little brother or sister approaches, a silent plea is rising from the hearts of all those who have loved Debbie and Eddie: a plea for them to forget the brightly colored bubble of careers; to realize that they are not *'properties'* manufactured to make millions of dollars for themselves and those around them—but two young human beings for whom love was once the answer to everything. Young people who should be themselves, not celluloid images of success and money.

All over America there are youngsters who have been married a couple of years or so; who have a kid or one on the way or both. In their daily lives the husband may have job troubles; the wife may have misunderstandings. But most of them have learned something Debbie and Eddie must learn: that trouble can push people apart or it can bring them closer together than ever before.

Hollywood is full of successful singers living in big houses in Beverly Hills . . . *alone.* Visiting their children on Sundays. And it's full of successful actresses sitting by the pool alone, wondering why the day seems so long and afraid that the night will seem even longer. . . .

According to all the signs, it's now or never, for Debbie and Eddie. Unless that change we're praying for happens deep inside them, they are dangerously close to a final break. We hope they have not passed the point of no return.

Because we believe, as most people do, that there is no shame that cannot be wiped out by love. We believe that the story of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher can have a happy ending. . . .

If they'll try!

END

Debbie is scheduled to make THE BOY FRIEND *for MGM and* THIS HAPPY FEELING *for U-I.*



HEDY LAMARR goes back to school

It was rather a delicate moment. But, agreed the director and the producer and n all probability the writer and the studio ead and a few other people, Hedy Lamarr ust had to be told.

The next big question was—who was oing to tell her?

Then came some more conferences. In act, if such big and important people adn't been involved, you might have alled them passing-the-buck conferences.

And finally it was decided that, naturally, he one with the most tact should do it, hould tell Hedy.

So in a quiet moment, she was approached.

And there were the long explanations bout what an important picture it was. nd how nobody was worried—not at all orried!—about what kind of a performnce Hedy would turn in.

But there was one minor matter. . . .

And that was her accent—

"Accent!" Hedy screamed in her quiet, ell-modulated, husky, sexy voice. "Accent! here isn't a trace of my Viennese accent!" xclaimed the Austrian beauty.

And then the bombshell came.

"Not your *Austrian* accent," she was ld. "But that Texas accent!"

Seems in her five years of living deep the heart of Texas with Texan husband oward Lee—Hedy had acquired such a road Texas brogue that the studio wanted r to take *speech* lessons!

Hedy will soon be on screen in U-I's HE FEMALE ANIMAL.

hayworth-hill romance

(*Continued from page 49*) But let's go back to how they met.

Our Private-File cards read:

Bob Schiffer—he's not the usual press agent, but a public relations counsel for Hecht-Hill-Lancaster—asked Jim how he'd like to have dinner with Rita Hayworth. The Schiffers are old friends of Hill *and* Rita.

Hill said that he wouldn't mind, but warned Schiffer—who had been trying to get Jim married for the last six years—"If you think you're going to get me to be a party to some match-making scheme you have up your sleeve, you're mistaken."

"When I hung up," Bob said, "I chuckled to myself a little because it was exactly what I *was* planning.

"Mrs. Schiffer and I drove over to Jim's house, picked him up and went to Rita's home. There we had a couple of drinks and talked a while. Rita wasn't too interested in Jim, although she was a very gracious hostess. Jim, perhaps a little wary of whatever plan I might have, didn't go over-board for Rita. About an hour later we went to my place for dinner.

"Well, as we were drinking coffee Jim said to me, 'We're having trouble with a couple of scenes in the script and it's going to take a lot of work to straighten them out.' Jim was referring to a story HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER wanted to buy.

"For the first time that evening, Rita perked up with a real expression of interest and said, 'You mean the scene where the wife tries to show the husband that he doesn't understand her as a woman?'

Don't feel sorry for yourself if you didn't get invited to Mike Todd's party. Think of the guy who has to do the dishes. *Robert Sylvester in the Daily News*

"Now it was Jim's turn to look surprised. He gave Rita that long intense gaze he has for people who interest him and said, almost smiling, 'That's exactly what we're worrying about. But I didn't think actresses ever worried about the quality of stories.'

"Rita said, 'Actresses play the parts. It's their responsibility to try to understand people.'

"Rita and Jim sat with their heads together for the next two hours discussing the pros and cons not only of the scene that started them off, but on others.

"Before the evening was over they were acting like two long-lost buddies who had just found each other.

"One morning, four days later, Jim came into the office and said, 'I had dinner with your favorite girl last night. She's not only beautiful, she's smart.'"

That's how it all started.

* * *

On dates Jim and Rita studiously avoid night clubs, large parties, etc. Prefer small dinner parties with a few friends.

"This is a time in our lives," said Jim, "that is pretty important to both of us. It's nice knowing that people are hoping for our happiness, but people, however good their intentions, can interfere. To put it bluntly, I have been courting the woman I love with the serious intention of asking her to become my wife. Show me a man who wants people around him at a time like that."

* * *

Hill was born in Jeffersonville, Indiana, the son of a lawyer. As a boy he was strictly the athletic type and although he

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Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

was known in the neighborhood as "that wild Hill kid," his behavior would be more aptly described as dashing. He excelled in baseball, basketball and track.

Jayne Mansfield told me as she wafted off to Europe that the Las Vegas Tropicana wants to build a show around her build in November. "They'll produce the show, and I'll just produce me," she gasped breathlessly. *Earl Wilson in the New York Post*

In high school, despite the fact that he was still regarded as an athlete, and "a student who just wouldn't calm down," a serious facet of his personality began to develop. When Jim left high school he went to the UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON. He took a two year pre-med course, wanted to be a doctor. It was there that "for some reason which I cannot explain," Jim borrowed a fellow student's typewriter and wrote a short story for the university magazine.

Hill's story won the $25 prize, and he left college, went to New York and became a page boy at NBC.

He used to borrow radio scripts from the network files and study them at night. Six months later he turned in his first script, a *who-dun-it* for a detective series and was so pleased with the check he received that he decided to write as a freelancer for radio. In 1950 he collaborated on a script for Burt Lancaster called *His Majesty O'Keefe.*

Lancaster, impressed with Jim, told him, "If I ever get a production company of my own you're the guy who will pick my stories and supervise scripts."

Hill's drive and ambition paid off. Last year he was made a full partner in the production company now known as HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER PRODUCTIONS.

Jim's first big production was *Trapeze.*

Separate Tables, one of last year's most successful plays, is currently Hill's production baby.

* * *

At first meeting Hill reminds you of a movie star.

He's six foot, blue eyes, sandy ("not blonde, but not brown") hair, 175 pounds, well distributed. Women say he's handsome. He has a dimple in his left cheek.

Asked what impressed her about Hill the most, Rita replied, "He's got a wonderful recklessness about him that holds all day and all evening. No matter how good I feel before I meet him, I feel better when I'm with him. I love him and I'm so glad he loves me."

In March of '57, Hollywood buzzed for a while with romance rumors that circulated about Rita and Jim.

At that time, when asked if there were any romantic possibilities in the future, Rita replied:

"He is a wonderful man and I confess I enjoy his company. But right now I don't have time for love. I just want to work hard and have everybody pleased with me."

* * *

One thing that had been bothering Rita has never been discussed before. When she came back to Hollywood early in '57 to make *Pal Joey* for Harry Cohn at COLUMBIA it was no secret that it would be her last for the Great Man.

As the completion of *Pal Joey* drew near, a kind of brooding attitude came over Rita. Although in recent years she had rejected or objected to almost every suggestion Cohn had made regarding her movie career, Rita knew in her heart that her stature as a movie star, regardless of her displeasure with the studio, had been founded and maintained by COLUMBIA for fifteen years. She began to feel fearful about her future as an actress. She had no idea what she was going to do when she left COLUMBIA and for a while seriously considered re-enlisting.

What finally convinced her that it was useless for her to hang around COLUMBIA was the preoccupation everyone at the studio seemed to have for Kim Novak. Rita held out for top billing over Kim in *Pal Joey* and got it. But, as she remarked rather sadly, "It's the first time I ever lost a man—in the movies, that is."

The last year her personal life has undergone a radical change. Hill is, admittedly, the reason. He has actually changed her way of life.

For instance, Hill is a real golf fan. Less than two months after he met Rita he had her putting on the greens. A few weeks later she was playing nine holes.

"Once she caught on to the true spirit of golf," Jim said, "—relaxation, a sensible exposure to the outdoors and a sense of accomplishment, because in golf you have to unlearn everything you ever knew about athletics—Rita became the best golfing partner I've ever had."

Nowadays Rita's friends are startled to hear her speak of "the terrible sand-traps and that awful cross-water drive" at Pebble Beach.

Jimmy Durante gave me some wonderful advice. Several years ago I was considering dropping the piano from my act and becoming a "straight" comedian-emcee. "Don't do it, Victor," Jimmy warned. "You can always make a living as a pianist in show business. And, besides that, when you walk onstage to start a new date and you sit down at the piano, just feel under the piano and you'll find a whole week's supply of second-hand chewing gum . . . FREE!" *Victor Borge*

Rita's ex-secretary, on learning that Miss Hayworth now knew the difference between a two-iron and a putter, remarked with some surprise, "The Rita Hayworth I knew wouldn't be caught within a mile of a golf course. If she's playing eighteen holes now, she must love Jim Hill madly."

Jim has also introduced Rita to boating. Up until this summer, Rita's knowledge of boats was limited to a stateroom on the *Queen Mary,* or an Aly Khan-type yacht. Yet, all last summer, Rita spent every spare day she could get away from *Pal Joey* to be with Jim on the HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER boat, *Majorca.*

By the end of the summer, Sailor Rita was referring to the floor as the "deck," the wall as the "bulkhead," the doorway as the "hatch" and the kitchen as the "galley."

Hill loves to kid Rita by telling the story of the time Rita drove into a gas station after they had spent hours on a small boat in the Pacific Ocean. Rita told the attendant to be sure and check a tire which she thought was a little low on air.

"Which one, ma'am?" the attendant asked.

"Port aft," replied Rita.

The puzzled look on the face of the attendant sent Rita and Jim into gales of laughter. "I mean left rear," Rita explained after she finally got her breath.

Rita has always been scared stiff of flying. In the past she avoided any kind of sky travel whenever possible.

Hill helped her conquer that, too. He's a great aviation enthusiast; flies his own plane. Though it was weeks before he could coax Rita to go up with him, today Rita will fly anywhere. And enjoys it! She's quick to point out that Jim is responsible.

"I guess," said Jim, "that Rita knew I was in love with her. Once on the golf course I was tempted to ask her to marry me. And I came darn near proposing to her on the Pacific Ocean one afternoon, in the late summer. But again I decided to wait. I was still afraid of being refused.

"Then one morning we were flying down to Palm Springs, and without even thinking about it I asked Rita to be my wife. She had been looking out the window at the ground below. When she heard my question she didn't turn around right away. After a moment she looked at me and I saw that she was crying a little. Then she broke into a big smile and put her head on my shoulder. I got so damned excited we almost couldn't land the plane at Palm Springs."

* * *

The situation on when they will marry is this:

Bob Schiffer told me that there is little chance they will wed before the end of January. Both Rita and Jim are up to their ears in work, which really shouldn't mean much. But Rita wants desperately to do a good job in *Separate Tables.* Jim of course, bearing the entire production responsibility, is determined to make the movie one of 1958's best.

So the chances of their being married before the end of January are small.

"However," says Schiffer, "there *is* the possibility that four or five smooth days may loom up ahead of Jim and Rita. That is, a period where they can be sure production will move along without their assistance. If that happens, it's just possible they'll take off, get married and have —at least—a three-day honeymoon."

Hill says that a wedding before *Separate Tables* is finished is pretty remote. "But you know we can both feel differently about it next week," he adds.

Rita: "I have every intention of being perfectly happy with Jim for the rest of my life."

Jim: "Rita has been pushed around all her life by a lot of people who had no rights whatsoever. I'm not going to make a lot of promises. Learning to love Rita came easy. Earning her love didn't. It's not easy for a man to tell people how much he loves a woman. I can tell Rita. I can't tell you. One thing I can tell you. They'll never push her around again." END

Rita is now playing in Columbia's PAL JOEY *and soon can be seen in United Artists'* SEPARATE TABLES.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

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I'M ON MY SOAP BOX . . .

Frankie, you may not think so, but one of the best things that ever happened to you and to your career are some of those blasting criticisms you received on your TV shows—the early ones.

There isn't much doubt about your being just about *Mr. Tops* in show business today. There isn't anything you can't do—sing, dance, act—and you've even got an *Oscar* to prove how expertly you do the latter.

But even the most talented star can't live on praise, praise, praise alone. It isn't good for the game. It breeds complacency and indifference and a very human tendency to coast a bit on one's laurels.

It must have come as a big shock when the TV critics wrote such things about your TV appearances as:

Even the great Sinatra can't just walk on and walk off a show.

He hasn't given his programs enough attention; they are careless and too casual and his attitude is condescending toward TV.

His ratings tell the story—way down low where they belong—and this for a man who is way up high in every other entertainment medium.

Pretty bitter pills to swallow when you're used to nothing but the highest praise, weren't they, Frankie? But to your credit, let it be said that you didn't sneer them off. You set about correcting your show immediately, and you went to work hard readying the programs that are to follow the original thirteen already filmed and which you couldn't do much about.

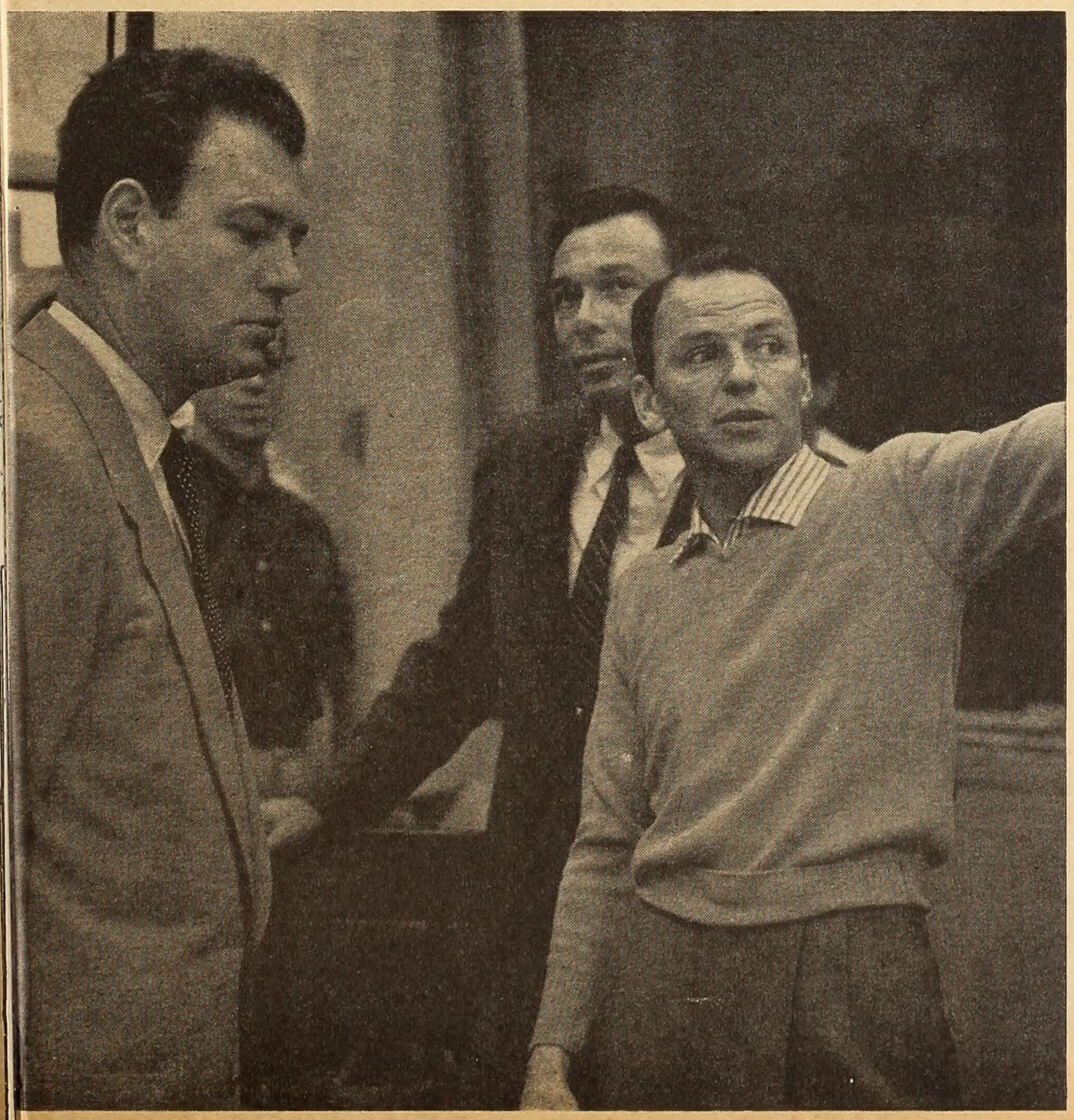
I know you'll come back on top—you always do. And even though those blasts hurt at the time, I think they've helped you as a person. You're proving you can take it. And that you can learn, even when the going is rough.

JOHNNY SAXON, MAYOR:

Popular **John Saxon** had been Mayor of Universal City only a short time when the studio closed down for a few months. "Who ever heard of a city closing down on a Mayor?" cracked John.

And then he learned that even with the company idle, he was not going to be let off any of his duties. As the officially elected Mayor, he will have to keep up quite a bit of his work . . . such as seeing that the grounds are kept up, that the lot is properly policed and the whole place kept in good order.

"It's going to be mighty lonesome around here," brooded Hizzoner Saxon.



I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM

. . . **Dolores Michaels**—a really compelling young actress who gets off to a flying dramatic start in *Time Limit* and *Fraulein.*

A product of Kansas City, Missouri, she has that wheat-blown type of wholesome good looks which marks **Doris Day**—but out at 20TH they think they have a junior **Bette Davis** on their hands.

There is nothing actressy or affected about her. Asked in what period she and her interior decorator husband, Maurice Martine, are furnishing their new house in Laguna Beach, she laughed, "So far we have a bed, ice box and stove. I suppose you might call it the when-we-get-more-money period."

She says it's a coincidence that her first hit was scored in a picture titled *Time Limit* because she's the first struggling young actress who ever put a time limit on getting someplace in pictures—or else she was going to forget the whole idea.

"My husband and I agreed that there were many girls trying to crash Hollywood and getting nowhere. He suggested that I give myself six months to try to make a dent. If nothing happened in that time, I was to throw in the towel and alternate between being a housewife and appearing in Laguna Beach amateur theatricals, where I got my training."

For five long and discouraging months—Dolores got exactly nowhere. It got to be five months and three weeks. "Then—out of the blue—I received a call to test at 20TH as part of their *new faces* program of signing people up on training contracts. I simply couldn't believe it when I was one of the five girls selected."

It was even more of a surprise when she was immediately given a good part in *Wayward Bus,* and then the lead in *Time Limit.*

"How can a girl be so lucky?"

Easy—just be talented like Dolores.

PERSONAL OPINIONS:

You can get bets either way about **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler** getting married when both are free. My money says that Esther may think long and hard before she plunges into matrimony again. Always a careful girl with a dollar, her divorce settlement with Ben Gage—California's community property laws give him half of everything she earned during eleven years of marriage—was a whopper! . . .

And Marg Chandler asked for $5,000 monthly alimony from Jeff, *plus* $750 a month for child support and the family home, from what she claims is Jeff's $300,000 annual income. . . .

A young man who is *not* thinking of getting married is **Tommy Sands.** He was very definite when he told me, **"Molly Bee** and I are still good friends and we'll continue to date—but we're both too young and have too far to go in our careers to think of getting married." While vacationing in Mexico, Tommy found a new heartbeat, pretty Monica Gomez Mira, deb daughter of a prominent Mexican doctor. . . .

Frankie proved what a really fine artist he is when the brick-bats from the critics started hitting him. . . . It would have been so easy for Frank to just sound off; instead, he did something about his programs!

MY OSCAR PREDICTIONS

In my many years of covering Hollywood, I have made it a point not to advance my own personal preferences about which actor or actress or which picture should win the *Academy Awards.* I do not think this is fair. The vote should come from the Academy members as they see the contestants and not be influenced by other "pollsters," including newspaper writers.

When MODERN SCREEN editor David Myers asked me to give my opinion on possible Oscar winners, I explained my policy to him and said I did not want to change it.

"All right," he laughed, "let's compromise and give me your *guess* about who you think will be in the running." So on those terms, here goes—

Among the male stars, there are so many great performances in so many fine pictures it is difficult to limit the list to five outstanding portrayals. But I feel reasonably sure these will be among the nominees:

Alec Guinness in *Bridge On The River Kwai;* **Marlon Brando** in *Sayonara;* **Rock Hudson** in *A Farewell To Arms;* **Charles Laughton** in *Witness For the Prosecution;* and I hope, hope, hope **Robert Mitchum** is not overlooked in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison,* even though it was released early in the year. **Kirk Douglas** could well be in the running for *Paths of Glory,* as well as **Anthony Quinn** in *Wild Is The Wind* and **Frank Sinatra** in *Pal Joey.*

The women stars did not seem to have as much opportunity to shine as did the men, principally I feel because so many of the films had strong war backgrounds. However, we may look to such performers as:

Elizabeth Taylor in *Raintree County;* **Deborah Kerr** in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison;* **Anna Magnani** in *Wild Is The Wind;* **Lana Turner** in *Peyton Place,* in a different type characterization; and a dark horse in the race, **Jean Simmons,** in *Until They Sail.* I do not include **Jennifer Jones** in *A Farewell To Arms* because I do not consider it one of her top portrayals.



ROCK HUDSON



JEAN SIMMONS
(in a scene with Paul Newman)



KIRK DOUGLAS

Among supporting players, men and women: **Red Buttons** is sure to be recognized for his dramatic work in *Sayonara.* Young **Geoffrey Horne** is a stand-out in *Bridge On the River Kwai,* as is old-timer **Sessue Hayakawa. Mickey Shaugnessy** is a comedy riot in *Don't Go Near The Water.* **Diane Varsi,** in her first important role, all but stole the thunder from the stars of *Peyton Place.* And I loved little **Sandra Dee** in *Until They Sail.*

The pictures I enjoyed most and think will be front-runners are:

Bridge On The River Kwai, Sayonara, Witness For The Prosecution, Legend Of The Lost, Don't Go Near The Water, Peyton Place, Wild Is The Wind, No Time For Sergeants and *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison.*

May the best man and woman and the best picture win!

THE LETTER BOX:

Lots of mail from foreign fans this month, which speaks well for the circulation of MODERN SCREEN. One of the most interesting letters comes from Greg Zaide, Jr., Manila, Philippines:

"First, what you print about Hollywood is accepted as gospel here. (Thanks.) *Now maybe you will be interested in the results of certain polls we've had.*

"Of the movies we have seen this year HATFUL OF RAIN *and* NO DOWN PAYMENT *are the most popular with the exception of* HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON. ***Deborah Kerr*** *and* ***Robert Mitchum*** *are great in the latter.*

" ***Tony Perkins*** *is the new young actor we like best and he showed the most talent in* FEAR STRIKES OUT. ***Joanne Woodward*** *is our favorite new girl. Our favorite male singer is* ***Pat Boone*** *and* ***Julie London*** *the favorite femme canary."* Wish I could print more of your letter, Greg, it's all very interesting. . . .

"I am disgusted at all the snide innuendos and cracks taken at ***Debbie Reynolds*** *and* ***Eddie Fisher*** *hinting that these two are having trouble in their marriage over Eddie's jealousy of Debbie's hit* TAMMY," writes Lonnie Steinberg, Sherman Oaks, Calif. You're right—there isn't any jealousy on Eddie's part. He's proud of his girl. . . .

A postcard from Six GI's, Frankfort, Germany, says: *"We were shown* HATFUL OF RAIN *the other night and all we can say is—Boy, what an actor that* ***Tony Franciosa*** *is. He gets our vote for the* BEST." I thank you for Tony, boys. . . .

From Maria Quartero, Monterrey, N. L. Mexico, comes the complaint: *"You and* MODERN SCREEN *are guilty of not being more enthusiastic about* ***Leslie Caron,*** *the screen's most shining talent. Next to our own* ***Cantinflas*** *we love the little French ballerina best."* Oops, we'll have to get you some news on Leslie —and soon. . . .

" ***Jerry Lewis*** *has more sex appeal than any man on the screen, including* ***Yul Brynner.*** *I've heard many women say so,"* is the startling communiqué from Ralph Paige, Gainesville, Florida. I love Jerry, but aren't the girls kidding you about that sex appeal? Anyway, Ralph would like to make some pertinent predictions for 1958: *"I foresee the marriage of* ***Frank Sinatra*** *and* ***Lauren Bacall.***" (I don't!) *"Also,* ***Pat Boone*** *will sell more records than* ***Elvis.*** *Betcha."* It's your bet, boy. . . .

Mrs. R. Blaike, Menlo Park, postcards: *"Thanks so much for the news about* ***Jean Arthur.*** *She always was and always will be my favorite screen actress. No one on the screen today approaches her talent". . . .*

"Louella, I read your interviews and you KNOW *in your heart that those actors you quote don't talk as intelligently as you make them out,"* blasts Evie Keller, San Francisco. *"I live close enough to Hollywood to have talked personally to some of these stars and most of them have a vocabulary that goes no farther than 'huh?' or 'yeah.'"* I've never put quotes in a star's mouth yet, Evie, despite your cynicism. . . .

Ronald Hegdahl, an airman stationed in Puerto Rico, writes: *"I saw* THE VINTAGE, *a very fine picture. How did Hollywood ever let* ***Michele Morgan*** *go back to France—she's just great". . . .*

"I hope all those sourpusses who are predicting the fall of ***Elvis Presley*** *take a gander at the box office receipts of* JAILHOUSE ROCK," chortles Bob Busel, Allentown, Penn. *"Elvis is here to stay a long, long time."* Looks like you're right . . . even though he just got his draft notice!

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O. Parsons

"so big"





Sta-Puf®

rinses softer-than-new fluffiness into baby's things...yes, all washables!

See these two stacks of baby clothes and blankets? These actual photographs dramatically prove how luxuriously soft and fluffy Sta-Puf makes your baby things! Cottons and woolens . . . blankets, shirts, anything that touches baby's precious skin, fluff up almost double in size. Yes, even scratchy wash-hardened diapers rinse so downy soft with Sta-Puf they just can't possibly chafe. Automatic washers and dryers, even outdoor drying in the warm sun and fresh breezes can't match Sta-Puf's gentle action. For Sta-Puf actually restores life and springiness to every wash-matted fiber. Try Sta-Puf Rinse in your very next wash.

A. E. STALEY MFG. CO., Decatur, Illinois

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Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, softer and fluffier than new.



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Corduroy, bed linens, dry almost wrinkle-free, require little or no ironing.

YOU-reflecting this 'Love Pat' radiance...always!



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Loose powder turns orange-y...dries your skin, too!
But not 'Love-Pat'...the complete make up!

If you fear dry skin, *why use loose powder?* Powder dries, soaks up precious skin oils. But 'Love-Pat' *won't* dry your skin. Why? Because it contains up to *3 times as much beauty oil* as loose powder or other compact makeups. (And that's why it won't turn orange-y either!)

With 'Love-Pat', you smooth on a creamy foundation that has powder's *velvet* finish. To start the day . . . and for touch-ups all day . . . get 'Love-Pat'. Tomorrow!

Revlon

New tortoise-shell tone compact with 24K gold design. In 9 radiant shades. 1.35 plus ta

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